The New-York Times

VOL. XXIV.......NO. 7263. NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1874.—TRIPLE SHEET. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SOUTHERN MURDERS.

HOW MEN ARE KILLED ON THE CHATTAHOOCHEE BORDER.

DEATHS RESULTING FROM PERSONAL DIFFICULTIES—TERRIBLE CRIMES—POPULAR FEELING AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—MURDERERS RECEIVED IN GOOD SOCIETY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

COLUMBUS, Ga., Monday, Dec. 21, 1874.

While it cannot be doubted that the people of the Southern States are warm-hearted, generous, and brave, it must at the same time be apparent to every observant and unprejudiced visitor who travels among them that they do not properly value or respect human life. I have frequently spoken with leading men in different sections upon this subject, and while discussing murder in the abstract, they seem to deprecate it as much as do the people of the law-abiding European countries. Notwithstanding many declarations to the contrary, however, I am convinced that murder is only regarded as horrible when committed by a stranger or for robbery. When a well-known member of the community is implicated in the crime, many excuses are at once found for him; you are told that he did it in self-defense, that he was in fear of his life, or that he had been terribly insulted. Even refined and delicate ladies, members of churches in good standing, may frequently be heard defending the action of a man who, in localities where the laws are enforced, would have been hanged for his crimes. In Georgia and Alabama, at least in that section bordering on the Chattahoochee River, it is not usual to keep a white murderer confined in jail. In proof of this startling allegation, I may state that during the past eighteen months fourteen white men have been murdered in the neighborhood of Columbus. In every instance the murderer was almost immediately released on bail varying from $1,000 to $5,000, the amount of the bail being graded, not according to the enormity of the crime, but to the ability of the murderer or his friends to give security. The result of this fearfully lax system is, that men who do not deny having taken the life of a human being are allowed to freely mingle with their former companions, to go into society, to influence officers of the law, work upon the minds of probable jurors, create personal sympathy by their own representation, and cause the dead to be forgotten. Of the fourteen murderers I have mentioned, only six were brought to trial, and in every instance it was only after a long time had elapsed, and when packed juries and venal judges had already decided the legal innocence of the criminals. Under these circumstances, how is it possible for the people to have a proper feeling of horror when a man is killed? Here in Columbus I have seen three acknowledged murderers walking about the streets, smiled at by women and kindly greeted by the best men in the place. The citizens transact business with murderers, associate intimately with them, introduce them to their friends, take them into their families, and, in some instances, display a kind of abnormal pride in assuring strangers that such a man "has nerve," and that he has "killed his man." I have more than once been forced into the belief that to have shot a man was to be honored, and not forever terribly disgraced. Many Southern people who read this will doubtless be more or less indignant, but they must know, and I will shortly prove, that the statements made are true in every particular.

ROBBERY A TERRIBLE CRIME, MURDER A SLIGHT OFFENSE.

In Georgia and Alabama robbery is looked upon as a terrible crime, but from neither the administration nor the laws, nor expression of public sentiment, can it be inferred that murder is so regarded. Murders committed for the sake of gain are, as a rule, the acts of desperate and idle negroes. Such criminals are always punished to the full extent of the law. The white criminals who, as has been stated, are seldom punished, cannot urge in extenuation of their offense that they were starving or that their wives and children were in want. For some fancied wrong they shoot down their victim, respecting neither gray hairs nor the ties of friendship. It is not unusual here for some desperado who pretends to think that he has been insulted, to send word to a man that he will shoot him on sight, and then seeking out his victim, who will, of course, be armed, send a ball through his brain, and claiming that as the man had a pistol on his person the deed was done in self-defense, be declared not guilty by a jury of men who are, indeed, his peers. Mention has been made of how lightly murder is spoken of, and how kindly murderers are treated; at the same time I must not forget to state that the people speak with the same lightness of murders that are about to happen. I have frequently heard a party of young men discussing the merits of some affront which had been put upon one of their number, and advising him in all seriousness to "blow the top of the rascal's head off," or to "cut out his heart." This advice was given in the same tone that a New-York rough would use when counseling a friend to "put a head" on an enemy, or to "mash the nose off his face." The inhabitants of this part of the South, as a class, are not a reading people, and for the last fourteen years they have not often traveled out of their own State. In consequence of this, many of the more ignorant among them imagine and freely state that they have a species of civilization peculiar to themselves. There can be no doubt that this idea is a correct one; the misfortune is, however, that the people believe the "peculiar civilization" to be in advance of the rest of the world. It is, in truth, a species of barbarism and pseudo-chivalry which represents the worst features of the Middle Ages. With railroads, many lines of telegraph, innumerable churches, good postal facilities, and numerous public journals, it is to be wondered at that this state of society exists. The wonder will cease when it is stated that the Southern pulpit is ever silent in regard to the crimes of the people, teaches few lessons that may be of use to-day, and deals mainly with dogmatic theology.

The press, too, is in most cases dumb from ignorance, fear of losing popularity, or the real cause may be that Southern editors are Southern men and represent the "chivalry" of which I have spoken. Some days ago, while in conversation with one of the best-known and purest public men of Georgia, he admitted the truth of everything that has been said above, and I asked him what, in his opinion, had brought about the condition of society described. He answered substantially as follows: "I am a Southern man, and was a slaveholder, but I cannot help thinking that our slave system, under which the life of a negro could be paid for in dollars and cents, led many of our people to value all life by the same standard; at the same time it made them impatient, hasty, and very arrogant. It demoralized nearly all classes, made labor dishonorable, gave young men an abundance of idle time, which was spent in dissipation." The gentleman might have added that from the system mentioned the young men also derived a great deal of false pride and many false notions of honor, to defend which they never counted the cost. They never imagined and they do not believe that to avenge a fancied slight injury or insult by killing is to commit a crime.

CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS.

Many earnest, thoughtful Southern men are just now engaged in an effort to discover the causes which have led to the present poverty and depression of trade in this part of the Union. Among these causes it has been conceded by right-minded men of all parties that radical government, thieving negroes, and lazy white men have been chiefly to blame for the want and depression referred to. These causes have by some been named "the curses of the South," and under this head, to the list already enumerated, may very properly be added the carrying of concealed weapons. Years ago, the country being thinly settled, it may have been necessary for the men to go armed. But the rifle, which was carried on the shoulders of the father, and used to defend his home against hostile Indians, or to provide his family with food, has given place, "in these latter days," to a pistol or knife concealed upon the person of the son, and used to defend an honor which exists only in name. I would not have it understood that every man in the South carries concealed weapons. The majority of respectable people do not sanction the practice; yet the number of young ruffians who go armed is sufficient to render unsafe the free expression of opinion in all places and under all circumstances, unless by a man who is bold enough to carry his life in his hand. The men who habitually carry concealed weapons in Georgia and Alabama are as a rule at the same time addicted to the free use of strong drink. Such men, every morning, strap a pistol-belt around their waists much as they pull on their boots. Both are articles of dress, and are worn for use. In the vicinity of grog-shops, most numerous and profitable in this land, the pistoled bully spends his day. Toward evening he never fails to have become at least half drunk, and it is while in this condition that his weapon is pulled from its hiding-place. Under these circumstances, should the pistol be discharged and some unfortunate father and husband killed, the drunkenness of the bully is made the excuse for his crime. It is, perhaps, not necessary to state that the armed desperadoes of the South belong to the labor-despising, non-producing classes. They are men who boast of their old families, tell you how many slaves their fathers owned, talk of the glorious days before the war, and deplore the present condition of their country, at the same time laughing to scorn the noble men and women who are working to improve it. They are men who are fond of speculation, gamblers in a quiet or even a public way, for gamblers are not despised here; they give a bad character to the land by forcing themselves upon the notice of strangers and travelers, and disgrace the people among whom they live. It is these men who prevent foreign labor and capital from building up the waste places of the South, a result which the worthless creatures I speak of are unwilling and unable to accomplish. Where such men are allowed to go at large is it any wonder that the law-abiding labor of the world, passing over the fair fields of this heaven-blessed land, settle in the North and West, saying to the South, "Before we take our wives and children into your midst, you must hang your murderers and banish your aristocratic desperadoes?" The statements which I have made above might justly be denounced as crude generalities could I not substantiate them by actual and undeniable facts. Unfortunately for the fair name of the South, such data are only too easily obtained.

SPECIMEN MURDERS.

From court records and from many reliable gentlemen, I have obtained the following accounts of unpunished murders which were recently committed on the Chattahoochee border: In May, 1873, in the little City of Opelika, Ala., a young man named Hooper, who had not yet reached his twentieth year, imagined that an old gentleman named Phills, a well-known church member and citizen, had spread an ugly rumor about his intimacy with a young woman living in the place named. Whether young Hooper was guilty or not does not appear, but immediately on the rumor reaching him he sent a message to Mr. Phills, asking him to come to the court-house. The old man did as he was requested, and the boy, meeting him there, demanded that he should make a retraction of the report which he charged him with having originated. The old man refused, saying, "I have never said anything about you which was untrue." "You won't retract, then?" cried Hooper. "I can't; I only wish to do right," was the reply. Upon this Hooper, without another word pulled a pistol from his breast, placed it against the old man's heart, and as if to taunt the spirit of justice, shot him dead within the shadow of the court-house. Some little excitement followed, for as I have stated, Mr. Phills was well known, and he left a large family. The boy murderer was arrested, but in less than two hours, with his bloody pistol quietly resting in his pocket, he was again walking the streets of Opelika. His freedom was obtained on a nominal bail of $5,000, the estimate which a Radical Judge of Alabama placed upon the life of one of her citizens. It is but natural to suppose that a speedy trial would follow this crime, and that the examination would take place in the community where the murder was commited. This might have occured under ordinary circumstances, but Hooper's brother was a lawyer, and he had rich friends, so the trial was postponed. After a lapse of fourteen months, his case was called in a court many miles from the scene of the murder, and he was declared "not guilty," the jury not giving a single reason for their verdict. Last Autumn a young man named Davis, who was well known as a hard-working farmer, came into Crawford, a little town in Russell County, Alabama. After attending to some business, he went into a saloon kept by a man named Bank Eilands, and drank freely. It may be stated here that Davis had been a brave Confederate soldier, and was never known to carry a concealed weapon. After some time spent in the saloon, he was about to go home, when, by some unfortunate remark, he was drawn into a dispute with Eilands. A few angry words followed, and Davis walked out of the store. Eilands soon followed him to the middle of the street and struck him. A fight ensued, and Davis weakened by wounds received in honorable battle, was soon thrown to the ground. Then Eilands placing his knee upon the chest of the fallen man, drew a dirk and plunged it into his neck. "Oh, my God," cried the bleeding man, "don't kill me, Bank, think of my wife and children." Insensible to this appeal, the fiend thrust his knife into the throat, face, and head of his victim, and Davis lay dead at his feet. Eilands was arrested and taken to the county seat of Russell. Here he was released by Judge Appleby, who called himself a Republican, on $1,500 bail. Upward of a year has elapsed, yet the murderer remains untried, and I have seen him in the streets of Columbus, conversing not only with men, but with refined women. He was treated as if he had done no wrong. The world had forgotten the sorrowing widow and orphans of the murdered man.

These crimes are by no means the most desperate that have recently occurred on the Alabama border. I could tell of nine other terrible murders, and in each case would be obliged to relate that the murderers had gone unpunished. The people of Georgia sometimes boast of the justice with which Gov. Smith executes the laws, and he does, indeed, do everything in his power to suppress lawlessness and crime. It is only recently that a woman, living in the central part of the State, was tried, convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged. The Governor was petitioned to save her life. He refused, and the woman was executed. Now, paradoxical as it may seem, the people who look so lightly upon murder, at once declared themselves opposed to capital punishment and denounced the Governor for doing his duty, demanding that the laws should be executed, and a life given for a life taken. In Georgia as in Alabama it is only in very rare cases that white men are tried and convicted of murder. This is not for want of murderers however, as may be seen from the following incidents. In the Spring of last year a desperado from Texas shot and killed a man named Ramsey in Hamilton, a little place twenty-five miles from Columbus. The murderer was released on $1,000 bail. He then fled to South America, and, strange as it may seem, his bail was never demanded by the courts. The case is now forgotten. In the same town, during the Summer of 1873, a worthless drunkard named Seats deliberately killed his own brother in the public streets, and in open day. He was taken before a Justice of the Peace, who offered to release him on $1,000 bail. He could not procure this sum however, and was placed in jail. A few nights subsequently a number of the drunken murderer's companions went to the jail, broke it open, and released the prisoner. From that day to this he has never been heard of. At Mulberry Grove, in Georgia, three months ago, an old man named T. S. Smith was shot by his own son. It seems that a few days previous to the shooting he had whipped one of his daughters for being impertinent to her stepmother. On the day in question he attempted to again punish her for the same offense, when, the son interfering, the father ordered him out of the house. Upon this the young man drew his pistol, placed it to his father's head and fired. In violation of all known laws of physiology, the old man lived. No effort was made to arrest the would-be parricide, and he still lives at Mulberry Grove, the people defending, not condemning, his action.

H. C.

BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.

There was a rumor at Syracuse last night that Charlie Ross was found in Ithaca.

The Prince Edward Island Railway has been completed, and handed over to Manager Swinyard.

Ira C. Enders, a horse dealer, from Wisconsin, was robbed of $600 in Albany on Thursday last.

The ship Souvenir, 1,000 tons burden, was launched at Weymouth, Nova Scotia, on Wednesday last.

The receipts of internal revenue yesterday were $625,129; amount of national bank notes received for redemption, $647,500.

Since Gen. Brisbin's return the Nebraska State Aid Society has had no solicitor from Nebraska asking aid for the grasshopper sufferers.

Sheriff Elliott visited Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia, yesterday, and read to Heidenblutt the warrant for his execution on the 21st of January.

Mrs. Maggie Kenniston, of Nobleboro, Me., on hearing of the death of her husband, swallowed a composition for removing freckles, and will probably die.

A nest of railroad thieves has been discovered in East St. Louis, and John Green and James Murphy, of the gang, have been arrested for stealing bulk grain.

The Maine Centennial Board met on Friday, and resolved to actively canvass the State during the next six months to raise the fund to be contributed by Maine.

Capt. Bartholomew, in the Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry, died in the United States Arsenal, Little Rock, Ark., on Thursday night. His remains have been shipped North.

Mrs. Mary Cabril, of No. 36 Bond street, Baltimore, Md., was shockingly burned on Friday by the explosion of a coal-oil lamp. A short time before the accident Mrs. Cabril had finished trimming a Christmas tree for her children.

A young man, aged about nineteen years, supposed to be J. W. Thomas, of Berkeley Point, near Norfolk, Va., was found drowned yesterday in Hampton Creek. He had on an oil-cloth jacket, and is supposed to have been lost off a vessel.

Seven hundred and ten Mennonites, who arrived in Philadelphia on Thursday in the steam-ship Vaderland, from Antwerp, are quartered at the new docks of the White Star Line, at Girard Point, and will leave for the West in a few days.

A "ROUGH" KILLED BY THE WIFE OF A BAR-KEEPER.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26.—Charles Wynne, aged thirty-three, and driver of a huckster cart, was shot by Gussie Straussler, wife of the keeper of a lager-beer saloon on Fourth street, below Division street, in Camden, N. J., at 1 o'clock this morning. There had been a fight in the bar-room, and deceased and other "roughs" had been put out of doors, but they scaled the back fence and kicked the kitchen door open, and were entering when the woman fired, the shot entering Wynne's head, killing him instantly. Mrs. Straussler, who shot Wynne, is only eighteen years old, and has been married but five weeks. All the parties participating in the affair were arrested by the Police.

A SON MURDERS HIS FATHER.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 26.—A special dispatch to the *Times* from Columbus, Ohio, says that a man named Van Worder, living at New-Albany, near Columbus, has been missing some days, and his house has been closed. Yesterday his charred remains were found in the fire-place of the house. His son, nineteen years old, confesses that he stabbed his father.

A RAILROAD ENGINE RUN INTO AND THE ENGINEER KILLED.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Dec. 26.—An engine on the Washington and Ohio Railroad at Round Hill, Loudon County, was run into yesterday by an unhooked passenger car, and William Sides, the engineer, was crushed to death. There were no other casualties.

ARREST OF A NOTORIOUS DESPERADO.

BUFFALO, N. Y. Dec. 26.—Harry C. De Vere, a clerk in the Barker House, at Gowanda, was arrested here this morning by detectives Donovan and Watts as he jumped from the Lake Shore accommodation train, charged with the shooting of David O'Hara, a shoveler on the Buffalo, New-York and Pacific Railroad. He is noted as a bully, and for his bravado conduct in the bar-room of the Barker House.

CHICAGO NOTES.

CURRENT TOPICS IN THE WESTERN METROPOLIS.

FIRST RECEPTION OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN—THE OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING—WHOLESOME ADVICE—A COURAGEOUS PRIEST—"TEA OR COFFEE"—MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1874.

Last Tuesday evening the Chicago Academy of Design held their first reception since the great fire of 1871. It was in many respects a notable gathering. Many of the best people in Chicago were present, while the artistic element was well represented. The ladies were dressed in exquisite toilets, rich velvets and dark silks being the prevailing styles. It was not a good evening to admire art on canvas, however. The crowd was too great, the pictures, at least the better ones, were hung too low, and there was hardly an opportunity to view anything except a fine lot of sketches which hung in the vestibule, and which were the work of Prof. Regamey, a French artist of some celebrity, recently elected to a chair in the Academy. Of the pictures themselves I can say but little in praise, and I beg to protest against the interminable array of portraits *et al.* which have stared at us at every art exhibition during the past six or eight years. For my part, I weary of seeing the same paintings, the same portraits wearing the same benignant smiles, staring at me year after year at every public entertainment I attend. But, if I can say nothing pleasant of the collection, I can speak in praise of the Academy itself. It was organized some nine years ago, and has ever since held a leading position among the art institutions of the country. In the ante-fire days it was located in Crosby's Opera-house, where also congregated the leading artists of the West. Receptions were held annually, and preparations were going on for the fifth academical reception when the fire came and swept away all of our art treasures. Subsequently a building was erected on Michigan avenue, and, although not a large structure, it answers every present purpose. The artists interested in the Academy are gentlemen of indomitable energy, and are anxious to see Chicago occupy the position she is entitled to in art circles.

THE OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

The letting of the old Post Office building to Leonard Grover for theatrical and similar purposes by the Board of Education of this city does not meet with the unanimous approval of the public. The *Tribune*, in an article referring to it, pronounces it "official mismanagement of the worst kind," and says it is "typical of the radical differences between the management of private affairs and the management of public affairs." After the great fire the walls of the old Post Office and Custom-house were still standing, and were found to be in good condition. Instead of placing a roof on these walls and arranging the interior, so as to admit of its speedy use, the Post Office Department chose rather to lease the Methodist Church on Wabash avenue, at an annual rental of $25,000, or as much as it would have cost to repair the old building. The old structure was, meanwhile, an eye-sore to the public, and after awhile a plan was conceived for the purpose of putting it to some good service. It was proposed to make a trade with the United States, the city agreeing to give a large tract of land, situate on the south branch of the river, in exchange for the smaller, but equally valuable, lot in the heart of the city. The Government wanted the larger tract for bonded ware-house purposes, and the city was quite ready to make a "swap." The main argument used in bringing about this exchange was one to the effect that the old structure would be repaired and then used as a public library. The proposition was generally approved of, and Congress speedily sanctioned the trade, which had been conducted on the part of the Government by Secretary Boutwell. It is believed now, however, that had it been anticipated that the building would never have been used for the laudable purposes intended, Congress would have done nothing of the kind. By reason of an absurd city charter, the building came under control of the Board of Education, and this honorable body of humbugs flatly refused to let the library Directors use the property unless they agreed to pay an outrageous rental per annum to the school fund. The Public Library Board did not feel able to pay the amount demanded, so they had to give up all hopes of securing the building and then find quarters elsewhere. After this the building remained idle and dilapidated until a few weeks ago, when it was announced that it had been rented to Mr. Grover for some undefined sort of a theatre or opera-house. It was stated that the building had been rented for three years at $7,000 a year, the lessee to incur the expense of making it fit for use. At the end of three years, should the lessee prove unsuccessful, the city will have an establishment on its hands adapted to certain purposes not in keeping with municipal matters generally. But Grover does not expect to fail, notwithstanding there are already as many theatres in Chicago as we can well support, and having named his place the Adelphi, he proposes to open his establishment the first of the coming year with no less an organization than the Kellogg English Opera Troupe. I am sure every one wishes Leonard success in his latest venture.

SOME WHOLESOME ADVICE.

A few evenings since Robert Collyer, the eminent Unitarian minister of this city, had a plain, honest talk with a German Turner society in their own hall on West Twelfth street. His talk, for it was more that than a lecture, contained many home truths, which were told in his peculiarly terse and simple manner. He gave his hearers his reasons for coming to America. He wanted to be where he could feel he had something to say about his own government, and cast a vote which would count for as much as that of any other man. After taking out his papers, he said, he had all the rights that Americans had, except that he could not be President—and he didn't look on this as a very desirable office after all, especially when one knew he couldn't get it. He assumed that all foreigners came to this country for similar reasons, and then proceeded to trace the duties of foreigners toward the country in which they settle, and so on, to a lengthy extent, concluding as follows:

"These Americans have been working ninety-eight years at the problem of self-government. Most of that time they have been content to be governed. Shall we not sit at their feet in this, and let them teach us? Their wisdom has taught them a great many things we don't know, except from books, about the conditions of freedom. Is it wise to say, 'We know better?' They confer their franchise of freedom on us without one shadow of difference between the man whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower and the one who got his papers yesterday. Shall we plot and scheme, and say we are English, or Irish, or German, and vote in hordes on that ground, to have our own way? or shall we blend naturally with the political life of the country, and each man holding to his own convictions of what is right, vote without reference to his birth-place? I know that the Germans, as a rule, vote for the larger and more generous purpose, and for that they have one man's thanks; but I would prefer to see them blend and mingle in the whole life of the nation, and then, out of that, expect to see the truth and right win."

There was one other thing which Rev. Robert said, and which I quote for the edification of all good Evangelical people. He said: "My people on Sunday morning go to church, and on Sunday afternoon many of them go to Turner Hall, to hear the music, and I say, 'go ahead.'"

A COURAGEOUS PARISH PRIEST.

You remember the parish Priest who absconded from the Church of the Nativity, some two months ago, the circumstances of which I sent you at the time? Well, Father Forhan was followed by a detective, and as he happened to be a very honest officer, the eccentric Priest was soon a prisoner, and shortly afterward found himself in jail in this city. The reverend father has given notice to the Catholic clergy of Chicago that he will make them open their eyes, if not their mouths, before his case is disposed of. He says it is not his parishioners, but the Bishop, and a few of the clergy, who are persecuting him, and their motives for doing so he proceeds to explain. He says: "To the people the priesthood is, as it were, an inner circle, the secret workings of which they are as ignorant of as the uninitiated of the mysteries of Masonry." He intends to deliver a lecture, and he asks the people not to blame him for the evil consequences which may result from an endeavor to justify his conduct. He says: "I stand alone, opposed to all, but I stand *sans peur et sans reproche*, and am consequently confident of the success of my cause. If vanquished, it will be by a fallen foe." That there will be a general skirmish the title of his lecture will show. It is to be entitled, "The Ways and Doings of the Chicago Catholic Clergy and its Chief;" and, that his justification may be more complete, he will start upon the hypothesis that he took the amount of money charged against him. The reverend gentleman is young and courageous, and no intimidation will prevent his making a public scandal of the holy Church, unless the criminal proceedings against him are forever stopped.

"TEA, OR COFFEE?"

The real magnitude of the commerce of this city is hardly appreciated. The receipts of coffees and teas are particularly surprising. The receipts of Rio coffee via Boston for the year were about 22,000 bags; of Ceylon and Java, 5,000,—or in all, about three and a half millions of pounds. One of the more prominent tea houses of the city has issued a circular which contains much valuable information regarding the direct importation of teas to Chicago and their distribution. I find by this circular that the direct imports of blacks, greens, and Japans to Chicago for the eleven months ending Dec. 1, amounted to 50,834 half-chests, or about 1,270,850 pounds; of this amount 39,301 half-chests were Japans. As compared with Chicago, during the same time, in Japans alone, St. Louis received 10,315 half-chests; Detroit, 867; Milwaukee, 3,653; Dubuque, 994; Boston, 5,996; Canada, 13,820. This is of direct importations, mind you. The circular says that 100,000 half-chests is a low estimate of the quantity distributed by Chicago jobbers to the country trade. The total receipts (direct and otherwise) of Japan teas in this country, from Jan. 1 to Dec. 1, 1874, was no less an amount than 13,561,379 pounds, while the apparent consumption during the same six months is estimated at 9,864,769 pounds. The figures given speak volumes for the importing business of Chicago, not only as compared with the interior cities, but even with great Eastern ports like New-York and Boston.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

The numerous places of amusement are doing everything possible to attract the public during the holiday season, but with two or three exceptions the result has not been altogether satisfactory to the several managers. Mlle. Aimee is doing a splendid business at the Academy of Music with her French opera bouffe troupe, and Edwin Booth draws large audiences to McVicker's theatre, but the other five places are hardly paying expenses. Manager Hooley thought to make a good thing out of it by producing Wallack's spectacular play, "The Veteran," and failed. Blaisdell's company and half a million of wonderful curiosities are hardly sufficient to attract people in paying numbers to the new Museum in these times of trouble. The minstrels at the Grand Opera-house presented a holiday bill with a translation of "Le Petit Faust" as the *pièce de résistance*, but the attendance has been insignificant. The Camilla Urso concerts have been well attended, and the can-can party from Robinson Hall, New-York, which commence their disgraceful performances to-night, will undoubtedly do an immense business. Generally speaking, the season thus far has not been a profitable one to Chicago managers. The event of last week was comedian Billy Crane's benefit at Hooley's. There was never such a crowded house seen in this city. It is rumored that Mr. Hooley is negotiating with Sara Jewett to take the place of Fanny Marsh, who, with her magnificent diamonds and elegant dresses, goes to the new Museum. It is also rumored that Katie Mayhew is to be engaged for soubrette parts. Next week Clara Morris makes her appearance at the Academy. Two managers already claim jurisdiction over the play of "Gilded Age," each asserting with equal positiveness that Mr. Raymond, or *Col. Sellers*, or whatever his name may be, is to appear exclusively at his theatre. It is already reported that McKee Rankin is to be the leading actor at one of our more prominent theatres next season. He will be a wise manager who secures this sterling actor for his establishment.

THE CHICAGO GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.

FAILURE OF THE PROPRIETORS—THE BONDHOLDERS TAKE POSSESSION.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—The Grand Pacific Hotel changed hands this afternoon. Messrs. John Rice and George W. Gage were forced to relinquish possession to their creditors, and John B. Drake, Esq., proprietor of the Tremont House, was placed in charge. The suddenness of the movement has created considerable excitement, and many rumors are afloat as to the reasons for this unexpected change.

Upon investigation, I find that Rice & Gage were compelled to vacate because of their inability to pay the smallest bills. President Tracy, of the Rock Island Railroad, and other magnates, who held the bonds and the stock of the hotel company, finding it impossible to collect the interest, were compelled to shut down on the late proprietors. The amount involved is estimated at $2,000,000. Mr. Gage, who is one of the oldest and most respected of our citizens, feels very keenly his present condition. To add to the embarrassment, the President of the gas company gave notice that he would turn off the gas at 9 o'clock to-night, and boarders provided themselves with candles, to be prepared for the emergency, but the gas was not turned off, Mr. Drake, the new landlord, becoming personally responsible for the bill, which amounts to upward of $7,000. The suit of Potter Palmer, proprietor of a rival establishment, also partner in the house of Allen & Mackey, for carpets, which was commenced only two days since, had much to do with to-day's proceedings.

MR. D. C. BYERLY KILLED BY EX-GOV. WARMOTH.

THE QUARREL IN THE STREET—BYERLY STRIKES WARMOTH AND IS STABBED BY HIM—WARMOTH'S ACCOUNT OF THE AFFRAY.

NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 26.—In a fight between Daniel C. Byerly, manager of the *Bulletin*, and Ex-Gov. Warmoth, to-day, on Canal street, Byerly knocked Warmouth down with a stick, and jumped on him, when Warmoth, drawing his knife, stabbed Byerly seven times in the abdomen. The wounds are dangerous. Warmoth was arrested.

The difficulty between Byerly and Warmoth grew out of the controversy between Warmoth and the *Bulletin*, which led to the publication on Friday, by Warmoth, of a card addressed to the manager of the *Bulletin*, reflecting upon that paper and Mr. Jewell, one of its editors.

Gov. Warmoth to-day made the following statement about the difficulty to the agent of the Associated Press:

"Yesterday, after my card appeared in the *Picayune*, I was called upon by a friend of Mr. Jewell, who demanded of me an abject apology for the card, which I declined to make, whereupon he asked me if I would accept a challenge to fight a duel, remarking, at the same time, that it was generally understood I would not fight. I replied that I would not fight if I could as well avoid it, that I was not a fighter, and that it would be time enough to answer the question about dueling when I was challenged. Later in the day, the affair was confided to our respective friends. They met at 8 o'clock last evening, and agreed that Jewell and myself should fight in Alabama on Monday morning, the weapons to be dueling pistols, and distance ten paces. These terms having been accepted. I did not, of course, apprehend an attack, especially not from any one connected with the *Bulletin*. My understanding of such matters is, that antagonists, pending a meeting, should be courteous, and I was just on the eve of tipping my hat to Mr. Byerly, in front of whom two ladies were walking, the street being crowded, when he struck me with a heavy stick on the head, inflicting a wound you see. (The Governor, taking off his hat, exhibited a cut about two inches long over the left temple, extending back from the forehead.) He struck me three times with the stick, when I clinched with him, in the meantime taking a knife out of my pocket. With my arms wound round his shoulders I got my hands together and opened a knife. Just then I felt Byerly falling on me. Soon after we fell a policeman took the knife out of my hands, and some of the crowd pulled Byerly off. I understand Byerly has been cut, and I am accused of doing the cutting."

Warmoth was arrested immediately after the fight and conveyed to the Third Precinct Station. He has since been transferred to the Parish Prison, to await the result of Byerly's wounds. Mr. Byerly received six wounds in the abdomen, one of which his physicians consider very dangerous, but not necessarily mortal. Shortly after being wounded, Mr. Byerly was removed to the Orleans Infirmary, on Dauphin street.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE AFFRAY—DEATH OF BYERLY.

Latest.—The *Bulletin* to-morrow will publish the statement of an eye-witness of the Byerly-Warmoth affair. The statement differs somewhat from that of Warmoth. As to the cutting, this witness states that the knife was open when drawn, and that two or three stabs were made before they fell. Byerly's wounds were in the left side, just over the hip, one of them being over four inches deep, and indicates the length of the knife blade.

Byerly died at 10:40 o'clock.

SKETCH OF THE DECEASED.

NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 26.—Mr. Byerly was aged forty-eight years. He was a printer by trade. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and came to New-Orleans in 1845. He served gallantly in Shields' Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers in the West during the war, and was wounded four times in one of the fights around Atlanta, one of which wounds deprived him of the use of his left arm by a resection of six inches of the bone, including the elbow joint. After the war he returned to this city, and was elected Clerk of the Third District Court two terms. Some months ago Mr. Byerly, in company with others, commenced the publication of the New-Orleans *Bulletin*.

MORE AFFRAYS IN NEW-ORLEANS—TWO NEGROES KILLED AND TWO SOLDIERS WOUNDED.

NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 26.—In a row yesterday evening at the corner of First and Locust streets, between negroes and whites, two negroes were killed; and in a row between soldiers and citizens at the corner of Canal and Basin streets two soldiers were severely wounded.

SUFFOCATED.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 26.—John Vetter, an infant three months old, was suffocated on Tuesday night last by his parents, who were both drunk, lying on it in bed. The corpse remained in the house until this morning before it was discovered by the neighbors. The parents are still drunk and made no attempt to bury it. They are now in the station-house. The father is suffering from delirium tremens.

BREAKING UP A COCK-PIT.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Dec. 26.—At about 11 o'clock to-night a detachment of Police, headed by a Captain and two Lieutenants, made a descent upon a cock-pit on Freeman street, known as the "Quarter Stretch." The Police surrounded the house and arrested Buck Brady, the proprietor, and five others. The arrest was made at the instigation of the Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Police failed to obtain entrance in time to witness the cock-fight. The prisoners will be tried on Monday next.

ACQUITTED OF A CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—The jury in the case of Michael McDonald, on trial before the Criminal Court, for an attempt to murder James McGarry, returned a verdict of "not guilty this afternoon. The ground of acquittal was that the pistol, in the encounter last Fall, was not proved to have been loaded, as charged in the indictment. McDonald is a noted gambler here, and the quarrel grew out of politics.

SUDDEN DEATH.

An unknown man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, died suddenly last evening in the liquor saloon No. 31 Park row. The body was removed to the Beekman Street Station-house.

CONFEDERATE REUNION.

A convention of Ex-Confederate soldiers is to be held in Atlanta, on the 20th of January next, to organize the Survivors' Association of Confederate Soldiers of Georgia. The call is addressed to Ex-Confederate soldiers of Georgia of all arms, and those from other States now resident there. The Secretary says: "The convention has been called by representative Georgians, and who, in the vindication of what they believed to be the right, simply did their duty on the field of battle. Among these are generals, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates."

LATEST NEWS BY CABLE.

SPAIN.

THE CARLISTS OFFER TO RESTORE THE GERMAN BRIG GUSTAV ON PAYMENT OF CUSTOMS DUTIES.

BAYONNE, Dec. 26.—The Carlists have offered to restore the German brig Gustav, seized by them last week off Zarauz, if the amount which they allege is due to their custom-house by the vessel is paid.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE CREW OF A BARK SAVED.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—The crew of the bark Capiolani, abandoned on the passage from Brisbane to San Francisco, were saved.

RUSSIA.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, NEPHEW OF THE EMPEROR, DECLARED INSANE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 26.—An imperial ukase has been issued declaring the Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the Emperor's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, insane, and placing him under the guardianship of his father. Nicholas is the Grand Duke who abstracted his mother's jewels some months ago.

THE NETHERLANDS.

HERR PESTEL APPOINTED MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.

THE HAGUE, Dec. 26.—Herr Pestel, Councillor of the Dutch Legation at Paris, has been appointed Minister for the Netherlands at Washington.

CUBA.

PREPARATIONS FOR ACTIVE MEASURES BY THE INSURGENTS—THE CUBAN JUNTA TO BE RE-ESTABLISHED IN NEW-YORK—ALLEGED EFFORTS TO OBTAIN THE RECOGNITION OF THE CUBANS AS BELLIGERENTS.

HAVANA, Dec. 26.—The *Diario* of to-day says Señors Aldama and Aguilera have purchased two steamers for the purpose of bringing filibustering expeditions to Cuba. Gen. Jordan is to return to the island accompanied by Aguilera, and the former will assume chief command of the insurgents. The *Diario* further states that Aldama and his companions intend to re-establish the Cuban Junta in New-York, with the object of regaining the influence and power formerly held by that body, and creating a situation in Cuba similar to that existing in 1869, by the commission of all possible depredations by the insurgents. It says: Captain General Concha knows much more of the plans of the insurgents than what it now publishes. It gives publicity to the foregoing, because Concha dislikes mysteries. Concha is resolved, as on former occasions, to combat the enemies of Spain everywhere.

A letter to the *Diario* reports that strong efforts are being made in Washington to obtain the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents. The letter couples the names of Señor Aldama and Collector Casey with these efforts, and says the object is to throw on the market the Cuban bonds held in Washington.

LOSSES BY FIRE.

Three large barns and a quantity of stock were burned at New-Boston on Friday night. Loss, $5,000; insurance, $1,700.

De Longchamp's distillery, in St. Lin, near Quebec, was entirely destroyed by fire yesterday morning. Loss, $75,000; no insurance.

A house and barn belonging to State Constable P. H. Casey, at Holyoke, Mass., was burned yesterday morning. The loss is $4,000; insurance $2,300. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

A fire at Matteawan, N. Y., yesterday morning destroyed Noel & Smith's clothing store, Hatche's cigar store, and Vosburgh's printing office, and damaged the adjoining buildings. The total loss is estimated at $34,000; insurance, $22,000.

A fire at Newport, Ky., Friday night, destroyed Robeson & Co.'s distillery with its contents, and two small buildings adjoining. The loss on the distillery is $20,000 and the insurance $6,000, and on the other buildings the loss is $4,000 and the insurance $1,000.

An incendiary fire at Clarendon, Ark., early Thursday morning, destroyed the grocery stores of B. F. & W. L. Kerr and J. M. Wheelock, the saloon of J. M. Wheelock, and Dr. Turnbull's office. The loss is $50,000. Nothing is known concerning the amount of insurance.

A fire on Friday night, on Beethoven terrace, Park avenue, Baltimore, Md., burned the elegant four-story dwelling owned by W. R. Frick, and occupied by Rev. J. D. McCabe, whose valuable library and furniture were completely destroyed. Two adjoining dwellings were also damaged. The loss is estimated at $40,000.

LOCAL FIRES.

About 6 o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in Lanzer's lager-beer brewery, corner of Georgia and Liberty streets, East New-York. The flames spread with great rapidity, and in less than an hour the building and its contents were almost totally destroyed. The loss on building and stock is estimated at $20,000, and is insured as follows: Williamsburg City, $4,400; Etna, $4,400; Germania, $5,600. The fire is supposed to have been caused by overheating in the boiler-room.

THE WEATHER.

SYNOPSIS AND PROBABILITIES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27—1 A. M.—Generally cloudy weather and rain have prevailed in the Southern, Middle, and New-England States, with southerly winds, less pressure, and higher temperature; clear or fair weather prevails in the lake region and the North-west, with slight changes in temperature and pressure, and light or gentle winds. The barometer is highest near the Florida Coast. It has fallen on the Middle and East Atlantic Coast, and risen slightly on the Eastern Gulf Coast. The temperature is below freezing in the upper lake region, and thence westward to the Missouri Valley. The rivers have risen at Cairo, and fallen at Nashville, Pittsburg, and Cincinnati.

PROBABILITIES.

For New-England and the Middle Atlantic States, light rain, followed by clearing weather, south-west or north-west winds, and no decided change in temperature and pressure.

For the Lower Lake region, clear or fair weather during the day, south or west winds, and rising barometer, followed by threatening weather, lower temperature, and falling barometer.

For the Upper Lake region and the North-west, increasing cloudiness, easterly or southerly winds, no decided change in temperature, and slowly falling barometer, followed by areas of rain or snow during Sunday night.

IN THIS CITY.

The following record shows the changes in the temperature during the past twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding date of last year, as recorded at Hudnut's Pharmacy:

	1873.	1874.		1873.	1874.
3 A. M.	34°	34°	3:30 P. M.	35°	39°
6 A. M.	33°	33°	6 P. M.	35°	40°
9 A. M.	35°	31°	9 P. M.	34°	36°
12 M.	35°	36°	12 P. M.	34°	35°

Average temperature yesterday.......33°

Average temperature for corresponding date last year.......34¾°

Weekly average for 1873.......32½°

Weekly average for 1874.......32¾°

ARKANSAS.

ON HORSEBACK OVER THE OLD MILITARY ROAD.

OBJECTIONS TO TRAVELING TEXANS WHO ARE ON THE SHOOT—ASPECTS OF THE COUNTRY—A GREAT HUNTING REGION—HOW A FIELD HAND OBTAINED HIS PAY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MEMPHIS, Monday, Dec. 21, 1874.

When I began my preparations for leaving Little Rock, on my road to Memphis, I studied the map of the State with more apprehension than profit. There seemed to be many rivers, but no towns. I consulted an acquaintance as to the best road. "Do you go by dirt or by rail?" said he. "I'm traveling on horseback," I answered. "Ah! then if you're going by dirt, you had better take the old military road, which Gen. Jackson commenced ever so long ago, and which, I believe, has been substantially completed. It has one advantage, because it runs along the crests of ridges, and so you will have a dry road all the way. But then, again, it goes through the poorest lands, and you won't be able to form an accurate impression of the region." "How about the railroad?" I inquired. "What kind of country does that traverse, because I could keep alongside, if it would repay me." "Well, no, it wouldn't," he answered frankly; "the fact is, the line is an utter abomination to our people. It runs through overflowed lands, for the most part, and during the Spring traffic is suspended because a considerable part of the line is fifteen feet under water. And then, again, it has been so poorly constructed and so badly equipped that accidents are continually happening. I do not undertake to say how many engineers have been killed, but I know that the number is something terrible. After all, you had better stick to the military road." "But tell me," said I, "why you think I shall get an incorrect impression of the country if I take that road." "You can't help it," he retorted. "The people are very poor, the land is poorly cultivated, and there are often gaps of twenty miles between the nearest neighbors, so that it is not easy to get accommodation. But the principal reason is because it is the grand highway to Texas—the road taken by nine-tenths of the *movers*—and I do not think you will receive quite as much hospitality as we, your friends here, could wish; and then, you will be unfavorably impressed, because the folks will take you for a Texan, and the Texans are not liked." "But why?" "Well, because they're too much on the shoot, and want to bluff all the ferry men and the toll-keepers along the road, and their name is legion. From the moment you cross the White River at Desarc you are in a region of tolls. The Texans don't understand this, and they behave very roughly. You've got a Texas saddle and a Texas blanket, and a kind of wild Texas look, and the folks along the road will expect you to be on the shoot, and will be ready to quarrel with you if you give them the least opening."

I determined, in my own mind, that this I would never give them, being unarmed and having a strong aversion to gunpowder. But as it turned out my acquaintance, though not incorrect in his statements, was a false prophet. His premises were exact, but the conclusion was erroneous. The country between Little Rock and the White River was at first rather rolling, with some tolerably high hills covered with myriads of stones. After the hills came a succession of oak forests, which were pretty thickly settled by prosperous, well-to-do farmers, who were not planters. They farmed in the true sense of the word—raising stock and corn and fruits and poultry. Sheep wandered about the woods, finding plenty of pasturage, even at that late time of year. Hogs rooted and grunted with satisfaction under the oak trees, feeding on the numerous acorns. The cattle browsed on leaves and upon a very rank kind of grass that the sheep would not touch. I asked the farmers if they made no Winter provision for their stock, and they all replied in the negative, with the exception of corn-stalk fodder, which, by the bye, they called "roughness." Unless the Winter should prove of unexampled severity, there was enough in the forest to feed all—sheep, horses, cattle, and hogs. The mules that were used for draught purposes, for hauling and plowing, were the aristocrats of the farm quadrupeds, and were daily given their feeds of corn. All were unanimous in the opinion that they did better by general farming than by planting cotton, which they said was more remunerative to the broker than to the farmer.

But when I emerged from the forests into the great prairie that lies beyond I came into a new region. It was beautiful, but it was desolate. The land stretched before me for miles upon miles, level as a tranquil sea. It was not monotonous, for it was agreeably diversified by clumps and belts of magnificent timber. It seemed absolutely unsettled. When I had skirted the northern edge and arrived at the one town along the military road—Desarc—on the White River, I learned that before the war this prairie had been largely stocked with cattle, but that these had disappeared during the struggle and the prairie was now almost a desert. Efforts were being made to induce emigrants from Tennessee going to Texas to settle here, and with some little glimmering of success. But the land here is appraised at $1 50 per acre, and as the price in Texas is barely over twenty cents per acre for the very finest lands, those only remain who dread the long wagon journey, and they are men deficient in energy. The prairie land of Arkansas is so level that the water is not carried off by natural drainage, and the soil is so permeated with moisture that although possessed of all the elements of fertility it is not remunerative unless well ditched and drained. When this has been done, enormous crops of corn and also of cotton have rewarded the farmer, and I believe it certain that in the future this will be the richest part of the State.

Beyond the White River the traveler finds himself wandering through cane-brake. From White River to Cache River the forest is one solid mass of cane. This is a very small and delicate member of the great family of Juncaceæ, but it here grows fourteen feet high. One rides through vista after vista of bright green wall in a road cut through the cane, whose indomitable vegetative power is but just kept down by the wagons that pass and repass. Within the recesses of this brake, which keeps green all the year round, and is the favorite pasturage of every grazing animal, are all sorts of wild beasts. Hunting parties from the towns come here and remain for weeks in the cane bottom, pursuing bears, wild-cats, wolves, coons, panthers, &c., which all shelter here. Winter is the great hunting time for the Arkansas men. The cotton has been picked, the corn is in, and there is nothing to do until plowing time. And now the Arkansas housewife jogs the ambition of her spouse, and tells him she has no present use for either fresh or salt pork, and that she wants "bar" meat or venison. And she gets it too. Wherever I stopped along the road there was surely game of some kind, either squirrels or deliciously fat and juicy rabbits, or venison or bear meat. Of birds, such as grouse, partridge, &c., I saw no specimens; and I believe that the hunters do not care for such small game. Squirrels, indeed, are not very large, but they have furs, and the Arkansas hunter has an eye to the peltry. So he does not go a birding; or if he does, he incurs the reprobation of his fellows, who sneer at him as a robin hunter. The amount of large game is really incredible. The mistress of one house where I stopped for the night told me earnestly she preferred deer-meat to beef, and that her husband kept the larder in meat through the whole Winter with his gun. They never ate pork until the days began to get warm. I myself saw three bucks, one after another, crossing the road within thirty feet of me. It was early in the morning, and I don't know which was most startled, the horse, the man, or the bucks. Hunters told me that all novices in hunting are so. They expect the deer to start from a distance; they look too far a-field, and when a great buck jumps up before their noses and bounds off with his broad white tail standing straight up, they are so startled that they cannot shoot.

After the ridge beyond the Deview Bayou has been passed, the road is almost entirely in bottoms, which are very fertile, but extremely unhealthy. Men speak of 120 bushels of corn to the acre, and a bale and a half of cotton to the acre, and they may be telling the truth; but the whole region is crossed with numerous rivers and bayous and small lakes, and must be excessively unhealthy. It is intersected at one point, near the St. Francis River, by a line of rocky hills, but with that one exception the land is all bottom to the Mississippi River. In all the bayous and lakes the banks are bordered by immense cypresses, yielding very valuable lumber, if there was enterprise enough to get it out; but there is not, and the trees rise, flourish, and decay uninterruptedly from the first feeble shoot to the queer conical stumps which show where a tree has been. These were so many buttresses which the roots sent up to support the towering brush, and they remain when all else has vanished. There are also enormous oaks in these wet lands, some of them five feet in diameter through the bole. There are also fine beeches, whose mast is specially grateful to the animals that make the forest their pasture-ground. But I did not see one single lumber-mill, and whenever a tree was felled it was for fencing or for fire-wood.

The loneliness of this region is peculiar. It is the most sparsely settled place that can be imagined, and reminds one of early times in Ohio and Kentucky. And yet there are traces here of old French settlements dating back to the days when it formed part of the Province of Louisiana. Probably settlers disliked a place where so many rivers had to be forded, and where there were so many unwholesome, black-looking bayous. Be that as it may, it is certain that the population of the counties through this region is excessively scanty. And then the Texans returning to Tennessee, the head-quarters of the movers, have given the inhabitants a bad name on account of quarrels about the tolls and ferries. The little settlement of Taylor's Creek is specially detested, because here reside the officials who pass judgment upon recalcitrant travelers who do not pay their tolls. The law allows the official who acts in a judicial capacity to inflict a fine of fifteen dollars for refusal to pay toll or ferry, or for evading the same. Under the latter head I myself must plead guilty, for, having tooted on the ferry-horn and shouted for half an hour without response, I became impatient and swam across, bringing the ferry-boat over to the side where my mare was waiting far more patiently than I; and taking her over in triumph, I then fastened up the ferry-boat and went on my way rejoicing, having thereby evaded the payment of twenty cents, and rendered myself liable to pains and penalties.

Through this region there are hardly any negroes at all, but when one gets into Crittenden County, which is bordered to the eastward by the Mississippi River, they abound. They are well treated and well paid by the majority, but there are white farmers who will cheat them out of their work if they can. I witnessed a scene at the ferry at Mound City, where travelers cross over the Mississippi River to Memphis, which was rather amusing. There was some trouble with the ferry-boat, and we were all detained some five hours in consequence. A negro who had been picking cotton for a farmer, but had not been paid, followed his debtor for twenty miles down to the ferry. The white farmer was in his wagon, with three bales of cotton. The colored creditor came the whole distance on foot. When the former came to a halt at the wharf-boat, where quite a crowd was gathered awaiting ferriage, the negro waited until his debtor had dismounted and had been hailed by a number of acquaintances, and then he pounced on him. "Is you a g'wine to pay me fo' pickin' dat ar cotton?" said the darky, with determination flashing out of his dusky eye-balls. "G—— you" shouted the white man, "have you followed me down here, you black scoundrel. I'll pay you when I get a good ready." "Am gwine to foller dis heah cotton until I git my money. Some of dis heah cotton b'longs to me, and dis chile tends to hev it." The white man raged and foamed, and I believe would have resorted to unpleasant means to settle his debt, but the white farmers around laughed at him, and told the nigger to stick to the cotton. The man had to sell a bale there and then to the keeper of the wharf-boat and settle the claim, and he was so discountenanced and so ridiculed by the men around that he could not hold up his head, but hid himself in a corner of the store in the wharf-boat; whereas all applauded the nigger, one man gave him a drink, and another a chew of tobacco. "Why do you take sides against your color," I said to the man, who gave the chew. "Why? good reason enough. If we cheat a nigger out of his money, who the h—l is going to pick our cotton for us? I don't want no Chinese in mine. I've tried 'em, and the nigger is the only man that can ever cultivate cotton for me. If we treat them well they'll treat us well, and so we'll all be pleased. But that white-livered old cheat has done more to hurt our labor than a hundred of the dirty Radicals."

GAR.

A ROUGH COMPLIMENT FOR SEMMES.

The correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* who describes the recent Confederate soldiers' reunion at Augusta, Ga., has this paragraph:

"About 10 o'clock that morning the renowned Confederate Admiral, Raphael Semmes, rode out to the ground and was at once escorted to the stand. The Admiral and Gen. Hampton then and there met for the first time in their lives. Although they had

'Rode Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas,'

they had never seen each other before. But if any one supposes that the bluff old Admiral, and the no less bluff General embraced, shed tears, and the like, they entirely miss it. Semmes, like all other naval officers, keeps a full stock of congestive chills on hand, for the especial purpose of inflicting them upon anybody who comes near him. This may be all right on the ocean, but most landsmen regard these officers as insufferable bores socially.

COTTON RECEIPTS.

The total net receipts of cotton at all ports since Sept. 1, 1874, are as follows:

	Bales.		Bales.
Galveston	206,399	Philadelphia	16,937
New-Orleans	496,340	New-York	61,016
Mobile	198,867	Boston	12,260
Savannah	404,792	Port Royal	18,559
Charleston	275,456	Indianola	7,426
Wilmington	45,196	Providence	2,745
Norfolk	221,363	City Point	5,589
Baltimore	7,702		
Total			1,980,647

GEN. JOHNSTON'S SISTER.

Having obtained further information, the Paducah *Kentuckian* makes a correction as follows:

"Some days since the *Kentuckian* contained a statement to the effect that Miss Clarissa Johnston, a sister of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, was in need of assistance from the public, and asking that contributions for her support be left with a certain gentleman of that town. Those who secured this publication did so under an entire misapprehension. Miss Johnston, an old lady of over seventy, has been living for years with a niece in Paducah. Col. Stoddard Johnston, a nephew, and other relatives, had furnished Miss Johnston with the means to secure all the comforts and conveniences which she has desired. A short time since Col. Johnston proposed to remove her to Louisville, where she might obtain better medical attention, but this offer she declined, as she desired to spend her remaining days with her niece and children, to whom she had become fondly attached. This request was, of course, complied with, and, a few days since, she died peacefully and surrounded by her friends."

THE RESUMPTION BILL.

DEMOCRATIC INDORSEMENT, EAST AND WEST, OF THE MAIN FEATURES OF THE SENATE BILL.

Referring to the Senate Finance bill, the Boston *Post*, the leading Democratic paper of New-England, says:

"But, as before remarked, there will be a general agreement of sentiment, if not of opinion, over the fixing of some specific date when the Treasury is to redeem its promises. There is where resumption must begin, if anywhere. The opinion of some is that we shall probably anticipate that date in practice, while others are equally certain that no contraction whatever will be really effected, and hence that the bill will prove inoperative. Were this kind of debate of opinions to proceed, however, we should never expect to reach hard money at all. It is absolutely necessary to begin the work at some time and somewhere, and it is especially for this reason that the present bill is hailed with such general satisfaction. It was not to be expected that any bill which could be framed would escape criticism or opposition in its original form, but the adoption of a proposition of this character is greatly encouraging, because it is an admission of the necessity for taking some step immediately in the right direction. The time named for resumption will always be shortened before the bill becomes a law, and some of its other features may be modified, as they can be with advantage; yet the tangible fact that something has been done to hasten resumption, whether in good faith or merely as party finesse, is evidence of the necessity that is felt for manifesting proper regard for public opinion and the public welfare; a concession full of promise that, now the work is begun, it will be pursued to its perfect accomplishment. We have a day fixed for redeeming Government notes in coin, and a provision for their contraction at a rate governed by the issues of the banks, which are redeemable in those notes; and if the bill be far from a perfect one, or is passed from a narrower rather than a broader motive, it is a practical beginning in the right direction, and as such deserves to be made the most of by the country."

To the same general purport the St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer*, a Democratic paper of much influence in its section, says:

"The bill of the Senate is at least a recognition of the proposition of specie payments. It is no retrograde measure. The chief fault, apart from the provisions for carrying it into effect, is that it fixes the period of resumption too remote for the welfare of the nation. If resumption is good at all, it should be adopted at the earliest practicable moment consistent with the interests of the debtor classes. The President more clearly caught the meaning of the people when he indicated 1876 as the proper time to resume, and it is difficult to conceive why that period should not be adhered to. When it was understood that the act would be operative, arrangements could be made to anticipate that event. The postponement to 1879 is for three years a practical nullification of the measure, and will do but little toward stimulating business interests in the intervening time. However, since the bill of the Senate is the best that can be hoped for from the present Congress, we shall welcome its passage, and trust that that consummation may be as rapidly reached as is consistent with the unconcealed hatred of the House for anything that savors of sound and honest money."

THE NEW BOARD OF CHARITIES.

ORGANIZATION OF THE BOARD YESTERDAY—HON. ISAAC H. BAILEY ELECTED PRESIDENT—THE FINANCIAL STATUS OF THE DEPARTMENT.

The new Commissioners of Charities and Correction, Messrs. Isaac H. Bailey, Townsend Cox, and Edward R. Donnelly, met yesterday for the first time, at the office of Mr. Cox, No. 51 Exchange place. The meeting was for the purpose of organizing, and of informally discussing matters connected with the duties and responsibilities which they have assumed with their office. The members of the press were not present during the meeting, but they were subsequently informed that Mr. Bailey had been elected President, and Mr. Cox Secretary of the board, and that the proceedings were altogether informal. It is understood that the question of enforcing the law in respect to the confinement of Tweed was one of the matters under consideration. The question of requiring all the officials within the control of the Commissioners to define their duties, was also one of the matters discussed. The board adjourned to meet at 4 o'clock, at the Commissioners' office, Eleventh street and Third avenue.

The second session was entirely secret, so far as members of the press were concerned. The Commissioners occupied the board room at the north-east corner of the head-quarters building, and were visited during the afternoon by Mayor elect Wickham, Judge John R. Brady, Theodore Roosevelt, Austin Flint, M. D., Jackson S. Schultz, and a number of others. It was ascertained afterward that a communication was received from R. M. Hedden, book-keeper, inclosing the accounts of the department up to the 26th inst. According to his statement, the footings of the financial balance sheet are as follows: Appropriations for the past year, $1,324,345; expenditures for the same period, $1,200,659 97; balance to credit of the department, $123,685 03. Measures were discussed looking toward the reform of existing abuses and the better government of the different institutions under the care of the board. A number of informal resolutions in reference to the fish and meat contracts, as well as a proposal to prohibit the future admission of "paying patients" to Bellevue Hospital, were likewise considered. At 6 o'clock the board adjourned

ANOTHER MURDER.

Early on Thursday morning, John Mangin, aged eighteen, residing with his parents at No. 535 West Fifty-third street, left home, informing his father that he intended going to a ball. Early on Friday morning his father found him lying on the stoop of the house, apparently in great pain. Mr. Mangin, thinking that his son was drunk, carried him up stairs. Yesterday morning it was ascertained that young Mangin had been shot in the back, and was dying. His father asked him how he had been shot, but he refused to give any answer. Soon after, when he became convinced that he was dying, a clergyman was sent for, and to him the unfortunate boy confided the secret of his shooting. He said that a man named "Jerry Damon" knew all about the affair. Ten minutes after he made this disclosure he died. Capt. Ward, of the Twenty-second Precinct, was notified, and yesterday investigated the case. He speedily ascertained that young Mangin had been drinking in a saloon at the corner of Fifty-third street and Tenth avenue, and that the fight which terminated with such fatal results originated there. Capt. Ward also learned that Damon had fled the City immediately after the shooting occurred. Coroner Woltman having taken charge of the case, Dr. Early, his deputy, made a post-mortem examination of the remains of the deceased. A pistol-shot wound was found in the back, and the bullet had first taken an inward and downward direction and subsequently an upward direction, and was found imbedded in the intestines. Death resulted from peritonitis consequent upon the wound. Last evening Capt. Ward received information which he is confident will lead to the arrest of the guilty parties. Several arrests have already been made, but at the request of Capt. Ward the names of the prisoners are withheld from publication for the present.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS IN BROOKLYN.

Mayor Hunter will nominate, on the first Monday of the new year, a Corporation Counsel, a City Treasurer, and three Assessors. The present incumbent of the Corporation Counsel's office, Mr. William C. De Witt, is the only candidate spoken of. The salary is $10,000 a year. Mr. Andrew Cunningham, the present City Treasurer, will in all probability be reappointed by the Mayor. No candidates have as yet been named for the vacant assessorships. The Mayor's nominations will, according to the charter, have to be submitted to the Common Council for approval. That body will also elect, at its first meeting after next Monday, a President for 1875. Two candidates are spoken of for the position—the president incumbent, Mr. Jacob I. Bergen, and James Howell, Jr., Chairman of the Board of Supervisors, both of whom are Democrats. The Democrats have a majority of six in the board, which will insure the election of a President of that political stripe, unless there is a split. From present appearances, it is not at all likely that there will be any division among the Democrats when it comes to a vote. The Republicans have not named any candidate. A number of minor appointments will be made by the Common Council at their first meeting after reorganization.

DRUNKARDS ALMOST FROZEN TO DEATH.

The Police of Edgewater, Staten Island, arrested, early yesterday morning, a number of men whom they found lying in the road stupidly intoxicated, having imbibed too freely of liquor on the previous night. Two of them—characters well known to the Police—named Michael Conroy and William Simmons, of Tompkinsville, were discovered on the Richmond road, frozen almost stiff, with bottles beside them. After being conveyed to the station-house on stretchers restoratives were applied, but neither began to show signs of life for an hour. They will be detained at the Police station until they are sufficiently recovered to be taken before a Magistrate.

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

MR. TILTON'S REPLY TO MR. BEECHER'S LAST PRONUNCIAMENTO.

HE REFUSES TO PRESS HIS SUIT UNLESS ALLOWED TO PRODUCE ALL HIS EVIDENCE—MR. BEECHER CHALLENGED TO TAKE UP THE CRIMINAL CASE—THE OPINION OF GEN. TRACY—ARGUMENT ON THE BILL DEMANDED BY MR. BEECHER.

The developments in the Tilton-Beecher case yesterday were more important than those of any previous day since the granting of the order of Judge McCue, requiring the plaintiff to furnish a bill of particulars. First came Mr. Tilton's letter to the public, in which that gentleman repudiates the idea that he is seeking to avoid a trial, and charges Mr. Beecher with hedging behind legal quibbles in a vain effort to escape the exposure which assuredly awaits him unless he succeeds in throwing out nine-tenths of the evidence for the prosecution. The period of adulterous intercourse between the parties has lasted, according to the confessions of both Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, for upward of eighteen months, and yet the plaintiff is told that unless he proves criminality on the two dates, Oct. 10 and Oct. 17, that he cannot secure a verdict. He therefore gives the public due notice that unless he is allowed to bring in the whole of the proof he will refuse to appear. Meantime he challenges Mr. Beecher, since that gentleman has publicly announced his intention to secure a full vindication, to bring on the criminal case in which he (Tilton) was indicted for libel, at the instance of the District Attorney of Kings County. If Mr. Beecher and his supporters will call up this case, in which they have the initiative, Mr. Tilton pledges himself "to neither trouble him for particulars nor drive him from the Special Term to the General, nor drag him to Albany to the Court of Appeals, nor compel him to try his cause on a mere tithe of his evidence, nor in any manner lay on him a gossimer's weight of difficulty in his bringing me to justice." The writer then recapitulates the evidence against Mr. Beecher, and closes with the assertion that if the latter refuses to proceed with the trial of the criminal indictment he will by that act proclaim himself guilty in a way which not even his most devoted henchmen can misunderstand. In response to the allegations contained in this letter Mr. Beecher's lawyer, Gen. Tracy, asserts that the plaintiff, and not the defendant, is really responsible for the delay in the case. Tilton, he said, "had commenced a newspaper war on this subject," and not satisfied at what he had effected in that line, now sought to carry out in the courts what he had failed to secure through the columns of the press. The main reason why Tilton preferred the trial of the criminal indictment to that of the civil suit was ludicrously plain. In the former it would be extremely difficult to convict except upon the most sweeping evidence, while in the latter, if allowed his own way, he might raise a cloud of general presumptions against Mr. Beecher, without a morsel of actual evidence. Had the defense desired to postpone a trial of the civil action it would have been perfectly in their power to do so. They could have deferred the trial for a year, beyond any question. But they had not done this. On the contrary, they had expressly stipulated for a speedy decision by the Court of Appeals and for the trying of the case in the City Court at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Tracy said, finally, that no one knew better than Tilton that the case was in no condition to be tried on either side.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning the argument on the order to show cause why the bill of particulars should not be enforced was commenced in the Brooklyn City Court before Judge McCue. Messrs. Tracy and Shearman were present for the defense, and Mr. William H. Beach and Mr. Roger A. Pryor for the plaintiff. The discussion which followed elicited nothing new. The order to show cause was, on the suggestion of the Court, withdrawn by the counsel for the defense, and a stipulation entered into by the counsel on both sides by which the appeal is made direct to the General Term. The order to show cause will be argued on Monday next, at 11 o'clock.

A LETTER FROM MR. TILTON TO THE PUBLIC.

IS THE PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH ENDEAVORING TO EVADE A TRIAL?—TILTON CHALLENGES BEECHER TO PROCEED AGAINST HIM CRIMINALLY.

From the New-York Sun of Yesterday.

Theodore Tilton has addressed the following card to the public concerning the two trials, the one civil and the other criminal, involving his controversy with Rev. Henry Ward Beecher:

Mr. Beecher's pronunciamento in the *Christian Union* of this week requires me to reply as follows:

I. I have charged Rev. Henry Ward Beecher with seduction and adultery. These charges I have already proved to the full belief of three-quarters of the people of this nation, including almost unanimously the legal profession, who, above all other classes, are most competent to weigh evidence. I now wait to repeat and solemnize this proof in a court of law. To this end two actions are pending in the City Court of Brooklyn. These are, first, a civil suit instituted by me against Mr. Beecher; second, a criminal indictment procured by Mr. Beecher against me.

The first of these causes, namely, mine against him, is continually thwarted by his strange and unexampled demand for a catalogue of the particular dates and places at which he committed his acts of adultery. What is the practical effect of this demand? The sexual intimacy between Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton extended (according to their own account of it) from the Fall of 1868, through the whole of 1869, into the Spring of 1870—overlapping three successive years; and yet Mr. Beecher, while publicly asking for what he calls the fullest investigation, requests me to dwarf and shrivel my proof of this prolonged criminality to two particular days, namely, Oct. 10 and 17, 1868; a limitation which his counsel are willing to enlarge so as to include an entire autumnal month, during most of which Mr. Beecher was absent from Brooklyn, sheltered in a safe alibi beyond an opportunity for crime. It is an affront to ethics and equity, and a miracle impossible, to limit Mr. Beecher's fourteen months of adulteries to two days.

Accordingly I give the public due notice that, so far as the civil case is concerned, (which is the only one controlled by me) I shall go into court on the first day when I am permitted to carry all my evidence with me, but never while I must leave nine-tenths of this evidence outside the door. In other words, to try Mr. Beecher for adultery, with the adultery carefully forbidden to be proved, is a farce at which I am not harlequin enough to play in these sad days.

II. Meanwhile, since Mr. Beecher is seeking to baffle *my* case against *him*, I challenge him to end this by-play of strife over a bill of particulars by calling up *his* case against *me*. This he has power to do at any moment. What is this case? On the 3d of October last Mr. Beecher went before a Grand Jury in Brooklyn, and, by his own oath, procured against me an indictment for libel. This indictment furnishes the best case to test the real issue between Mr. Beecher and me. This real issue is not whether he shall pay me a hundred thousand dollars for ruining my home, (though not a penny of this money would I accept, even if a hundred juries should multiply it to a million,) but simply whether Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is guilty of seduction and adultery. And whatever complications may exist in my civil action against Mr. Beecher for damages, eliciting his ceaseless demands for particulars, on the other hand, simplicity itself is not more simple than Mr. Beecher's criminal case against me for libel, if I have accused him falsely. In this criminal case I shall neither trouble him for particulars, nor drive him from the Special Term to the General, nor drag him to Albany to the Court of Appeals, nor compel him to try his cause with a mere tithe of his evidence, nor in any manner impose on him a gossamer's weight of difficulty in his bringing me to justice. Moreover, in the criminal case he will be relieved of his ill-omened fears of civil damages; he will have the attack instead of the defense; he will be entitled to the last word to the jury; and if I have borne false witness against him, he will be able not only to prove me guilty, but to send me to the Penitentiary.

III. I am advised and believe that the cunning managers of Mr. Beecher's safety are seeking to contravene the ends of justice by the following stratagem, to wit: as soon as Mr. Beecher's counsel shall have restricted me so as to make inadmissible my proofs of his fourteen months of adultery, (thus cutting the very heart's core out of the civil suit,) their plan, then, is to suddenly withdraw the criminal indictment against me, which withdrawal is to be explained to the public by Mr. Beecher's chief champion and fellow-sufferer under a charge of seduction, the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, as an act of unexampled magnanimity shown to me by Mr. Beecher.

By this plan of operations I am to be prevented from trying Mr. Beecher in the civil suit; Mr. Beecher is at the same time to be saved from the grim necessity of trying me under the criminal indictment; and so, by these two devices, Mr. Beecher is to escape trial altogether.

I respectfully request all fair-minded persons to unite in determining that Mr. Beecher shall not have the moral support of the community, either in thus compelling me to restrict my proofs of his adulteries of 1868, 1869, and 1870 to two days, nor in his scheme of first procuring against me a criminal indictment for temporary effect, and then withdrawing it from subsequent trial.

IV. Touching Mr. Beecher's renewed demands for impossible particulars, I here repeat in substance what my counsel presented before the court a fortnight ago, in prompt fulfilment of their pledge to supply at a half hour's notice all the particulars which we possessed. They are these: That Rev. Henry Ward Beecher committed acts of adultery with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton on the 10th and 17th of October, 1868, and at intervals thereafter till the Spring of 1870; that the said acts were committed at No. 124 Columbia street and No. 174 Livingston street, in the City of Brooklyn; that confessions of these acts were made by Mrs. Tilton on the 3d of July, 1870, and at other times; that similar confessions were made by Mr. Beecher on the 30th of December, 1870, and at other times; that the confessions of Mrs. Tilton were made to Mrs. Martha B. Bradshaw, Mrs. Emma R. Moulton, Mr. Francis D. Moulton, myself, and others; that the confessions of Mr. Beecher were made to Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, myself, and others—to say nothing of a series of Mr. Beecher's letters, by which he makes plain confession of his guilt to all who can read and think.

And I respectfully submit that the statement of particulars, of which the foregoing is a digest, and which was laid by my counsel before the court and public many days ago, is sufficiently explicit to warrant me in now demanding that Mr. Beecher shall either be estopped by public opinion from imposing unheard of restrictions on my evidence in the civil case, or else that he shall forthwith begin his criminal prosecution.

Furthermore, I ask all just men to join with me in declaring that if Mr. Beecher shall still further clog and hamper the civil action on the one hand, and at the same time shall withdraw the criminal prosecution on the other, thus using both these cases only to prevent me from submitting to a jury the general fact of his long-continued adultery, Mr. Beecher shall then be deemed to have confessed judgment, and must stand self-acknowledged as guilty before the civilized world.

THEODORE TILTON.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25, 1874.

WHAT MR. BEECHER'S COUNSEL SAY ABOUT MR. TILTON'S LETTER.

THEY CLAIM THAT THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO GO TO TRIAL—A SERIES OF CONTRADICTIONS—THE CRIMINAL SUIT AGAINST TILTON.

The publication of the above letter yesterday, in response to Mr. Beecher's recent article in the *Christian Union*, has brought forth statements from nearly all the principal persons whose names have been associated with the question from the commencement of the controversy. Among those who have expressed their opinion of Mr. Tillton's letter are Gen. Tracy, Mr. Shearman, Rev. Mr. Halliday, and Mr. Sage. Rev. Mr. Halliday and Mr. Sage stated that they believe the suit against Mr. Tilton will be pressed by Mr. Beecher, and deny that there is any intention on his part to endeavor to keep the case out of court. They assert that Mr. Beecher has never entertained the idea of any compromise whatever in the matter.

General Tracy asserts that Mr. Beecher's counsel have never sought to delay the trial, but that if they did desire to postpone it, they could not adopt a better means of attaining that object than to follow the course Mr. Tilton's counsel have been taking. He believes they do not want to try the civil suit at all, but says that Mr. Beecher's counsel are determined that it shall be tried. The following is a report of an interview between Mr. Tracy and a reporter of the Brooklyn *Eagle* yesterday, after he had read Mr. Tilton's letter in reply to Mr. Beecher:

Reporter—What have you to say to Mr. Tilton's card?

Mr. Tracy—I don't see as that requires any answer. The best reply to that article is the proceedings in court this morning, from which I have just come.

Reporter—It looks like a very plausible account of the situation to a great many people.

Mr. Tracy—Doubtless. But to a great many more it is evident that Tilton is seeking a pretext to back out of his civil suit, and withdraw it altogether. We seek to compel him to try the civil suit, as that is the suit which presents the issue clean cut and freed from all complications of "reasonable doubt" of "malice in the publication," of "probable cause," or "belief in probable cause," all of which would enter into the trial of the criminal suit. Mr. Tilton cannot get a verdict against Mr. Beecher in a civil case unless he can prove to the satisfaction of a jury that Mr. Beecher is guilty of the act charged; but in a criminal case he can avoid conviction for libel on various grounds, which really do not affect the merits of the case. If he can get one juryman out of the twelve to believe that there was a reasonable doubt in the case, or that he was not influenced by malice in the publication, he would escape conviction. Tilton commenced a newspaper war with Mr. Beecher on this question, and not satisfied with the result his case has made before the public through the newspapers, and believing he could do in court what he had failed to do in the newspapers he voluntarily instituted the civil suit. Mr. Beecher gladly met him before the tribunal of his own choosing. We have never asked for a moment's delay, and never have had the case delayed a single day on our motion.

Reporter—Suppose you had desired delay, what would have been your course?

Mr. Tracy—We should have done precisely what they have been doing and are doing now. We would have declined to argue our appeal from the order of Judge Neilson until the regular General Term, which is held in January, and that would have delayed the trial—then we would have appealed to the Court of Appeals and waited for the regular time of hearing them, thus putting the trial of the case off for a year beyond a doubt. But we took one appeal and stipulated to have a special General Term convened for the purpose of hearing and deciding it, and went before it at once and argued it, and when beaten there we appealed to the Court of Appeals, and then stipulated at once to have the case put on the calendar at the earliest possible day in that court, and we proceeded there and argued it, and when that court decided that we were entitled to what we asked, all we have asked of the defendant was to obey the order of the court and give us their bill of particulars.

Reporter—They promised you that, didn't they?

Gen. Tracy—Tilton's counsel promised in open court to serve it within thirty minutes if the court made the order, but two weeks have elapsed and they have not given it, and cannot give it. After the court made the order they appealed to the General Term instead of serving it within thirty minutes. For ten days since we have been trying to get them to do so, or to stipulate to argue the case at a Special General Term, which we have only just succeeded in forcing them to do this morning.

Reporter—Tilton says you are trying to force him to limit the proof of three years' prolonged adultery to a single month or to two particular days.

Gen. Tracy—That is not true. We have shown over and over again that we neither intend nor seek to limit him in proving or attempting to prove any fact which he thinks he can prove against the defendant in this case. All we ask him to do is to give us notice in advance of the places and times of which he proposes to offer proof to show that the act complained of was committed. We have only sought to prevent being surprised at the last moment in the trial by false evidence being introduced to prove a charge that never has been made until evidence is offered of it on the trial. We have stated this over and over again, and it will do no good to repeat it. Our good intentions on this subject are evinced by the stipulation which we made in open court this morning or offered to make in open court—and that is to allow the General Term to take Tilton's own affidavit, recently made in the case, stating what he expected to prove on the trial, and to make that the basis of the bill of particulars, and let them so frame it that Mr. Tilton be permitted to prove by legal evidence every fact therein stated.

Reporter—Of course they will do that?

Gen. Tracy—Of course they declined to do it. Nothing can be more evident, therefore, than that they are seeking a pretext to back out of the trial. That pretext we do not intend to give them. Mr. Tilton having brought his action against Mr. Beecher, we propose that he shall try it.

Reporter—Have not both the prosecution and the defense changed front on this subject?

Gen. Tracy—Well, in insisting on the trial of this civil suit we are doing precisely what they insisted we should do when these cases were first called in court. Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton having been indicted, the District Attorney, over whose action neither party has control, moved the court to fix a day for the trial of one of these criminal cases, and the counsel for Tilton objected, on the ground that, inasmuch as the civil case involved the same issue, and was then pending the practice of the courts always required that the civil case should be tried first. The civil case, therefore, was put upon the calendar to be tried first, they insisting upon that as an objection to trying the criminal case first.

Reporter—The change of tactics, then, is Tilton's. What does it probably mean?

Gen. Tracy—Just what I have already said. They want a pretext for refusing to try their own case, probably forever. I mean to say that all their actions indicate that they do not mean to try it. The action of the defense to-day is a sufficient answer to Tilton's entire communication in the *Sun*. This article of his is on a par with the howl that he has always set up in court, of a desire for delay on the part of the defense; and we see now that when we are coming to close quarters and are ready for trial, with a prospect of taking up the case, it is not the defendant who is manœuvering for delay, but it is the plaintiff. Heretofore, nobody has understood better than himself and his counsel that the case was in no condition to be tried on either side.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. BEECHER.

A representative of THE TIMES called upon Rev. Henry Ward Beecher last evening, at his residence on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, for the purpose of inquiring whether he desired to say anything in reference to Mr. Tilton's reply to his article in the *Christian Union*. Mr. Beecher replied that he had made it a rule from the commencement of the discussion not to enter into conversation on the subject with the representatives of the press. Were it not that he deemed it proper to adhere to this rule, he said he should be happy to give any information required. He said he had the care of his congregation to attend to, and that that was quite enough for him, without undertaking to deal with every statement which might be made in the newspapers.

The reporter then apologized for calling upon him, but Mr. Beecher said he was perfectly free to do what he considered to be his duty, and that in declining to enter into conversation upon the question referred to he was merely exercising the right to do what he considered to be his duty. He added, however, that Mr. Shearman's house was convenient, and that probably he might be disposed to furnish any information required in connection with the matter.

WHAT MR. SHEARMAN SAID.

Mr. Shearman, in conversation with a reporter in reference to Mr. Tilton's card, said: "The card amounts to nothing, except as showing that Mr. Tilton desires again to change the venue. He proposed at first to try the case in the newspapers, and after vigorously beginning his assault there, and carrying on the contest for some time and finding that Beecher's friends were showing their strength, he chose to go to law. He had every advantage in this. He chose his own court, and made his own plan of attack, and had everything his own way in opening this suit, but finding that he was again met by a firm and determined defense, he has again chosen to open the war in the papers. It is only that he wants to change his field of operations again."

THE BILL OF PARTICULARS IN THE CIVIL SUIT.

MOTION ON THE ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE—A LAWYER WHO WOULD NOT BE DRIVEN—THE ORDER WITHDRAWN AND THE MATTER TO GO BEFORE THE GENERAL TERM AT ONCE.

The civil suit instituted by Theodore Tilton against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was again before Judge McCue, in the City Court of Brooklyn, yesterday, on motion for an order to show cause why the defendant's counsel should not be furnished with a bill of particulars of the various charges in the complaint. The argument was extremely uninteresting and consisted mainly in the arrangement of dry technicalities and the settlement of contradictions between opposing counsel. A short passage of arms took place between Mr. Beach and Mr. Shearman, arising from adverse representations of the result of an interview between them, but it was stopped almost in its bud by the court, and, at the suggestion of Judge McCue, Mr. Shearman withdrew his motion for an order to show cause altogether. The case will be up on Monday before the General Term. Mr. Tilton was in court, accompanied by his counsel, Messrs. Beach and Morris, and the interests of Mr. Beecher were represented by Messrs. Tracy and Shearman.

MOTION OF MR. BEECHER'S COUNSEL.

At the opening of the proceedings Mr. Shearman said: We appear here, your Honor, in accordance with the order returnable this morning requiring the plaintiff to show cause why the order for a bill of particulars which has already been made in this action should not be enforced upon an affidavit showing that he has not served the bill of particulars within the time specified, and although he has appealed, he has no stay of proceedings, and we have been unable to come to an agreement as to the time for the hearing of the appeal. I will not read these papers, but the stipulation which we served, together with these papers, I will read. [Mr. Shearman read the stipulation referred to, which has already been published in THE TIMES.] I see that all the counsel who were expected for the appeal are now present, and it may be that the gentlemen on the other side are prepared to accept this course. In that case we want nothing but to have argument heard and take the ruling of the court on the bill of particulars, and we propose to go on with the trial whether we have the particulars we require or not. We shall take the decision and proceed upon it, no matter whether it is in our favor or not.

REPLY OF MR. TILTON'S COUNSEL.

Mr. Beach—I was not aware, Sir, of that stipulation until this motion, although a verbal suggestion was made in regard to arguing the general appeal to-day. The affidavit upon which this order to show cause was made reveals the fact that at an interview between Mr. Shearman and myself, on an early day of this week, at which an attempt was made to agree upon the time of the argument of the appeal, Mr. Shearman was informed by me that I had engagements which would necessarily occupy me during this week, and that I could not attend at the General Term. It shows also the fact that I then said to Mr. Shearman that I could argue that appeal on the coming Monday. It happened, in consequence of the fact that Mr. Dudley Field, with whom I had the engagement for to-day, at the time I had the interview with Mr. Shearman, was necessarily called from town, and on last evening, or the evening before last, a clerk from his office called upon me, and apprised me of that circumstance. He desired that the engagement with Mr. Field for to-day should be waived in consequence, and that made it possible for me to be here this morning. I left town on Tuesday, the day of my interview with Mr. Shearman. I did not return until late on Thursday night, and I have not been to my office since. I have not seen any of my associates in this case since I came to the city until this morning, and I have not seen my client at all. I am not, therefore, prepared to enter upon the argument of the appeal before the General Term, and if I were I should not do it, Sir. While I have been anxious to expedite the disposition of the motion in all its forms for a bill of particulars, and while I think it is very apparent to the court that the plaintiff has been solicitous of reaching a trial of this cause against Mr. Beecher at the earliest practicable day, I am not disposed to be driven into proceeding with the argument of any motion or the trial of any cause. It is quite possible, if the application had come to me during yesterday, or at any moment when I might have gone to my office and obtained my papers upon the expectation of arguing this appeal to-day, I might have done it in the absence of this compulsory motion to show cause. I believe if I should assent to the proposition to argue the general appeal to-day several pernicious results would follow. In the first place, I had not expected that argument, and although perfectly familiar with the aspects of the case which would then be presented, yet there are some special arrangements in regard to that matter which I have not with me, and I had no idea that any such proposition would be made to-day. The only knowledge on the subject which I had was from the public prints, and they did not contain any allusion to the circumstances stated in this stipulation. I don't like what would be the effect of the existence of that stipulation in two or three aspects. I will not submit to the idea that Mr. Shearman can obtain an order to show cause from this court, why the condition which was attached to your Honor's former orders should not be made so specific and stringent as to compel me to adopt any course which he might desire us to pursue, and thus force us to adopt a policy we never pursued—that is one of delay. I cannot, therefore, accept the proposition of the gentleman. Regarding this order, this motion is most extraordinary, and I prefer that the gentlemen who have adopted that rule of tactics shall carry it out to the end, and we will see the result.

Mr. Shearman—I suppose this is a preliminary discussion, and I cannot give any lengthy reply.

The Court—Why would not some other day next week be convenient?

Mr. Beach—You have the answer to that in the affidavit presented by Mr. Shearman. Last Tuesday I told him we would be prepared, but I will make no suggestion or enter any stipulation. I shall not endeavor, in any way, to evade the decision which your Honor will make in the motion to show cause. If it is satisfactory to us we will obey it. If it is not satisfactory we will endeavor to rectify it.

LIVELY TILT BETWEEN OPPOSING COUNSEL.

Mr. Shearman—The learned gentleman's speeches always contain one singular element: he is a gentleman of varied learning and experience, and he is the plaintiff's senior counsel. We have a senior counsel, and we obey his directions. We let him see every paper, we inform him immediately of every motion, of every step taken in the case, and we do nothing without his advice; but the great burden of complaint with the senior counsel on the other side is that he never knows what is done. He never sees a copy of the papers, he is never consulted when anything is to be done; and is not that a sufficient answer to his complaints that we did not take his propositions?

Mr. Beach (warmly)—The gentleman will allow me to say that his statement, in all its length and breadth, in all its details, in every syllable which he has uttered, is utterly incorrect and untrue.

Mr. Shearman—It is very easy to make those assertions, but it is not so easy to get out of the memory of the court and the reporters what has been said and done. Sir, the first thing we were told when the gentleman rose was that he was not aware of this written stipulation. It was served upon his associates, the regular attorneys in the case, on the same day the order to show cause was issued.

Mr. Beach—The gentleman knows I was absent from the City.

Mr. Shearman—You have not been absent all the time. We take the trouble to send everything to our senior counsel, and we take pains to send to his residence. He spoke of it as a reason why he was not prepared, but whose fault is that? Have we not shown him all the courtesy that we can, and is not there a great light thrown on the condition in which we find ourselves? He certainly said we could argue it on Monday; but we thought that delay too long. We tried to get it for Thursday, and at the same time he told us he was ready to argue it on Monday, he said that Mr. Morris would be ready and would be able to argue it.

Mr. Beach—I made no such assurance. I told the gentleman, and have affidavit to that effect, that so far as I was concerned, I had no anxiety or desire to be present at the argument of the appeal, and should be content if he should argue it with Mr. Morris without the presence of other counsel.

Mr. Shearman—Will the gentleman deny that he added that he was sure Mr. Morris would consent?

Mr. Beach—I do not.

Mr. Shearman—That is what the gentleman said, and when I——

Mr. Beach—I am not willing unless I have a positive recollection to assert, against the assertion of any gentleman, a denial of anything attributed to me, but I do say I have not the slightest recollection that I said Mr. Morris would assent to that arrangement. I did not assume to make any arrangement for him, and I only submitted it as a question to be negotiated between Mr. Shearman and Mr. Morris.

Mr. Shearman—I must take my stand on the affidavit; there is no question about that.

Mr. Beach—I must ask permission to present an affidavit which is now being copied, in answer to Mr. Shearman's affidavit, and explaining its many inaccuracies.

A SUGGESTION FROM THE COURT.

The Court—Suppose this order to show cause stands over for a week. It will give counsel on either side an opportunity to argue the appeal any time during the week. Or suppose you waive this order to show cause altogether.

Mr. Beach—Permit me to suggest that, so far as I am personally concerned, as long as this order to show cause is held over my head in intimidation, and for the purpose of forcing me to any course of action, I will not consent to argue the appeal. I have given my assurance to the counsel and to the court.

Mr. Shearman—Here is another singular proposition; it is only an amplification of his former statement that he will not consent to be driven, but he seems to think we were made to be driven by him. His associates have attempted to drive us. Not that we required to be compelled to expedite the case. We have never asked one day's delay beyond the time the court appointed. The first delay was asked on the other side postponing the original motion for a bill of particulars. We have asked no delay after the court has appointed a day. We have accepted every suggestion from the court, and still they were complaining of our delays, notwithstanding the fact that five days after they originally proposed to argue it they are unprepared. With regard to the assurance for Monday we had the same assurance that the bill of particulars should be served thirty minutes after the order was granted, but the difficulty is that this gentleman does not control the case. No stipulation does us any good. On our side we stand by all our stipulations written or verbal, but it is utterly useless to get any assurance from the learned gentlemen on the other side.

Mr. Beach (excitedly)—Will your Honor permit such imputations of counsel? They charge that we act dishonorably with respect to our stipulations.

Mr. Shearman—I do not charge you with being dishonorable; you are not dishonorable. No gentleman is more honorable than you are; but I say——

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

The court interfered and said: Let me suggest that you withdraw this order to show cause.

Mr. Shearman—We will do that; what we want is speed.

The Court—Take your chances as to that hereafter. I recommend now that your order to show cause be withdrawn.

Mr. Beach—The gentleman so implicitly relies on the recommendation of the court that he will do it at once.

Mr. Shearman—We won't stand on dignity or anything else. We withdraw the order to show cause, and ask the gentlemen what they will do?

Mr. Beach—When the gentleman comes to me in the proper spirit I will answer him, but he will find out I am not the man to be driven by counsel or the court.

Mr. Shearman—I make the offer that the affidavit of the plaintiff made before your Honor on the motion for a bill of particulars be made the bill of particulars in this case, and we will accept it.

Mr. Beach—Of course, it cannot be made a bill of particulars. An affidavit cannot be made a bill of particulars.

Mr. Tracy—We offer now that this court may convene in General Term to hear the appeal in this case, and we will stipulate that the General Term may take the affidavit made by the plaintiff in this case, and on that they may form a bill of particulars which shall entitle him to bring in all legal evidence on the trial, and every fact which he has stated in that affidavit. Now, will that satisfy the gentleman?

Mr. Beach—Tender us a stipulation to that effect.

Mr. Morris—Say that that evidence shall have its legitimate force, and that the jury shall not be confined to acts of adultery on one or two days.

THE ORDER WITHDRAWN.

The Court—All this is out of order. The order to show cause is withdrawn, and the rest is a matter of arrangement. I suggest that you now retire, and you have the use of the Judge's chamber.

Mr. Tracy—As we have taken the suggestions of the court always in the case, we will now accept this.

Mr. Beach—I think it would add very much to the propriety of the gentleman's demeanor if your Honor could always be present.

Mr. Tracy—Yes, we could then have the benefit of his good example.

The counsel retired, and it was agreed to argue the case before the General Term on Monday morning at 11 o'clock.

FAILURE AT SARATOGA.

REPORTED SUSPENSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE UNITED STATES HOTEL.

From the Troy Times, Dec. 26.

After a prolonged struggle of over three months, Messrs. Ainsworth, Tompkins, Perry & Co., proprietors of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, have felt compelled by adverse circumstances to give up, and the Trustees of the mortgage bondholders will probably go on at once to foreclose. When they commenced the work of rebuilding in 1873 the country was apparently on the full tide of prosperity, and only a few foresaw the coming storm. After they had got well under way the crash came, but by hard work and extraordinary good fortune they stood up, carrying on the building, and managed to have their house ready for company in ample time for the business of 1874, as they had promised. How many hard bargains they made to get along and fulfill their pledge as to opening, few can tell. They opened, and did a first-rate business in the season, clearing probably $70,000. They had to meet short notes and pay sums on furniture, &c., during the season which they had expected to pay from proceeds of their bonds. But many who had subscribed and agreed to take bonds were embarrassed by the panic, and so a large amount of the $600,000 of bonds secured by the trust mortgages was not taken. In fact, at a meeting of creditors held Sept. 29 they reported $140,000, or thereabouts, of bonds unsold. In the fulfillment of agreements made during the panic, (in the hope of selling the balance of the bonds,) they used about $98,000 of the receipts of the hotel during the season, to pay debts for construction and furniture, and in consequence they had no means to pay the interest due on their bonds Sept. 1, say $32,000. The bonds unissued were hypothecated to secure indorsements and creditors unwilling to take the bonds, so that they were unavailable. At a meeting of creditors Sept. 29, a statement was laid before them, and a large majority agreed to extend coupons and debts one year. Soon after, however, a suit was commenced in the name of Charles A. Allen, holder of $1,000 of the bonds, to foreclose the trust mortgage. The members of the firm, who had invested about $80,000 of their own means in the enterprise, struggled to prevent this, as did creditors having unsecured debts. There has been a sharp contest in the courts and out, but at last the firm seem to have given up, and the Trustees now expect to go on and foreclose the mortgages for the benefit of the bondholders. What will be the result now it is impossible to predict at present, but Saratogians generally feel disappointed at the result, as one which will operate to the injury of the place very much. Large sums of unsecured debts will be cut off, and some citizens will lose largely in this way. At the meeting of creditors the cost of hotel and furniture was set down at $962,252 40. Of this, $460,586 83 had been paid from bonds sold; $79,427 44 by the firm individually, and $360,938 13 was owing of floating debts, some of which was secured by chattel mortgages.

APPEAL FOR HOSPITAL SUNDAY FROM REV. DR. MUHLENBERG.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, Dec. 24, 1874.

In behalf of those associated with me in the household administration of St. Luke's Hospital, as well as on my own, I beg the liberty of commending the action of the Board of Managers in regard to collections in the churches for the hospital on Sunday next. The especial need of this is the fact that the provisions of our charity beds are quite insufficient for the support of our present number of charity patients. It is, therefore, earnestly to be wished that the proposed measure may avail to meet the deficiency, as it will if it be made an occasion of thank offering, especially by those who, during the last twelvemonth, have been exempt from sickness, or who have recovered from it.

Further, the ending of the year is usually a time for the settling of accounts. Let us look into ours on the score of duty to the sick and needy, and take care that no old debts be left standing for the new year. I earnestly ask the prayer that our Hospital Sunday may be as successful for its purpose as it has been in England.

Respectfully, W. A. MUHLENBERG,
Pastor and Superintendent.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN BORROWDALE.

Lines written on a White Stone near Wordsworth's Yew-trees.

Upturned stone so smooth and white,
Thou dost passing bards invite
Here to pause awhile and bring
Gifts of verse, an offering
To the Presences that brood
Over hill and vale and wood.

Nay, in this wild place, what thing
Moves the poet's tongue to sing?
Here no calm sequestered glade
Hath a Muses' arbor made;
Here no fountain far-withdrawn
Murmurs through a woodland lawn;
Nor do happy lindens move
With the sound that poets love;
But, around on every hand,
Harsh and bare the mountains stand,
Foiling mortal search and guess
In their awful pathlessness;
Knowing but the sun that warms,
And the magic moon that charms,
And the storms that round them play
At their pleasure, night or day!

See, below, from where I stand,
Visible the bridge that spanned
That small, limpid, mountain stream.
Suddenly, with crash and gleam
Broke the tempest, fell the sky,
Fierce the torrent ran and high,
One night's space; and after, where
Lay that work of human care!
Gone! and every well-hewn stone,
The stream had claimed it for its own.

Such thy sudden strength, dark vale!
Yet a more dismaying sense
Comes to us, a fuller tale
Of thy power's permanence.
Leave we but the stream and choose
Rather the four mystic yews
Standing as they stood of yore
Famous, the "fraternal four;"
Famous for their solemn shade,
Famous for unthought-of age,
Famous more for him who made
In his strong poetic page
Mention of their awfulness,
Mention of their changelessness,
Of the ghostly shapes that play
Underneath, in full mid-day.

Such a one, fair stone, as he
Has a message meet for thee!
Him the valleys and the hills,
And the swelling mountain rills,
Him the flowers that star the dell,
Celandine and pimpernel,
Him the wheeling falcon knew;
Him the serpentining yew!
They had pierced his inmost thought,
They within his heart had wrought
Elemental sympathy.
He, fair stone, might tell to thee
What new word the hills did send
Unto man, through him, their friend.

But for others, tablet white,
Veil thy smoothness, nor invite
Uninspired bards to bring
Gifts of crude imagining,
Harshly sounding, where no tone
Should be heard but his alone
Whom long years of vale and hill
Did with nature's music fill!
Only, without word of mine
Let the mountain's gift divine,
Let the spirit of the place,
Let its utter steadfastness
Enter into me, control
All the motions of my soul;
Teach me that whatever change
Round about the summit range,
Still to south and still to north
Flow the appointed waters forth,
While the ancient mountains stand
Heedless, solitary, grand,
Meeting e'en the storm-wind's song
With a silence calm and strong.

T. H. WARD.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

GEORGE BOWRING.

A TALE OF CADER IDRIS.

By Richard Dodridge Blackmore, Author of "The Maid of Sker," &c.

CHAPTER I.

When I was a young man, and full of spirits, some forty years ago or more, I lost my best and truest friend in a very sad and mysterious way. The greater part of my life has been darkened by this heavy blow and loss, and the blame which I poured upon myself for my own share in the matter.

George Bowring had been seven years with me at the fine old school of Shrewsbury, and trod on my heels from form to form so closely that when I became at last the captain of the school he was second to me. I was his elder by half a year, and "sapped" very hard while he labored little; so that it will be plain at a glance, although he never acknowledged it, that he was the better endowed of the two with natural ability. At that time we of Salop always expected to carry everything, so far as pure scholarship was concerned, at both the Universities. But nowadays I am grieved to see that schools of quite a different stamp (such as Rugby and Harrow, and even Marlborough, and worst of all peddling Manchester) have been running our boys hard, and sometimes almost beating them. And how have they done it? Why, by purchasing masters of our prime rank and special style.

George and myself were at one time likely, and pretty well relied upon, to keep up the fame of Sabrina's crown, and hold our own at Oxford. But suddenly it so fell out that both of us were cut short of classics, and flung into this unclassic world. In the course of our last half year at school, and when we were both taking final polish to stand for Balliol scholarships, which we were almost sure to win, as all the examiners were Shrewsbury men—not that they would be partial to us, but because we knew all their questions—within a week, both George and I were forced to leave the dear old school, the grand old town, the lovely Severn, and everything but one another.

He lost his father; I lost my uncle, a gentleman in Derbyshire, who had well provided for my education, but, having a family of his own, could not be expected to leave me much. And he left me even less than could, from his own point of view, have been rational. It is true that he had seven children; but still a man of £15,000 a year might have done, without injustice—or, I might say, with better justice—something more than to leave his nephew a sum which, after much pushing about into divers insecurities, fetched £72 10s. per annum.

Nevertheless, I am truly grateful, though, perhaps, at the time I had not that knowledge of the world which enlarges the grateful organs. It cannot matter what my feelings were, and I never was mercenary. All my sentiments at that period ran in Greek senarii; and perhaps it would show how good and lofty boys were in that ancient time—though now they are only rude Solecists—if I were to set these verses down. But, after much consideration, I find it wiser to keep them in.

George Bowring's father had some appointment well up in the Treasury. He seems to have been at some time knighted for finding a manuscript of great value that went in the end to the paper mills. How he did it, or what it was, or whether he ever did it at all, were questions for no one to meddle with. People in those days had larger minds than they ever seem to exhibit now. The King might tap a man and say, "Rise, Sir Joseph," and all the journals of the age, or at least the next day, would echo "Sir Joseph!" And really he was worthy of it. A Knight he lived, and a Knight he died; and his widow found it such a comfort.

And now on his father's sudden death, George Bowring was left not so very well off. Sir Joseph had lived, as a Knight should do, in a free-handed, errant, and chivalrous style; and what he left behind him made it lucky that the title dropped. George, however, was better placed, as regards the world, than I was, but not so very much as to make a difference between us. Having always held together, and being started in life together, we resolved to face the world (as other people are always called) side by side, and with a friendship that should make us as good as one.

This, however, did not come out exactly as it should have done. Many things arose between us—such as diverse occupation, different hours of work and food, and a little split in the taste of trousers, which, of course, should not have been. He liked the selvage down his legs, while I thought it unartistic, and going much into the graphic line, I pressed my objections strongly.

But George, in the handsomest manner—as now, looking back on the case, I acknowledge—waived my objections, and insisted as little as he could upon his own. And again we became as tolerant as any two men, at all alike, can be of one another.

He, by some postern of influence, got into some dry ditch of the Treasury, and there, as in an old castle-moat, began to be at home, and move gently and after his seniors, as the young ducks follow the old ones. And at every waddle he got more money.

My fortune, however, was not so nice. I had no Sir Joseph, of Treasury cellars, to light me with his name and memory into a snug cell of my own. I had nothing to look to but courage, and youth, and education, and three-quarters of a hundred pounds a year, with some little change to give out of it. Yet why should I have doubted? Now I wonder at my own misgivings; yet all of them still return upon me, if I ever am persuaded just to try Welsh rabbit. Enough, that I got on at last, to such an extent that the man at the dairy offered me half a year's milk for a sketch of a cow that had never belonged to him.

George, meanwhile, having something better than a brush for a walking-stick and an easel to sit down upon, had taken unto himself a wife—a lady as sweet and bright as could be—by name Emily Atkinson. In truth, she was such a charming person that I myself, in a quiet way, had taken a very great fancy to her before George Bowring saw her; but, as soon as I found what a desperate state the heart of poor George was reduced to, and came to remember that he was fitted by money to marry, while I was not, it appeared to me my true duty toward the young lady and him, and even myself, to withdraw from the field, and have nothing to say if they set up their horses together.

So George married Emily, and could not imagine why it was that I strove in vain to appear as his "best man," at the rails where they do it.

For, though I had ordered a blue coat and buttons and a cashmere waistcoat, (amber colored, with a braid of pæonies,) yet at the last moment my courage failed me, and I was caught with a shivering in the knees, which the doctor said was ague. This and that shyness of dining at his house (which I thought it expedient to adopt during the years of his married life) created some little reserve between us, though hardly so bad as our first disagreement concerning the stripe down the pantaloons.

However, before that dereliction I had made my friend a wedding present, as was right and proper—a present such as nothing less than a glorious windfall could have enabled me to buy. For while engaged, some three years back, upon a grand historical painting of Cœur de Lion and Saladin, now to be seen—but let that pass; posterity will always know where to find it—I was harassed in mind perpetually concerning the grain of the fur of a cat. To the dashing young artists of the present day this may seem a trifle; to them, no doubt, a cat is a cat—or would be, if they could make it one. Of course there are cats enough in London, and sometimes even a few to spare; but I wanted a cat of peculiar order, and of a Saracenic cast: I walked miles and miles; till at last I found him residing in a very oldfashioned house in the Polygon, at Somers Town. Here was a genuine paradise of cats, carefully ministered to and guarded by a maiden lady of Portuguese birth and of advanced maturity. Each of these nine cats possessed his own stool—a mahogany stool, with a velvet cushion, and his name embroidered upon it in beautiful letters of gold. And every day they sat round the fire to digest their dinners, all nine of them, each on his proper stool, some purring, some washing their faces, and some blinking or nodding drowsily. But I need not have spoken of this, except that one of them was called "Saladin." He was the very cat I wanted. I made his acquaintance in the area, and followed it up on the knife-boy's board. And then I had the most happy privilege of saving him from a tail-pipe. Thus my entrance was secured into this feline Eden; and the lady was so well pleased that she gave me an order for nine full-length cat portraits, at the handsome price of ten guineas apiece. And not only this, but at her demise—which followed, alas! too speedily—she left me £150, as a proof of esteem and affection.

This sum I divided into three equal parts—£50 for a present for George, another fifty for a duty to myself, and the residue to be put by for any future purposes. I knew that my friend had no gold watch; neither, of course, did I possess one. In those days a gold watch was thought a good deal of, and made an impression in society as a 300 guinea ring does now. Barwise was then considered the best watch-maker in London, and perhaps in the world. So I went to his shop and chose two gold watches of good size and substance—none of your trumpery catchpenny things, the size of a gilt pill trodden upon—at the price of fifty guineas each. As I took the pair, the foreman let me have them for £100, including also in that figure a handsome gold key for each, of exactly the same pattern, and a guard for the fob of watered black silk ribbon.

My reason for choosing these two watches, out of a trayful of similar quality, was perhaps a little whimsical—viz., that the numbers they bore happened to be sequents. Each had its number engraved on its white enamel dial, in small but very clear figures, placed a little above the central spindle; also upon the extreme verge, at the nadir below the seconds hand, the name of the maker, "Barwise, London." They were not what are called "hunting watches," but had strong and very clear lunette glasses fixed in rims of substantial gold. And their respective numbers were 7,777 and 7,778.

Carrying these in wash-leather bags, I gave George Bowring his choice of the two; and he chose the one with four figures of seven, making some little joke about it, not good enough to repeat, nor even bad enough to laugh at.

CHAPTER II.

For six years after this all went smoothly with George Bowring and myself. We met almost daily, although we did not lodge together (as once we had done) nor spend the evening hours together, because, of course, he had now his home and family rising around him. By the Summer of 1832 he had three children, and was expecting a fourth at no very distant time. His eldest son was named after me, "Robert Bistre," for such is my name, which I have often thought of changing. Not that the name is at all a bad one, as among friends and relations, but that when I am addressed by strangers "Mr. Bistre" has a jingling sound, suggestive of childish levity. "Sir Robert Bistre," however, would sound uncommonly well; and (as some people say) less eminent artists—but perhaps, after all, I am not so very old as to be in a hurry.

In the Summer of 1832, as the elderly people will call to mind and the younger sort will have heard or read, the cholera broke over London like a bursting meteor. Such panic had not been known, I believe, since the time of the plague, in the reign of Charles II., as painted (beyond any skill of the brush) by the simple and wonderful pen of Defoe. There had been in the interval many seasons—or at least I am informed so—of sickness more widely spread, and of death more frequent, if not so sudden. But now this new plague, attacking so harshly a man's most perceptive and valued part, drove rich people out of London faster than horses (not being attacked) could fly. Well, used as I was to a good deal of poison in dealing with my colors, I felt no alarm on my own account, but was anxious about my landlady. This was an excellently honest woman of fifty-five Summers at the utmost, but weakly confessing to as much as forty. She had made a point of insisting upon a brisket of beef and a flat-polled cabbage for dinner every Saturday; and the same, with a cucumber, cold, on Sunday; and for supper a soft-roed herring, ever since her widowhood.

"Mrs. Whitehead," said I—for that was her name, though she said she did not deserve it; and her hair confirmed her in that position by growing darker from year to year—"Madam, allow me to beg you to vary your diet a little at this sad time."

"I varies it every day, Mr. Bistre," she answered somewhat snappishly. "The days of the week is not so many but what they all come round again."

For the moment I did not quite perceive the precision of her argument; but after her death I was able to do more justice to her intellect. And, unhappily, she was removed to a better world on the following Sunday.

To a man in London of quiet habits and regular ways and periods there scarcely can be a more desperate blow than the loss of his landlady. It is not only that his conscience pricks him for all his narrow, plagiaristic, and even irrational suspicions about the low level of his tea-caddy, or a neap tide in his brandy bottle, or any false evidence of the eyes (which ever go spying to look up the heart), or the ears, which are also wicked organs—these memories truly are grievous to him, and make him yearn now to be robbed again; but what he feels most sadly is the desolation of having nobody who understands his locks. One of the best men I ever knew was so plagued with his sideboard every day for two years, after dinner, that he married a little new maid-of-all-work—because she was a blacksmith's daughter.

Nothing of that sort, however, occurred in my case, I am proud to say. But finding myself in a helpless state, without any one to be afraid of, I had only two courses before me: either to go back to my former landlady, (who was almost too much of a Tartar, perhaps,) or else to run away from my rooms till Providence provided a new landlady.

Now, in this dilemma I met George Bowring, who saw my distress, and most kindly pressed me to stay at his house till some female arose to manage my affairs for me. This, of course, I declined to do, especially under present circumstances; and, with mutual pity, we parted. But the very next day he sought me out, in a quiet nook where a few good artists were accustomed to meet and think; and there he told me that really now he saw his way to cut short my troubles as well as his own, and to earn a piece of enjoyment and profit for both of us. And I happen to remember his very words.

"You are cramped in your hand, my dear fellow," said he (for in those days youths did not call each other "old man," with sad sense of their own decrepitude). "Bob, you are losing your freedom of touch. You must come out of these stony holes and look at a rocky mountain."

My heart gave a jump at these words, and yet I had been too much laid flat by facts—"sat upon" is the slang of these last twenty years, and in the present dearth of invention must serve, no doubt, for another twenty—I say that I had been used as a cushion by so many landladies and maids-of-all-work (who take not an hour to find out where they need do no work), that I could not fetch my breath to think of ever going up a mountain.

"I will leave you to think of it, Bob," said George, putting his hat on carefully; "I am bound for time, and you seem to be nervous. Consult your pillow, my dear fellow: and peep into your old stocking and see whether you can afford it."

That last hit settled me. People said, in spite of all my generous acts—and nobody knows, except myself, the frequency and extent of these—without understanding the merits of the case—perfect (or rather imperfect) strangers said that I was stingy! To prove the contrary, I resolved to launch into great expenditure, and to pay coach fare all the way from London toward the nearest mountain.

Half the inhabitants now were rushing helter-skelter out of London, and very often to seaside towns where the smell of fish destroyed them. And those who could not get away were shuddering at the blinds drawn down, and huddling away from the mutes at the doors, and turning pale at the funeral bells. And some, who had never thought twice before of their latter end, now began to dwell with so much unction upon it, that Providence graciously spared them the waste of perpetual preparation.

Among the rest, George Bowring had been scared, far more than he liked to own, by the sudden death of his butcher, between half a dozen chops for cutlets and the trimming of a wing-bone. George's own cook had gone down with the order, and meant to bring it all back herself, because she knew what butchers do when left to consider their subject. And Mrs. Tompkins was so alarmed that she gave only six hours' notice to leave, though her husband was far on the salt-sea wave, according to her own account, and she had none to make her welcome except her father's second wife. This broke up the household; and hence it was that George tempted me so with the mountains.

For he took his wife and children to an old manor-house in Berkshire, belonging to two maiden aunts of the lady, who promised to see to all that might happen, but wanted no gentleman in the house at a period of such delicacy. George Bowring, therefore, agreed to meet me on the 12th day of September, at the inn in Reading—I forget its name—where the Regulator coach (belonging to the old company, and leaving White Horse Cellars at half-past nine in the morning) allowed an hour to dine, from one o'clock onward, as the roads might be. And here I found him, and we supped at Oxford, and did very well at the Mitre. On the following morning we took coach for Shrewsbury, as we had agreed, and reaching the town before dark, put up at the Talbot Inn, and sauntered into the dear old school, to see what the lads had been at since our time; for their names and their exploits, at Oxford and Cambridge, are scored in large letters upon the panels, from the year 1806 and onward, so that soon there will be no place to register any more of them; and we found that though we ourselves had done nothing, many fine fellows had been instituted in letters of higher humanity, and were holding up the old standard, so that we longed to invite them to dinner. But discipline must be maintained; and that word means, more than anything else, the difference of men's ages.

Now, at Shrewsbury, we had resolved to cast off all further heed of coaches, and, knowing the country pretty well, or recalling it from our childhood, to strike away on foot for some of the mountain wildernesses. Of these, in those days, nobody knew much more than that they were high and steep, and slippery and dangerous, and much to be shunned by all sensible people who liked a nice fire and the right side of the window. So that when we shouldered staves, with knapsacks flapping heavily, all the wiser sort looked on us as marching off to Bedlam.

In the morning, as we were starting, we set our watches by the old school dial, as I have cause to remember well. And we staked half a crown, in a sporting manner, each on his own watch, to be the truer by sun, upon our way back again. And thus we left those ancient walls and the glancing of the river, and stoutly took the Welshpool road, dreading nought except starvation.

Although in those days I was not by any means a cripple, George was far stronger of arm and leg, having always been famous, though we made no fuss about such things then, for running and jumping, and lifting weights, and using the boxing-gloves and the foils. A fine brave fellow as ever lived, with a short, straight nose and a resolute chin, he touched the measuring-bar quite fairly at seventy-four inches, and turned the scales at fourteen stone and a quarter. And so, as my chattels weighed more than his, (by means of a rough old easel and material for rude sketches,) he did me a good turn now and then by changing packs for a mile or two. And thus we came, in four days' march, to Aber-Aydyr, a village lying under Cader Idris.

CHAPTER III.

If any place ever lay out of the world, and was proud of itself for doing so, this little village of Aber-Aydyr must have been very near it. The village was built, as the people expressed it, of thirty cottages, one public-house, one shop universal, and two chapels. The torrent of the Aydyr entered with a roar of rapids, and at the lower end departed in a thunder of cascades. The natives were all so accustomed to live in the thick of this watery uproar that whenever they left their beloved village to see the inferior outer world they found themselves as deaf as posts till they came to a weir or a waterfall. And they told us that in the scorching Summer of the year 1826 their river had failed them so that for nearly a month they could only discourse by signs; and they used to stand on the bridge and point at the shrunken rapids and stop their ears to exclude that horrible emptiness. Till a violent thunderstorm broke up the drought, and the river came down roaring; and the next day all Aber-Adyr was able to gossip again as usual.

Finding these people, who lived altogether upon slate, of a quaint and original turn, George Bowring and I resolved to halt and rest the soles of our feet a little, and sketch and fish the neighborhood. For George had brought his rod and tackle, and many a time had he wanted to stop and set up his rod and begin to cast; but I said that I would not be cheated so; he had promised me a mountain, and would he put me off with a river? Here, however, we had both delights; the river for him and the mountain for me. As for the fishing, all that he might have, and I would grudge him none of it, if he fairly divided whatever he caught. But he must not expect me to follow him always and watch all his dainty manœuvring; each was to carry and eat his own dinner, whenever we made a day of it, so that he might keep to his flies and his water, while I worked away with my brush at the mountains. And thus we spent a most pleasant week, though we knew very little of Welsh and the slaters spoke but little English. But (much as they are maligned because they will not have strangers to work with them) we found them a thoroughly civil, obliging, and rather intelligent set of men; most of them also of a respectable and religious turn of mind; and they scarcely ever poach, except on Saturdays and Mondays.

On Sept. 25, as we sat at breakfast in the little sanded parlor of the Cross-Pipes public house, our bed room being overhead, my dear friend complained to me that he was tired of fishing so long up and down one valley, and asked me to come with him further up, into wilder and rockier districts, where the water ran deeper (as he had been told) and the trout were less worried by quarrymen. Because it was such a savage place, deserted by all except evil spirits, that even the Aber-Aydyr slaters could not enjoy the fishing there. I promised him gladly to come, only keeping the old understanding between us, that each should attend to his own pursuits and his own opportunities mainly; so that George might stir most when the trout rose well, and I when the shadows fell properly. And thus we set forth about 9 o'clock of a bright and cheerful morning, while the sun, like a courtly perruquier of the reign of George II., was lifting, and shifting, and setting in order the vapory curls of the mountains.

We trudged along thus at a merry swing, for the freshness of Autumnal dew was sparkling in the valley, until we came to a rocky pass, where walking turned to clambering. After an hour of sharpish work among slatey shelves and threatening crags, we got into one of those trough-like hollows hung on each side with precipices, which look as if the earth had sunk for the sake of letting the water through. On our left hand, cliff towered over cliff to the grand height of Pen y Cader, the steepest and most formidable aspect of the mountain. Rock piled on rock, and shingle cast in naked waste disdainfully, and slippery channels, scooped by torrents of tempestuous waters, forbade one to desire at all to have anything more to do with them—except, of course, to get them painted at a proper distance, so that they might hang at last in the dining-rooms of London, to give people appetite with sense of hungry breezes, and to make them comfortable with the sight of danger.

"This is very grand indeed," said George, as he turned to watch me; for the worst part of our business is to have to give an opinion always upon points of scenery. But I am glad that I was not cross, or even crisp with him that day."

"It is magnificent," I answered; "and I see a piece of soft sward there, where you can set up your rod, old fellow, while I get my sticks in trim. Let us fill our pipes and watch the shadows; they do not fall quite to suit me yet."

"How these things make one think," cried George Bowring, as we sat on a stone and smoked, "of the miserable littleness of men like you and me, Bob."

"Speak for yourself, Sir," I said, laughing at his unaccustomed, but by no means novel, reflection. "I am quite contented with my size, although I am smaller than you, George. Dissatisfied mortal! Nature wants no increase of us, or she would have had it."

"In another world we shall be much larger," he said, with his eyes on the tops of the hills. "Last night I dreamed that my wife and children were running to meet me in heaven, Bob."

"Tush! You go and catch fish," I replied; for tears were in his large, soft eyes, and I hated the sentimental. "Would they ever let such a little Turk as Bob Bistre into heaven, do you think? My godson would shout all the angels deaf and ou drum all the cherubim."

"Poor little chap! He is very noisy, but he is not half a bad sort," said George. "If he only comes like his godfather I shall wish no better luck for him."

These were kind words, and I shook his hand to let him know that I felt them; and then, as if he were ashamed of having talked rather weakly, he took with his strong legs a dangerous leap of some ten or twelve feet downward, and landed on a narrow ledge that overhung the river. Here he put his rod together, and I heard the click of reel as he drew the loop at the end of the line through the rings, and so on; and I heard him cry "Chut!" as he took his flies from his Scotch cap and found a tangle; and I saw the glistening of his rod, as the sunshine pierced the valley, and then his tall, straight figure pass the corner of a crag that stood as upright as a tombstone; and after that no more of any live and bright George Bowring.

CHAPTER IV.

Swift is the flight of Time whenever a man would fain lay hold of him. All created beings, from Behemoth to a butterfly, dread and fly (as best they may) that universal butcher—man. And as nothing is more carefully killed by the upper sort of mankind than Time, how can he help making off for his life when anybody wants to catch him?

Of course, I am not of that upper sort, and make no pretense to be so; but Time, perhaps, may be excused for thinking—having had such a very short turn at my clothes—that I belonged to the aristocracy. At any rate, while I drew, and rubbed, and dubbed, and made hieroglyphics, Time was uneasily shifting and shuffling the tines of the hills, as a fever patient jerks and works the bed-clothes. And, worse than that, he was scurrying westward (frightened, no doubt, by the equinox) at such a pace that I was scared by the huddling together of shadows. Awaking from a long, long dream—through which I had been working hard, and laying the foundations of a thousand pounds hereafter—I felt the invisible damp of evening settling in the valleys. The sun, from over the sea, had still his hand on Cader Idris; but every interior head and height was gray in the sweep of his mantle.

I threw my hair back—for an artist really should be picturesque, and, having no other beauty, must be firm to long hair, while it lasts—and then I shouted, "George!" until the strata of the mountain (which dip and jag, like veins of oak) began and sluggishly prolonged a slow zig-zag of echoes. No counter-echo came to me; no ring of any sonorous voice made crag, and precipice, and mountain vocal with the sound of "Bob!"

"He must have gone back. What a fool I must be never to remember seeing him! He saw that I was full of rubbish, and he would not disturb me. He has gone back to the Cross-Pipes, no doubt. And yet it does not seem like him."

"To look for a pin in a bundle of hay" would be a job of sense and wisdom rather than to seek a thing so very small as a very big man among the depth, and height, and breadth of river, shingle, stone, and rock, crag, precipice, and mountain. And so I doubled up my things, while the very noise they made in doubling flurried and alarmed me; and I thought it was not like George to leave me to find my way back all alone, among the deep bogs, and the whirlpools, and the trackless tracts of crag.

When I had got my fardel ready, and was about to shoulder it, the sound of brisk, short steps, set sharply upon doubtful footing, struck my ear, through the roar of the banks and stones that shook with waterfall. And before I had time to ask "Who goes there?"—as in this solitude one might do—a slight, short man, whom I knew by sight as a workman of Aber-Aydyr, named Evan Peters, was close to me, and was swinging a slate-hammer in one hand, and bore in the other a five-foot staff. He seemed to be amazed at sight of me, but touched his hat with his staff, and said, "Good-night, gentleman!" in Welsh; for the natives of this part are very polite. "Good-night, Evan!" I answered, in his own language, of which I had picked up a little; and he looked well pleased, and said, in his English, "For why, Sir, did you leave your things in that place there? A bad mans come and steal them, it is very likely."

Then he wished me "good night" again, and was gone—for he seemed to be in a dreadful hurry—before I had the sense to ask him what he meant about "my things." But as his footfall died away a sudden fear came over me.

"The things he meant must be George Bowring's," I said to myself; and I dropped my own, and set off, with my blood all tingling, for the place toward which he had jerked his staff. How long it took me to force my way among rugged rocks and stubs of oak I cannot tell, for every moment was an hour to me. But a streak of sunset glanced along the lonesome gorge, and cast my shadow further than my voice would go; and by it I saw something long and slender against a scar of rock, and standing far in front of me. Toward this I ran as fast as ever my trembling legs would carry me, for I knew too well that it must be the fishing-rod of George Bowring.

It was stuck in the ground—not carelessly, nor even in any hurry, but as a sportsman makes all snug, when for a time he leaves off casting. For instance, the end fly was fixed in the lowest ring of the butt, and the slack of the line reeled up so that the collar lay close to the rod itself. Moreover, in such a rocky place, a bed to receive the spike could not have been found without some searching. For a moment I was reassured. Most likely George himself was near—perhaps in quest of blueberries, (which abound at the foot of the shingles, and are a very delicious fruit,) or of some rare fern to send his wife, who was one of the first in England to take much notice of them. And it shows what confidence I had in my friend's activity and strength, that I never feared the likely chance of his falling from some precipice.

But just as I began, with some impatience—for we were to have dined at the Cross-Pipes about sundown, five good (or very bad) miles away, and a brace of ducks was the order—just as I began to shout, "George! Wherever have you got to?" leaping on a little rock, I saw a thing that stopped me. At the further side of this rock, and below my feet, was a fishing-basket, and a half-pint mug nearly full of beer, and a crust of the brown, sweet bread of the hills, and a young white onion, half cut through, and a clasp-knife open, and a screw of salt, and a slice of the cheese. Just dashed with goat's milk, which George was so fond of, but I disliked; and there may have been a hard-boiled egg. At the sight of these things all my blood rushed to my head in such a manner that all my power to think was gone. I sat down on the rock where George must have sat while beginning his frugal luncheon, and I put my heels into the marks of his, and, without knowing why, I began to sob like a child who has lost his mother. What train of reasoning went through my brain—if any passed in the obscurity—let metaphysicians or psychologists, as they call themselves, pretend to know. I only know that I kept on whispering, "George is dead! Unless he had been killed, he never would have left his beer so!"

I must have sat, making a fool of myself, a considerable time in this way, thinking of George's poor wife and children, and wondering what would become of them, instead of setting to work at once, to know what was become of him. I took up a piece of cheese-rind showing a perfect impression of his fine front teeth, and I put it in my pocket-book, as the last thing he had touched. And then I examined the place all around, and knelt to look for footmarks, though the light was sadly waning.

For the moment, I discovered nothing of footstep or other trace to frighten or to comfort me. A little narrow channel (all of rock and stone and slaty stuff) sloped to the river's brink which was not more than five yards distant. In this channel I saw no mark, except that some of the smaller stones appeared to have been turned over; and then I looked into the river itself, and saw a force of water sliding smoothly into a rocky pool.

"If he had fallen in there," I said, "he would have leaped out again in two seconds; or, even if the force of the water had carried him down into that deep pool, he can swim like a duck—of course, he can. What river could ever drown you, George?"

And then I remembered how at Salop he used to swim the flooded Severn when most of us feared to approach the banks, and I knew that he could not be drowned, unless something first had stunned him. And after that I looked around, and my heart was full of terror.

"It is a murder!" I cried aloud, though my voice among the rocks might well have brought like fate upon me. "As sure as I stand here, and God is looking down upon me, this is a black murder!"

In what way I got back that night to Aber-Aydyr I know not. All I remember is that the people would not come out of their houses to me, according to some superstition, which was not explained till morning; and, being unable to go to bed, I took a blanket and lay down beneath a dry arch of the bridge, and the Aydyr, swiftly as a spectre gliding, hushed me with a melancholy song.

CHAPTER V.

Now, as sure as ever I lay beneath the third arch of Aber-Aydyr Bridge, in a blanket of Welsh serge, or flannel, with a double border, so surely did I see, and not dream, what I am going to tell you.

The river ran from east to west; and the moon, being now the harvest moon, was not very high, but large and full, and just gliding over the crest of the hill that overhangs the quarry-pit; so that, if I can put it plainly, the moon was across the river from me, and striking the turbulent water athwart, so that her face, or a glimmer thereof, must have been lying upon the river if any smooth place had been left for it. But of this there was no chance, because the whole of the river was in a rush, according to its habit, and covered with bubbles, and froth, and furrows, even where it did not splash, and spout, and leap, as it loved to do. In the depth of the night, when even the roar of the water seemed drowsy and indolent, and the calm trees stooped with their heavy limbs overhanging the darkness languidly; and only a few rays of the moon, like the fluttering of a silver bird, moved in and out the meshwork, I leaned upon my elbow, and I saw the dead George Bowring.

He came from the pit of the river toward me, quietly and without stride or step, gliding over the water like a mist, or the vapor of a calm white frost; and he stopped at the ripple where the shore began, and he looked at me very peacefully. And I felt neither fear nor doubt of him, any more than I do of this pen in my hand.

"George," I said, "I have been uneasy all the day about you, and I cannot sleep, and I have had no comfort. What has made you treat me so?"

He seemed to be anxious to explain, having always been so straightforward, but an unknown hand, or the power of death held him, so that he could only smile. And then it appeared to me as if he pointed to the water first and then to the sky, with such an import that I understood (as plainly as if he had pronounced it) that his body lay under the one and his soul was soaring on high through the other; and, being forbidden to speak, he spread his hands as if intrusting me with all that had belonged to him; and then he smiled once more and faded into the whiteness of the froth and foam.

And then I knew that I had been holding converse, face to face, with death; and icy fear shook me, and I strove in vain to hide my eyes from everything. And when I awoke in the morning there was a gray trunk of an alder-tree, just George Bowring's height and size, on the other side of the water, so that I could have no doubt that himself had been there.

After a search of about three hours we found the body of my dear friend in a deep black pool of the Aydyr, not the first hole below the place in which he sat down to his luncheon, but nearly a hundred yards further down, where a bold cliff jutted out and bent the water scornfully. Our quarrymen would not search this pool until the sunlight fell on it, because it was a place of dread with a legend hovering over it. "The Giant's Tombstone" was the name of the crag that overhung it; and the story was that the giant Idris, when he grew worn out with age, chose this rock out of many others near the top of his mountain, and laid it under his arm and came down here to drink of the Aydyr. He drank the Aydyr dry because he was feverish and flushed with age; and he set down the crag in a hole he had scooped with the palms of his hands for more water; and then he lay down on his back, and Death (who never could reach to his knee when he stood) took advantage of his posture to drive home the javelin. And thus he lay dead with the crag for his headstone, and the weight of his corpse sank a grave for itself in the channel of the river, and the toes of his boots are still to be seen after less than a mile of the valley.

Under this headstone of Idris lay the body of George Bowring, fair and comely, with the clothes all perfect, and even the light cap still on the head. And as we laid it upon the grass, reverently and carefully, the face, although it could smile no more, still appeared to wear a smile, as if the new world were its home, and death a mere trouble left far behind. Even the eyes were open, and their expression was not of fright or pain, but pleasant and bright, with a look of interest such as a man pays to his food.

"Stand back, all of you," I said sternly; "none shall examine him but myself. Now all of you note what I find here."

I searched all his pockets, one after another; and tears came into my eyes as I counted not less than eleven of them, for I thought of the fuss we used to make with the Shrewsbury tailor about them. There was something in every pocket, but nothing of any importance at present, except his purse and a letter from his wife, for which he had walked to Dolgelly and back on the last entire day of his life.

"It is a hopeless mystery!" I exclaimed aloud, as the Welshmen gazed with superstitious awe and doubt. "He is dead as if struck by lightning, but there was no storm in the valley."

"No, no, sure enough; no storm was there. But it is plain to see what has killed him!" This was Evan Peters, the quarryman, and I glanced at him suspiciously. "Ias, sure, plain enough," said another; and then they all broke into Welsh, with much gesticulation; and "c-ah, c-ah," and "otty, otty," and "hanool, hanool," were the sounds they made, at least to an ignorant English ear.

"What do you mean, you fools?" I asked, being vexed at their off-hand way of settling things so far beyond them. "Can you pretend to say what it was?"

"Indeed, then, and indeed, my gentleman, it is no use to talk no more. It was the Caroline Morgan."

"Which is the nearest house?" I asked, for I saw that some were already girding up their loins to fly, at the merest sound of that fearful name; for the cholera morbus had scared the whole country; and if one were to fly, all the rest would follow, as swiftly as mountain sheep go. "Be quick to the nearest house, my friends, and we will send for the doctor."

This was a lucky hit; for these Cambrians never believed in any one's death until he had "taken the doctor." And so with much courage and kindness, "to give the poor gentleman the last chance," they made a rude litter, and, bearing the body upon sturdy shoulders, betook themselves to a track which I had overlooked entirely. Some people have all their wits about them as soon as they are called for, but with me it is mainly otherwise. And this I had shown in two things already, the first of which came to my mind the moment I pulled out my watch to see what the time was. "Good heavens!" It struck me. "Where is George's watch? It was not in any of his pockets; and I did not feel it in his fob."

In an instant I made them set down the bier; and, much as it grieved me to do such a thing, I carefully sought for my dear friend's watch. No watch, no seals, no ribbon, was there! "Go on," I said; and I fell behind them, having much to think about. In this condition, I took little heed of the distance, or of the ground itself; being even astonished when, at last, we stopped: as if we were bound to go on forever.

CHAPTER VI.

We had stopped at the gate of an old farm-house, built with massive bowlder stones, laid dry, and flushed in with mortar. As dreary a place as was ever seen, at the head of a narrow mountain gorge, with mountains towering over it. There was no sign of life about it, except that a gaunt hog trotted forth and grunted at us, and showed his tusks, and would perhaps have charged us if we had not been so many. The house looked just like a low church tower, and might have been taken for one at a distance, if there had been any battlements. It seemed to be four or five hundred years old, and perhaps belonged to some petty chief in the days of Owen Glendower.

"Knock again, Thomas Edwards. Stop, let me knock," said one of our party impatiently. "There, waddow, waddow, waddow!"

Suiting the action to the word, he thumped with a big stone heavily, till a middle-aged woman, with rough black hair, looked out of a window and screamed in Welsh to ask what this terrible noise was. To this they made answer in the same language, pointing to their sad burden, and asking permission to leave it for the doctor's inspection and the inquest, if there was to be one. And I told them to add that I would pay well, anything whatever she might like to ask. But she screamed out something that sounded like a curse, and closed the lattice violently. Knowing that many superstitions lingered in these mountains—as, indeed, they do elsewhere plentifully—I was not surprised at the woman's stern refusal to admit us, especially at this time of pest; but I thought it strange that her fierce black eyes avoided both me and the poor rude litter on which the body of George lay, covered with some slate-workers' aprons.

"She is not the mistress!" cried Evan Peters, in great excitement, as I thought. "Ask where is Hopkin—Black Hopkin—where is he?"

At this suggestion a general outcry arose in Welsh for "Black Hopkin;" an outcry so loud and prolonged that the woman opened the window again and screamed—as they told me afterward—"He is not at home, you noisy fools; he is gone to Machynlleth. Not long would you dare to make this noise if Hopkin ap Howel was at home."

But while she was speaking the wicket-door of the great arched gate was thrown open, and a gun about six feet long, and of very large bore was presented at us. The quarrymen drew aside briskly, and I was about to move somewhat hastily, when the great swarthy man who was holding the gun withdrew it, and lifted his hat to me, proudly and as an equal.

"You cannot enter this house," he said, in very good English, and by no means rudely. "I am sorry for it, but it cannot be. My little daughter is very ill, the last of seven. You must go elsewhere."

With these words he bowed again to me, while his sad eyes seemed to pierce my soul; and then he quietly closed the wicket, and fastened it with a heavy bolt, and I knew that we must indeed go further.

This was no easy thing to do; for our useless walk to "Crug y Diwlith," (the Dewless Hills,) as this farm was called, had taken us further at every step from the place we must strive for after all—the good little Aber-Aydyr. The gallant quarrymen were now growing both weary and uneasy, and in justice to them I must say that no temptation of money, nor even any appeal to their sympathies, but only a challenge of their patriotism, held them to the sad duties owing from the living to the dead. But, knowing how proud all Welshmen are of the fame of their race and country, happily I exclaimed at last, when fear was getting the mastery, "What will be said of this in England, this low cowardice of the Cymro?" Upon that they looked at one another and did their best right gallantly.

Now, I need not go into any further sad details of this most sad time, except to say that Dr. Jones, who came the next day from Dolgelly, made a brief examination by order of the Coroner. Of course, he had too much sense to suppose that the case was one of cholera; but, to my surprise, he pronounced that death was the result of "asphyxia, caused by too long immersion in the water." And, knowing nothing of George Bowring's activity, vigor, and cultivated power in the water, perhaps he was not to be blamed for dreaming that a little mountain stream could drown him. I, on the other hand, felt as sure that my dear friend was foully murdered as I did that I should meet him in heaven—if I lived well for the rest of my life, which I resolved at once to do—and there have the whole thing explained, and, perhaps, be permitted to glance at the man who did it, as Lazarus did at Dives.

In spite of the Doctor's evidence and the Coroner's own persuasion, the jury found that "George Bowring died of the Caroline Morgan"—which the clerk corrected to cholera morbus—"brought on by wetting his feet and eating too many fish of his own catching." And so you may see it entered now on the records of the Court of the Coroners of the King for Merioneth.

And now I was occupied with a trouble, which, after all, was more urgent than the inquiry how it came to pass. When a man is dead, it must be taken as a done thing, not to be undone; and, happily, all near relatives are inclined to see it in that light. They are grieved, of course, and they put on hat-bands and give no dinner-parties; and they even think of their latter ends more than they might have desired to do. But after a little while all comes round. Such things must be happening always, and it seems so unchristian to repine; and if any money has been left them, truly they must attend to it. On the other hand, if there has been no money, they scarcely see why they should mourn for nothing; and, as a duty, they begin to allow themselves to be roused up.

But when a wife becomes a widow, it is wholly different. No money can ever make up to her the utter loss of the lovetime and the loneliness of the remaining years; the little turns, and thoughts, and touches—wherever she goes and whatever she does—which at every corner meet her with a deep, perpetual want. She tries to fetch her spirit up and to think of her duties to all around—to her children, or to the guests whom trouble forces upon her for business sake, or even the friends who call to comfort (though the call can fetch her none;) but all the while how deeply aches her sense that all these duties are as different as a thing can be from her love-work to her husband!

What could I do? I had heard from George, but could not for my life remember the name of that old house in Berkshire where poor Mrs. Bowring was on a visit to two of her aunts, as I said before. I ventured to open her letter to her husband, found in his left-hand side breast-pocket, and, having dried it, endeavored only to make out whence she wrote; but there was nothing. Ladies scarcely ever date a letter both with time and place, for they seem to think that everybody must know it, because they do. So the best I could do was to write to poor George's house in London, and beg that the letter might be forwarded at once. It came, however, too late to hand. For, although the newspapers of that time were respectably slow and steady, compared with the rush they all make nowadays, they generally managed to outrun the post, especially in the nutting season. They told me at Dolgelly, and they confirmed it at Machynlleth, that nobody must desire to get his letters at any particular time, in the months of September and October, when the nuts were ripe. For the postmen never would come along until they had filled their bags with nuts, for the pleasure of their families. And I dare say they do the same thing now, but without being free to declare it so.

CHAPTER VII.

The body of my dear friend was borne round the mountain slopes to Dolgelly and buried there, with no relative near, nor any mourner except myself; for his wife, or rather his widow, was taken with sudden illness, (as might be expected,) and for weeks it was doubtful whether she would stay behind to mourn for him. Both youth and strength at last restored her to dreary duties and worldly troubles.

Of the latter, a great part fell on me; and I did my best—though you might not think so, after the fuss I made of my own—to intercept all that I could, and acquit myself manfully of the trust which George had returned from the dead to enjoin. And, what with one thing and another, and a sudden dearth of money which fell on me, (when my cat fund was all spent, and my gold watch gone up a gurgoyle,) I had such a job to feed the living that I never was able to follow up the dead.

The magistrates held some inquiry, of course, and I had to give my evidence; but nothing came of it, except that the quarryman, Evan Peters, clearly proved his innocence. Being a very clever fellow, and dabbling a bit in geology, he had taken his hammer up the mountains, as his practice was when he could spare the time, to seek for new veins of slate, or lead, or even gold, which is said to be there. He was able to show that he had been at Tal y Llyn at the time of day when George would be having his luncheon; and the people who knew Evan Peters were much more inclined to suspect me than him. But why should they suspect anybody, when any one but a fool could see "how plain it was of the cholera!"

Twenty years slipped by (like a rope paid out on the sea-shore, "hand over hand," chafing as it goes, but gone as soon as one looks after it,) and my hair was gray, and my fame was growing (slowly, as it appeared to me, but as all my friends said "rapidly;" as if I could never have earned it!) when the mystery of George Bowring's death was solved without an effort.

I had been so taken up with the three dear children, and working for them as hard as if they were my own (for the treasury of our British Empire was bankrupt to these little ones—"no provision had been made for such a case," and so we had to make it)—I say that these children had grown to me and I to them in such degree that they all of them called me "Uncle!"

This is the most endearing word that one human being can use to another. A fellow is certain to fight with his brothers and sisters, his father, and perhaps even his mother. Tenfold thus with his wife; but whoever did fight with his uncle? Of course I mean unless he was his heir. And the tenderness of this relation has not escaped *vox populi*, that keen discriminator. Who is the most reliable, cordial, indispensable of mankind—especially to artists—in every sense of the word the dearest? A pawnbroker; he is our uncle.

Under my care, these three children grew to be splendid "members of society." They used to come and kick over my easel with legs that were quite Titantic; and I could not scold them when I thought of George. Bob Bistre, the eldest, was my apprentice, and must become famous in consequence; and when he was twenty-five years old, and money became no object to me, (through the purchase by a great art-critic of the very worst picture I ever painted; half of it, in fact, was Bob's!) I gave the boy choice of our Autumn trip to California, or the antipodes.

"I would rather go to North Wales, dear uncle," he answered, and then dropped his eyes, as his father used when he had provoked me. That settled the matter. He must have his way; though as for myself, I must confess that I have begun, for a long time now, upon principle, to shun melancholy.

The whole of the district is opened up so by those desperate railways that we positively dined at the Cross Pipes Hotel the very day after we left Euston square. Our landlady did not remember me, which was anything but flattering. But she jumped at Bob as if she would have kissed him; for he was the image of his father, whose handsome face had charmed her.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Aydyr was making as much noise as ever, for the Summer had been a wet one; and of course all the people of Aber-Aydyr had their ears wide open. I showed Bob the bridge and the place of my vision, but did not explain its meaning, lest my love for him should seem fiduciary; and the next morning, at his [illegible] urgent request, we started afoot for the dark, sad valley. It was a long walk, and I did not find that twenty years had shortened it.

"Here we are at last," I said, "and the place looks the same as ever. There is the grand old Pen y Cedar, with the white cloud rolling as usual; to the left and right are the two other summits, the arms of the chair of Idris; and over the shoulder of that crag you can catch a glassy light in the air—that is the reflection of Tal y Llyn."

"Yes, yes," he answered, impatiently, "I know all that from your picture, uncle. But show me the place where my father died."

"It lies immediately under our feet. You see that gray stone down in the hollow, a few yards from the river brink. There he sat, as I have often told you, twenty years ago this day. There he was taking his food, when some one—. Well, well, God knows, but we never shall. My boy, I am stiff in the knees; go on."

He went on alone, as I wished him to do, with exactly his father's step, and glance, figure, face, and stature. Even his dress was of the silver gray which his father had been so fond of, and which the kind young fellow choose to please his widowed mother. I could almost believe (as a cloudy mantle stole in long folds over the highland, reproducing the lights and shades and gloom of that mysterious day) that the twenty years were all a dream, and that here was poor George Bowring going to his murder and his watery grave.

My nerves are good and strong, I trow; and that much must have long been evident. But I did not know what young Bob's might be, and, therefore, left him to himself. No man should be watched as he stands at the grave of his wife or mother; neither should a young fellow who sits on the spot where his father was murdered. Therefore, as soon as our Bob had descended into the gray stone-pit, in which his dear father must have breathed his last, I took good care to be out of sight, after observing that he sat down exactly as his father must have sat, except that his attitude, of course, was sad, and his face pale and reproachful. Then, leaving the poor young fellow to his thoughts, I also sat down to collect myself.

But before I had time to do more than wonder at the mysterious ways of the world, or of Providence in guiding it; at the manner in which great wrong lies hidden, and great woe falls unrecompensed; at the dark, uncertain laws which cover (like an indiscriminate mountain cloud) the good and the bad, the kind and the cruel, the murdered and the murderer—a loud shriek rang through the rocky ravine, and up the dark folds of the mountain.

I started with terror, and rushed forward, and heard myself called, and saw young Bowring leap up, and stand erect and firm, although with a gesture of horror. At his feet lay the body of a man struck dead, flung on its back, with great hands spread on the eyes, and white hair over them.

No need to ask what it meant. At last the justice of God was manifest. The murderer lay, a rigid corpse, before the son of the murdered.

"Did you strike him?" I asked.

"Is it likely," said the youth, "that I would strike an aged man like that? I assure you I never had such a fright in my life. This poor old fellow came on me quite suddenly, from behind a rock, when all of my mind was full of my father; and his eyes met mine, and down he fell, as if I had shot him through the heart!"

"You have done no less," I answered; and then I stooped over the corpse (as I had stooped over the corpse of its victim,) and the whole of my strength was required to draw the great knotted hands from the eyes, upon which they were cramped with a spasm not yet relaxed.

"It is Hopkin ap Howel!" I cried, as the great eyes, glaring with the horror of death, stood forth. "Black Hopkin once, white Hopkin now! Robert Bowring, you have slain the man who slew your father."

"You know that I never meant to do it," said Bob. "Surely, uncle, it was his own fault."

"How did he come? I see no way. He was not here when I showed you the place, or else we must have seen him."

"He came round the corner of that rock that stands in front of the furze-bush."

Now that we had the clue, a little examination showed the track. Behind the furze bush, a natural tunnel of rock, not more than a few yards long, led into a narrow gorge covered with brushwood, and winding into the valley below the farm-house of the Dewless Crags. Thither we hurried to obtain assistance, and there the whole mystery was explained.

Black Hopkin (who stole behind George Bowring and stunned, or, perhaps, slew him with one vile blow) had this and this only to say at the bar—that he did it through love of his daughter.

Gwenthlian, the last of seven, lay dying on the day when my friend and myself came up the valley of the Aydyr. Her father, a man of enormous power of will and passion, as well as muscle, rushed forth of the house like a madman, when the doctor from Dolgelly told him that nothing more remained except to await the good time of Heaven. It was the same deadly decline which had slain every one of his children at that same age, and now must extinguish a long-descended and slowly impoverished family.

"If I had but a gold watch I could save her," he cried in his agony, as he left the house. "Ever since the old gold watch was sold, they have died—they have died! They are gone, one after one, the last of all my children!"

In these lonely valleys lurk a strange old superstition that even death must listen to the voice of time in gold; that, when the scanty-numbered moments of the sick are fleeting, a gold watch laid in the wasted palm, and pointing the earthly hours, compels the scythe of death to pause, the timeless power to bow before the two great gods of the human race—time and gold.

Poor George in the valley must have shown his watch. The despairing father must have been struck with crafty madness at the sight. The watch was placed in his daughter's palm; but death had no regard for it. Thenceforth Black Hopkin was a blasted man, racked with remorse and heart-disease, sometimes raving, always roving, but finding no place of repentance. And it must have been a happy stroke—if he had made his peace above, which none of us can deal with—when the throb of his long-worn heart stood still, at the vision of his victim, and his soul took flight to realms that have no gold and no chronometer.—*The Illustrated London News Christmas Number*, 1874.

ITALIAN DIALECTS.—There are probably at least fifty well-defined varieties of dialect still spoken in Italy and the islands. Prince L. L. Bonaparte, the generous and indefatigable pa-

form of philological study, divides them into two great sections, which may be indicated geographically as spoken north and south of a line drawn from Spezia to Rimini. Below the line the dialects are marked by the prominence of the vowel sounds, above it by the strength of the tonic accent. Eight families are roughly indicated as belonging to each division, but each family can show an almost incredible number of sub-species and varieties. Thus in Sardinia there are three chief dialects, but that of Central Sardinia has itself sixteen sub-dialects, whose differences are quite appreciable in print, and probably are recognized with still greater ease by the ear. Signor Zuccagni-Orlandini, who set himself to collect specimens of the leading dialects, did not consider his task complete until he could print forty-four distinct versions of a familiar dialogue. These dialects offer a wide and almost unworked field for study, and any patient investigator of their eccentricities would be certainly rewarded by the solution of some most difficult and interesting problems in the science of language. The origin and history of the Romance tongues, especially of the written and classical Italian; their relation to the popular Latin; the differences of race, of history, circumstances, and temperament which have contributed to develop or emphasize their peculiarities; the different vitality of the dialects of different provinces, and their influence on the politics and divisions of Italy; what vigorous and racy expressions they have preserved which are lost in the *Volgare Illustre*, and what part they have still to play in the final settlement of the common language—these and many more are questions which could receive elucidation or illustration from a careful and intelligent study of the Italian dialects. About a dozen of the Italian dialects have been raised by the genius and public spirit of provincial poets from the low estate of *patois* to the dignity of literary languages. About ten more are fixed and cultivated sufficiently to possess their own dictionaries. Poetry of all kinds, romance, comedy, satire, translation (from Homer in Neapolitan to Béranger in Piedmontese,) have been the various fields of their triumphs. Some of the greatest names in later Italian literature, notably Goldoni, Alfieri, and Parini, have illustrated by compositions of their own the flexibility and racy force of the language of their province, and probably of their own childhood. There is nothing surprising in this when we know how Italians of the highest cultivation habitually use in their homes and in familiar conversation their native dialect, and Tuscan critics are pleased to excuse the supposed stiffness of non-Tuscan writers, by showing that these latter are constrained to translate into the *Volgare Illustre* the thoughts they conceive in their own mother tongue.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

CHRISTIANITY.—We are thus led to ask for a clear definition of the common and traditional conception of Christianity, and we shall not find it better than in the words of Bishop Butler, a writer for whom Mr. Arnold professes the highest admiration:

"The divine government of the world, implied in the notion of religion in general and of Christianity, contains in it that mankind is appointed to live in a future state; that everyone shall be rewarded or punished respectively for all that behavior here which we comprehend under the words virtuous, morally good, or evil; that our present life is a probation, a state of trial, and of discipline for that future one; notwithstanding the objections which men may fancy they have from notions of necessity against there being any such moral plan as this at all; and whatever objections may appear to be against the wisdom and goodness of it, as it stands imperfectly made known to us at present; that the world being in a state of apostasy and wickedness, and the sense of their condition and duty being greatly corrupted among men, this gave occasion for an additional dispensation of Providence, of the utmost importance, proved by miracles, but containing in it many things strange and not to have been expected; a dispensation of Providence which is a scheme or system of things carried on by the mediation of a Divine Person, the Messiah, in order to the recovery of the world, yet not revealed to all men, nor proved with the strongest evidence, but only to such a part of mankind, and with such particular evidence, as the wisdom of God saw fit."

Here is a plain and manly statement of Christianity, with all its difficulties, as it has been accepted by every Church, by every sect, and by the vast majority of individual Christians, since the time of its first dispensation. "A future state of rewards and punishments," "our present life a state of probation," "a dispensation of Providence carried on by a divine person, the Messiah," these are conceptions, which perhaps give a somewhat rude shock to the idea of a perfection looked for in the actual world, and consisting in the serene "development of all sides of our humanity."—*Quarterly Review.*

THE NATIONAL TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR COOKERY AT KENSINGTON.—The National Training-school for Cookery has been established; and I suppose that, so far as the fashionable season of 1874 is concerned, the school may be considered a very brilliant success indeed. The Commissioners of the International Exhibition have in every way facilitated the trial of this most praiseworthy experiment, and the convenient "annex" used for last year's lectures was placed at the disposal of the society. In the first week after the commencement of operations, sixteen pupils joined the classes, and among them, we are told, were to be found persons belonging to almost every grade in society. Indeed, the proportion of "young ladies," properly so called, who were desirous to make themselves acquainted with the minutest details of kitchen lore, was much larger than in the outset could have been anticipated. It may fairly be asked why these young ladies, whose parents are presumably affluent, and who have cooks and kitchens of their own, did not ask the permission of their papas and mammas to descend into the lower regions of their own residences, there to watch and learn the processes of roasting, boiling, baking, frying, and stewing, and to study the mysteries of peeling potatoes, of slicing carrots and turnips, of rolling pie-crust, of whipping cream and eggs, and of scrubbing pots and pans. To this it may at once be answered that there is nothing "nice," nothing titillating, nothing piquant, and nothing "sensational" in descending one's own kitchen-stairs, standing over one's own stoves, taking the lids off one's own saucepans, paring one's own vegetables, and washing one's own dishes. But it is "awfully funny, you know," to do these things in public; and I should not be surprised to hear that there have been among the "young lady" pupils at the International this year at least two duchesses' daughters, to say nothing of the heiresses of immensely rich people in the city. But all of these sweet girl-undergraduates have to submit to the same rules, whatever their state of life may be. Every young woman who enters as a "learner" pays a fee of two guineas, which sum is supposed to defray the cost of the materials which she uses in learning to cook; but before she is allowed to join the afternoon class, and to "learn" how to make soups, entrées, jellies, omelettes, and so forth, she is required to go through a preliminary course, in which she is taught how to lay and light a fire, to scour a frying-pan, to burnish copper saucepans—stewpans are, I suppose, meant by the International pundits—and many other humble but useful items of kitchen education. Again it may be asked—not perhaps without some slight feeling of indignation—whether the drudgery of the scullion, whether the arts of scouring frying-pans and burnishing copper vessels, are not taught and practiced and performed with efficiency in every decent kitchen in the land; and whether these, the meanest and coarsest rudiments of domestic economy, are not taught in all our multitudinous orphan asylums, refuges, and "homes," in all our industrial and other public schools for girls? I will go further. I will not ask a question; but I will assert that, in the way of scouring, scrubbing, washing, and burnishing, the kitchen of a prison or a work-house equals, if it does not surpass, in exquisitely brilliant neatness, the royal kitchen at Windsor Castle, or that of any grand West-end club you like to name. The mess pannikins and "kids" on board a man-of-war are likewise invariably and scrupulously kept clean and bright; but I have never heard that the *cuisine* in kitchens in work-houses, or on board of her Majesty's war-ships, was distinguished for anything beyond extreme plainness, approaching coarseness. If a "young lady" was ambitious to learn how "skilly" is mixed, how "boiled beef, clods and stickings free from bone" is served up, and how the convicts' mess of cocoa-nibs is prepared, these accomplishments, together with any required amount of scouring and scrubbing, might be thoroughly acquired during a course of six months' imprisonment and hard labor in Tothill Fields Bridewell. And then you are so quiet, so cool, so retired in jail. There is nothing to disturb or distract your attention. You are also taught to wash and to iron, and to make cocoa-nut matting. Why should not these little branches of domestic economy be taught at Kensington gore?

Be it as it may, when the "young lady" pupils have thoroughly passed through the scrubbing and scouring stage, they are relegated to the hands of "professed" cooks—it may again be asked where these professors have learned to cook? they are not all to be, I conceive, Frenchmen—who teach them "all that they can possibly desire to know." All? What, all? All the pretty chickens and their dam—*poularde, poulet à la Marengo, grillé, sauté, en compote, à la braise, à la daube, en mayonnaise, rôti,* and *en fricassé?* "That's much," as Garrick would say, when a young dramatic aspirant used to tell him that he wished to make his first appearance in *Hamlet.* Ultimately they are "examined," and receive a Kensington "certificate of proficiency." "In this school young ladies of gentle birth, young matrons who had no idea kitchen work could be so 'nice,' rosy-cheeked country girls about to take their first place, and cooks anxious to improve themselves, may all be seen working together with a will, and vying with each other as to who shall turn out the most brilliant copper-lid or the most resplendently clean saucepan. The certificate is much coveted." Of that fact I have not the slightest doubt. To judge from the ridiculous questions propounded in the official examination papers, the "certificates" will afford about as accurate an index to the culinary "proficiency" of the examinee as to her proficiency in Hindustani or Mr. Dickens' "Chinese metaphysics."—*Belgravia.*

BENNET LANGTON.—Such was the family of the tall Lincolnshire lad who, at the age of seventeen or thereabouts, full of admiration for the *Rambler*, which had just been brought to an end, eagerly sought an introduction to its author. He by good luck made the acquaintance of Robert Levett, "the practicer in physic," the man "obscurely wise and coarsely kind," who introduced him to Johnson. "Mr. Langton was exceedingly surprised when the sage first appeared. He had not received the smallest intimation of his figure, dress, or manner. From perusing his writings, he fancied he should see a decent, well-dressed, in short, a remarkably decorous philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bed-chamber about noon, came, as newly risen, a huge, uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him. But his conversation was so rich, so animated, and so forcible, and his religious and political notions so congenial with those in which Mr. Langton had been educated, that he conceived for him that veneration and attachment which he ever preserved." Johnson took no less pleasure in Langton's company. He described him as one of those men "to whom Nature does not spread her volumes or utter her voices in vain," "as a friend at once cheerful and serious," while rising yet higher, "with a warm vehemence of affectionate regard, he exclaimed, 'The earth does not bear a worthier man than Bennet Langton.'" On another occasion he said, "I know not who will go to heaven if Langton does not. Sir, I could almost say, *Sit anima mea cum Langtono.*" Miss Reynolds, in her *Anecdotes*, tells us: "I shall never forget the excellent character he drew of his friend, Mr. Langton, nor with what energy, what fond delight, he expatiated in his praise, giving him every excellence that nature could bestow, and every perfection that humanity could acquire." Boswell, too, describes "our worthy friend"—for that is Langton's Homeric epithet in the modern Odyssey—as "a gentlemen eminent not only for worth and learning, but for an inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation." In a note to the *Life* he quotes one of his stories. "An honest carpenter," we read, "after giving some anecdote in Langton's presence of the ill-treatment which he had received from a clergyman's wife, who was a noted termagant, and whom he accused of unjust dealing in some transaction with him, added, 'I took care to let her know what I thought of her;' and being asked, 'What did you say?' answered, 'I told her she was a scoundrel.'" In *Boswelliana* we find recorded two or three anecdotes that Langton told of Johnson that Boswell has not, we believe, worked up into the *Life*. "A certain young clergyman," we read, "used to come about Dr. Johnson. The Doctor said it vexed him to be in his company—his ignorance was so hopeless. 'Sir,' said Mr. Langton, 'his coming about you shows he wishes to help his ignorance.' 'Sir,' said the Doctor, 'his ignorance is so great I am afraid to show him the bottom of it.'" Langton also told Boswell how "Mr. Johnson used to laugh at a passage in *Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond*," where he gravely observes, "that he was always in full dress when he went to court; too many being in the practice of going thither with double lapels." To Langton, Johnson had once said, "Sir, had Wilkes's mob prevailed against Government, this nation had died of phthiriasis." Boswell suggests that *morbus pediculosus* as being better known, would strike more, and adds *lousy disease* may be put in a parenthesis. Johnson, when insisting one day "that the value of every story depends on its being true," said, "Langton used to think a story a story, till I showed him that truth was essential to it." He was endeared to Johnson by his Greek scarcely less than by his ancient lineage, his piety, his entertaining conversation, and his worth. He was the man who had read Clenardus' *Greek Grammar*. "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "who is there in this town who knows anything of Clenardus but you and I?" He had learned by heart the Epistle of St. Basil. "Sir," said Johnson, "I never made such an effort to attain Greek. It was at his house that Johnson spent an evening with Rev. Dr. Parr, when "he was much pleased with the conversation of that learned gentleman." "He has invited," so Johnson writes to Boswell, "Nicolaida, the learned Greek, to visit him at his house in Lincolnshire." When he gets somewhat embarrassed in his circumstances, Johnson, though close on the end of his life, and nigh worn out with illness, writes to him: "I am a little angry at you for not keeping minutes of your own *acceptum et expensum*, and think a little time might be spared from Aristophanes for the *res familiares*." To him Johnson, now on his death-bed, gave the translations into Latin verse that he had made of Greek epigrams during the sleepless nights of his last illness. His name is not to be found to the celebrated round-robin which Burke drew up, and that the company gathered round Sir Joshua Reynolds' table signed. "Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, might be such a fool" as to put his hand to a petition that Goldsmith's epitaph should be not in Latin, but in English; but "Mr. Langton, like a sturdy scholar, refused to sign it."—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

VANDYCK IN ENGLAND.—Vandyck had many a commission to execute for English patrons before he came over in 1632, to find here a home for nine years, fortune to lead a somewhat fast and vainglorious way of life, and to go down to the grave while he was yet in his prime. When Rubens arrived at Greenwich in 1629, his friend and pupil, Vandyck, was at Antwerp, painting a gorgeous "Rinaldo and Armida," for Charles I., who paid for it a poor £72. In 1631, when Rubens was in his own palace home again, painting, or watching Jordaens and his accomplished scholars working at the pictures that were to adorn the ceiling of the banqueting-room, Anthony was occupied in painting the most touching of Madonnas and the purest of Catherines in one picture, for the Lord Treasurer, Weston, who presented it as a New-Year's gift to the King.

In the following year, Vandyck gratified Charles by painting a portrait of "His Majesty's Master of Music," an artist, too, in his way, Nicholas Laniere. It is said that the painter worked at this portrait incessantly, for a week, from dawn to twilight. When it was exhibited to Charles early in 1632, the monarch expressed a wish that England might possess the artist as well as this proof of his high art. In the month of April, Vandyck was in London "for good." He found a temporary home with his friend Geldorp, in Blackfriars. All the precinct was astir at the coming to the peculiar home of artists in London of one of the foremost men of all his time. Shortly, Whitehall was astir also; king and painter stood in presence of each other. Vandyck was a cavalier in bearing, with tact and taste. To such a man Charles was of course gracious. The monarch lodged the artist at the expense of the Crown, (otherwise at the cost of the people.) Inigo Jones was commissioned to fashion a dwelling for him in Blackfriars, and a country house at Eltham. Ere a few months had passed, the artist thus housed by a sovereign was named "Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty." That knighthood was added to this employment, yet not wanted to dignify it, was a natural consequence. Charles not only touched Vandyck gaily on the shoulder, but threw over it a gold chain, from which hung the King's portrait, surrounded by diamonds.

Vandyck had earned the honor by glorious work. Within a few months of his arrival he had painted a large family picture, representing the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary, for £100. He had, moreover, executed the portraits of the King, the French King's brother, the Archduchess Isabella, the Prince and Princess of Orange, at £20 each. For the same reward he painted a "Vitellius," and for a fourth of the sum he "mended" a Galba. A warrant was issued for the payment of the total. This payment, the knighthood, the chain, and the "diamond portrait," were graceful acknowledgments of merit. Vandyck, seeing that the King was resolved to treat him as a gentleman, was equally resolved to act up to the standard, and live like a prince.

But he worked like a man to enable him to keep this state. On Mayday, 1633, died Lady Venetia, the wife of Sir Kenelm Digby. Since Vandyck's arrival, it is indeed said, within the few months of this year, he had, in addition to his other work, painted three portraits of this celebrated lady. One of these was a large allegorical piece, in which Lady Venetia represented Prudence, with all the Vices, including an undressed Cupid, in subjection beneath her feet. On that Mayday, 1633, Vandyck was at the side of the couch on which the fair form lay, making a sketch for his fourth portrait. It proved superior to all allegory. Beauty and dignity lay there in the sleep of death. Nothing could heighten the sentiment or solemnity. Vandyck did not attempt it. He painted the calm, young majesty of death; full of grandeur, but touchingly akin to all human nature. The artist only placed a faded rose as about to drop from the dead fingers. No sad story could have been painted with more refined significance. Vandyck might fairly be proud of his work. The work is more worthy of admiration than the man. It is unpleasant to think of the artist leaving the corpse of this poor lady, or the refined interpretation which he gave of it, to sup with his mistresses, or to paint the most impudent of them—Margaret Leman.

But Vandyck and fashion ruled the hour. His studio in Blackfriars was graced with as noble company as Whitehall; indeed, with the same company. The King himself was often there, and with him the artist's other illustrious, and perhaps more liberal, patrons, Strafford, Northumberland, (no longer in the Tower,) Pembroke, Somerset, and a dozen other of the splendid nobility of the time. Fancy may reproduce that studio, with its aristocratic inmates, silent in presence of Charles, but loud enough in his absence, or with his license to speak, being present. Some paid homage of ultra-gallantry to Margaret Leman. Others gave words of condescending praise, now and then, to Vandyck's accomplished assistants, who, at various times, were to be found schooling themselves in his studio, and learning how to add value to their works by giving to them the name of their master.—*Temple Bar.*

HEYWOOD, THE DRAMATIST.—Charles Lamb, who was no indifferent judge of the relative merits of the old dramatists—for his study of them was close and intimate—observed of Heywood: "If I were to be consulted as to a reprint of our old English dramatists, I should advise to begin with the collected plays of Heywood. He was a fellow-actor and fellow-dramatist with Shakespeare. He possessed not the imagination of the latter, but in all those qualities which gained for Shakespeare the attribute of gentle he was not inferior to him. Generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness; Christianism, and the true hearty Anglicism of feelings shaping that Christianism, shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakespeare; but only more conspicuous inasmuch as in Heywood these qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry. Heywood should be known to his countrymen as he deserves. His plots are almost invariably English." This eulogy was equaled by one from Hazlitt upon Heywood, only that the latter was more discriminative in his selection of the special qualities of the dramatist. Nor are these the only authorities who have testified to his powers; whether the reader will agree with the high estimates formed after a careful reading of Heywood, is, to our mind, rather doubtful. The criticism which described him as "a prose Shakespeare" is much nearer the truth than the high-flown compliments emanating from some quarters. His writing is flat and insipid when compared with that of our greatest poet, though it is now and then charged with the real elements of pathos and emotion. Not equal to Marlowe for the breadth and richness of his imagination, or to Chapman for the wide sweep of his ideal vision, Heywood was nevertheless a man who made a valuable and substantial addition to English literature. His merits chiefly lie in his direct and homely method of dealing with domestic subjects, and the generally pure and genial fancy which colors such subjects with a pleasing, if sober, light. He has himself prevented his name from being placed as high in our dramatic rôle as it might have been, by ignoring the principles of his art in too many instances, and by a general neglect in perfecting for posterity that which might have passed muster in his own time disfigured with many blemishes. What he wrote in the "infancy of judgment" he is to blame for having perpetuated in the supposed wisdom of age. It is perfectly easy, nevertheless, to trace the loving spirit in most of what he has accomplished, and our pity for his folly is certainly not alloyed by any feeling of contempt. The probability is, that, as acting was the thing nearest at hand with him, and that by which he was compelled principally to acquire his means of sustenance, it never flashed across his mind till late in life that the noblest part of him had as yet been uncommitted to the world. He does not appear to have worked as a dramatist from any fixed principles of composition, but simply to have interpreted with all the simplicity of a simple nature those phases of it which came under his own direct observation. Regarded in this light, we know of few authors who deserve so high a commendation. Nature is with him in all, and his trust in the best human instincts is unwavering. He is not appalled by the corruptions of society or the villainy of the individual; he has faith that human nature will shine out, pure and unsullied, after its temptations and its anguish; and he entertains, in fact, no doubt whatever as to its ultimate excellence and goodness. Infused by a beautiful spirit of tolerance and virtue, he remains, not a grand or magnificent being, but one thoroughly true to himself, and with more than the ordinary capacity for interpreting the aspirations and emotions of humanity.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

DANIEL O'CONNELL.—I saw him on the morning he received his sentence. He came alone into the little robing-room where I used to keep my wig and gown, and donned his professional habiliments—his silken robes of Queen's counsel and his bar wig. As he exchanged for this the curly, nutty-brown "jasey" he usually wore, I observed his head was entirely devoid of hair. He was as bald as the first Cæsar.

When the Chief Justice, Pennefather, pronounced sentence—he had been the agitator's personal enemy and professional rival through his whole career—I noticed a bitter smile flit over the old man's face. O'Connell then retired through a side door, where Col. Browne, the Chief Commissioner of Police, was waiting to receive him. Browne, who is alive still, told me that he had his own carriage drawn close up to the outer door, into which he handed the State prisoner, taking a seat by his side and drawing up the blinds. Crowds of frieze-clad peasants lined the quays; an angry scowl was upon every face, and an infuriated multitude surged through the streets of the metropolis. The morning was gloomy; thick flakes of snow were beginning to fall; deep execrations filled the air as the popular favorite was borne slowly away, for the coachman was unable to move his horses faster than at a foot-pace. Observing this state of affairs, and that the angry mob was pressing close upon the carriage, Col. Browne, who in his time had led more than one forlorn hope, told me that he felt the emergency of the situation. He took out a case of loaded pistols, cocked and laid them upon his knee. When O'Connell saw this he smiled. "A wise precaution," he said, "but useless. If I were only to raise my hand you would be in eternity;" and these words which he uttered were full of significant meaning. When its passions are aroused a Dublin mob is very terrible. It took a Chief Justice out of his carriage once, and tore him to pieces on the spot. One word from O'Connell on that morning would have caused a revolution. Formidable military precautions had been taken—the troops were under arms, cannon were so placed as to command the thoroughfares—but I do believe that if the signal had been given the whole country would have arisen, and to annihilate an entire nation by grape-shot would not have been an easy matter. The prisoner was conveyed in safety to Kilmainham, but for many days afterward the prison was surrounded by an infuriated throng. There never, I believe, lived in the history of any country a man who had the same extraordinary hold over the affections of an entire nation as O'Connell had over the Irish. He was the greatest popular leader ever known. No one who reads these pages can, I apprehend, form any adequate idea of what those monster meetings were which this man called together and inflamed with his fiery, vigorous eloquence. From the summit of some hill, where the tribune took up a commanding position, you could have seen—thousands deep—the serried and compact ranks of vigorous men, (the stature of the Irish peasant usually averages six feet,) whose eager upturned faces vibrated with every emotion called forth by the impassioned orator. These were the manner of men this tribune led. They believed every word which fell from his lips, and they would have followed him to the cannon's mouth, or to the gates of a place which is unmentionable. And when I think of his unbounded influence, the formidable organization he had created, with the priesthood at his back, and through them the entire populace, and remember how he failed in attaining the object of his ambition, and contrast with that organization the puny movement in favor of home rule, which is but a repeal of the Union in another form, led by an unstable Queen's counsel, then all I can say upon the subject to my countrymen is—don't they wish they may get it!

Notwithstanding Grattan's assertion to the contrary, I believe O'Connell's patriotism was a genuine sentiment. He incurred much obloquy by collecting rent in pence from the people, which amounted often to many thousands a year; but then it must be remembered that he gave up a large professional income in order to be enabled to devote his entire energies to the redress of what he thought their grievances. He was admitted on all hands to be the ablest lawyer of his day. He could drive, as he boasted, a coach and four through any act of Parliament. No jury could withstand his influence; he played upon their passions, their sympathies, and their prejudices as if they were the chords of some musical instrument. He was the greatest verdict-getter at the Irish Bar, and his subtlety in an argument would baffle the ingenuity of the subtlest judicial intellect. This man had within his grasp the very highest distinctions open to honorable professional ambition—he might have been Lord Chancellor, with a peerage—but he threw them all away to follow a chimera; and the lesson his career teaches should be laid to heart by any professional agitator who tries to follow his footsteps. The end of all was that he died at last broken-hearted and worn out in a foreign country. But who shall say he was not sincere? Notwithstanding the enormous sums which passed through his hands in the entire patronage of Ireland, which the Government placed at his disposal, he died not worth one shilling, and was in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment during the latter part of his life. I know, upon very good authority, that having occasion once for the sum of £500 he was obliged to borrow it on a mortgage of his law library. The lender afterward called in the money. O'Connell could not command it; he was obliged to apply to another lender; and this mortgage was transferred time after time, and it was in existence up to the very last day of his life.—*Belgravia.*

A NOVELTY IN COLOR-PRINTING.

A remarkably ingenious method of printing with a number of colors at a single movement has lately been discovered and applied to the manufacture of prints with a variety of colors, lights, and shades. As it is a singularly clever invention, we shall try to give some little account of it. When we say that any number of colors or varied shades can be printed by one impression, without the use of the ordinary printing inks, or the engraving of any plates, blocks, or stones—the prints so executed being dry in a few minutes—the thing looks like an impossibility, yet it is not. Before this new process can be understood or its merits fairly estimated, it may be well to say something of the older methods of printing in colors.

There is a well-known method of printing two colors, say red and black, by one impression. The process is effected by having two blocks, one of which on being inked, is projected upward through openings in the block above it, and then the impression taken. This method, however ingenious, is not suitable for pictorial delineation, which, as is well known, is effected by chromo-lithography—the required picture being produced by successive printings in different colors. Everything of this kind is likely to be thrown into the shade by the new process of polychromy, which may be said to be a combination of portions of two systems—lithography, to put in the black outlines, shading, &c.; and color printing, to put in all the tints at one impression. The novelty consists mainly in printing on paper directly from solid cakes or slabs of colored ink, without the intervention of any engraved blocks, plates, or stones of any kind; and equally without the aid of an inking-roller or other inking apparatus. The inks, paints, pigments, or colors—call them which we may—are made of the ordinary mineral coloring substances—such as ochre, umber, Prussian blue, red lead, vermilion, and the like, mixed up with gum-water. The choice of the colorants, the choice of the gum, the degree of moisture, and the mode of mixing, have all been made matters of repeated trial and experiment.

Let us suppose that a colored map of England is to be got up, with a sufficient number of colors to distinguish the counties well one from another; this number would probably be from six to eight, say seven, as a medium. Seven slabs, of seven different colors, are selected. These slabs may be rolled to any thickness while the composition is moist; for whether this thickness be as small as a quarter of an inch, or as much as two or three inches, the *modus operandi* is just the same. All the seven slabs of the map must be of equal thickness, which we may suppose to be half an inch.

Then comes the curious preparation of a composite slab. The outlines of the counties are printed with black ink on a sheet of tin or other thin metallic foil. The foil is cut up into pieces, each for one county, the outlines being carefully followed in the cutting. Those pieces which are for counties of one color (say yellow) are fixed down slightly and temporarily on a slab of solid yellow ink, wherever there may be room for them, without any attempt at order or juxtaposition. All the foil-pieces for another group of counties are similarly affixed to the surface of a red slab, a third to that of a blue slab, a fourth to that of a green slab, and so on. The several counties being thus provided for, the slabs are cut up into pieces. This is done neither with a saw nor with a knife, but with a very fine steel wire. The wire, stretched vertically in a frame, receives a rapid up-and-down motion by suitable machinery; the edge of a slab is pressed against it, with constant twisting and turning to follow the outlines of the foil-pieces; and the slab is thus cut neatly and cleanly into pieces, each for one county. All the seven slabs are cut up in a similar way, until the county-typography of England is provided. The waste, or what a glass-cutter would call the cullet, can, we presume, be worked up again into new slabs. The pieces of solid ink then have the bits of foil removed from them, and are fitted together to form one composite slab. This process speaks for itself; seeing that the pieces are of uniform thickness and of exactly defined shape, which enables them to be dropped into their proper places just in the same way as a child puts together his puzzle-map. A proper backing being provided, the surface of the composite slab is ground perfectly regular and smooth, presenting a mosaic of seven colors. The device or design may be any one of many different kinds instead of a map, and the colors may be as few as two, or as many as a score; the mode of proceeding will be just the same.

The press employed has been devised for the purpose, giving a to-and-fro rolling pressure, not from a complete roller or cylinder, but from a segment of a cylinder of very large radius. The composite slab of ink, adjusted in a metal frame, is fixed down, face uppermost, on the bed of the press. A sheet of paper, moistened with some kind of turpentine, is laid down on the slab; the press does its quota of work, and a printed impression of the map or picture is obtained. The slab is not wetted with anything; the moistened paper simply takes up an extremely thin layer of ink from the whole surface; for the composition and consistency of the ink, and the degree to which the paper is moistened with turpentine, are adjusted with direct relation to this end. The ink transfers clearly and uniformly each color in its proper place, and without interfering with any of the others. The picture is dry in a few minutes after being printed, and (we presume) the smell of the turpentine will disappear soon. The color does not rub off, and there seems no reason why it should not be permanent. The economy of ink is unquestionable, for there is no inking-roller on which it can be wasted. It is found that eight thousand impressions can be obtained from a slab half an inch thick, before it is quite worn down to nothing; each sheet of paper takes off a film of extreme tenuity, one-sixteen thousandth of an inch or less, and yet the film presents much solidity of color.

So far the map or design is only a medley of colored patches. Finish is now given by passing each impression over a lithographic stone charged with black ink, to impart outlines, lettering, details, and shading. There are thus two printings of each sheet of paper—one from the party-colored slab, the other from a lithographic stone.

The future.—*Chambers's Journal.*

HALLECK'S "ELLEN."

THE COMPLETE STORY OF THE POET'S ROMANCE.

"ELLEN A. F. CAMPBELL" IDENTIFIED AS ABBIE FLANNER, A QUAKER MAIDEN, RESIDING IN MOUNT PLEASANT, OHIO—THE POEMS AND THE LETTERS.

Rev. J. S. Travelli, of Pittsburg, Penn., has contributed to the Philadelphia *Press* the sketch reproduced below, clearing away the mystery that for so many years has covered the correspondence between Fitz-Greene Halleck and the lady known to him as Ellen A. F. Campbell. The *Press*, commenting upon the sketch, says: "It will be remembered that in the *Life and Letters* Mr. Wilson, while quoting extensively from 'Ellen's' letters, was unable to present a copy of the poem with which the correspondence began, printing only the answer written by Halleck. He says: 'The lady's poem was of precisely the same length and measure as the poet's reply. I exceedingly regret my inability to recover it, no copy existing among Mr. Halleck's papers, and the heroine of this romantic episode having died many years ago, and her family gone, no one knows where.' It is not surprising that the details given by the biographer of the affair are but meagre, when it is remembered that the poet himself never knew with certainty the name of the lady nor where was her abiding place. That the latter was strongly desirous of penetrating the veil in which she had enveloped herself is shown from the following extract from a letter written by him to Richard Lawrence: 'Your allusion to the Ohio River alike surprises and delights me, for it induces me more confidently to hope that you will hasten to give me the happy tidings of the welfare of the lady you name, the heroine of one of my life's most cherished romances, whose memory has heretofore been numbered among the dearest of my inconsiderable joys. Mr. Hicks, the painter, some two years since, hinted to me his knowledge of the subject, but seemed very sly and shy about it, to my exceeding grief and disappointment. I shall impatiently wait for the kindness of your further communications, so full of interest as they will be to me.' The answer expected from Mr. Lawrence never came, he doubtless, if really acquainted with the facts of the case, being pledged to secrecy; and to Halleck Abbie Flanner was never anything more than an 'Ellen of the mind.'"

MR. TRAVELLI'S SKETCH.

Here, in the dim, misty twilight of a late December morning, let me try to tell you a story—one of the "might have beens"—pertaining to two of the most gifted of the children of song that this country has produced. The parties are: A plain, simple-hearted country maiden, brought up in the "backwoods," as they used to say, who never was in a ball-room or a theatre in her life; the other, one of the most courted and petted sons of genius and poesy that ever graced the parlors of New-York, and whom the nation has delighted to honor. To any one of the slightest capacity for appreciating real feeling, who has not heard of "The Lost Poem," let me say, turn to James Grant Wilson's *Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck*, published by D. Appleton & Co., 1869, pages 373-390. To those who have taken any interest in Halleck, the mere announcement of the fact that the mystery pertaining to the identity of "Ellen A. F. Campbell" is about to be explained, will be sufficient to awaken a lively interest. Shrouded as this whole story has been in an impenetrable mystery for nearly thirty-eight years, it is better that I say, in the first place, that my narrative is simply and strictly true. The gentleman from whom I derive the facts is one of the manufacturing and merchant princes of Pittsburg, one of the very best read men, and at the same time one of the most original thinkers, and has been identified with almost everything that has given the Smoky City a good name within the last twenty years, and yet of such shrinking and almost morbid modesty that no consideration could induce him to allow me here to give his real name. In this and some other respects he is singularly like the gifted lady of whom I am writing, who was brought up side by side with him and his brothers and sisters. As I pass, let me say that it is no small credit to the denomination of Friends, from which these people spring, that in this age of publicity so many of them retain that loveliest of all the graces—real genuine modesty.

It seems not a little remarkable to me that "lost" seems to attach to so much of this romantic story. For instance, that so few of Halleck' letters to Ellen have been preserved. Prizing them so highly as she evidently did, it seems singular that she should have destroyed them, together with the priceless treasures of her own beautiful imaginings, in the shape of poems, tales, and other compositions. How strange it seems that when she is known to have written enough to have made a good-sized volume, there should not remain a trace of them but "the lost poem" which I am about to give you. The not unnatural inference is that there was nothing in the poems of this country maiden worth preserving. The ample answer to this is that among the papers of Halleck his reply to her beautiful challenge is preserved, as well as a number of her letters—letters simply marvelous, as coming from an apparently unlettered, uncultured country girl, who probably in all her life never saw a large city. How true that "many a flower is born to blush unseen!" As I read the gay badinage, the graceful and touching tenderness, the exquisite turns of thought in this poem and these letters, I am amazed to see how nature, in her beautiful simplicity, asserts herself, even under a Quaker garb, and far, far away from all the glare of fashion, pomp, and show. When shall we learn that in these retired country villages and hamlets, and in the homes of the poor and lowly, thought and feeling, as well as the noblest religion, is to be found far more frequently than, in our pride and folly, we find it possible to believe?

Miss Flanner was the eldest daughter of William Flanner and his wife Penina, who came to Mount Pleasant, at an early period, from Virginia, probably not far from the North Carolina line. They were always in moderate circumstances. He was a very acceptable preacher in the Society of Orthodox Friends; a man of fine imagination, of deep, sympathetic feeling; utterly without sham or pretense; of deep, religious convictions; filled with the idea of doing good to the bodies and souls of men. This will account, in considerable degree, for the straitened circumstances of his family, as he was a great part of his time away from home, and, of course, his farming operations were much neglected. Miss Flanner had three brothers and three sisters. Two of the brothers became eminent physicians, having graduated in Philadelphia, being aided by members of the Society of Friends to get an education. One became a farmer. Thomas, the eldest, settled in Zanesville, Ohio, after his graduation, and soon built up a good practice, and like a true-hearted brother and son sent home nearly all his first earnings, and thus "Albi Cottage" was built. It was named by the poetess herself with true poetic feeling, "The Cottage of Purity." And there to this day "Albi Cottage," bowered in vines, still stands. This brother went to Wheeling in 1832 to investigate the nature of cholera, which in that year made its first appearance in this country, and spread fear and apprehension in every direction. In a few days he returned to his beloved Albi Cottage and his sisters, saying to his loved ones, "I have cholera," and died within twenty-four hours.

Miss Flanner was always fond of reading, and seems to have had facilities in this way that can hardly be credited as likely to be found in an out-of-the-way village in the woods of Ohio fifty years ago. She often engaged in teaching, not from choice, but from necessity. All of them had to work, but the work was rather a stimulus to mental activity than a reason for neglect of culture, and this in a large degree characterized the small community. Miss Flanner, in order to preserve her secret from the Postmaster and others, often sent the sister of my friend, then a little girl, to the Post Office for the letters from Halleck. She was singularly, and, perhaps, morbidly sensitive. She was tall and graceful, and had a sweet, animated, and intellectual face, full of sensibility, and a peculiarly attractive smile, and when silent and thoughtful, her face wore a pensive, sad expression, but when engaged in conversation it lighted up with animation and intelligence. When her feelings were wounded, she put her hand to her face, and immediately the tears would come trickling between her white fingers. She was a fine conversationalist, and was the queen of the circle in which she moved. She never could get over the idea that as she, though in perfectly innocent, girlish fun, had commenced the correspondence, she must, if she yielded to his entreaties for a personal interview, and this should result in a union, always feel that she might seem to have been the wooer.

As I read to my friend, from the Indianapolis *Journal* of Nov. 20, the article which suggested this letter, said he, "It is true! it is true!" and it was difficult to repress the tear of sympathy over this wonderful story of "what might have been" had these two gifted beings been permitted to come together. But she absolutely refused him a personal interview, and succeeded in eluding him in his efforts to find her. She felt that with an interview all the illusion would vanish—that he who had been accustomed to the flatteries and attentions of the high-born and high-bred and jeweled daughters of fashion, in their gorgeous robes and magnificent palaces, could not tolerate her plain Quaker simplicity and lowly surroundings, and she—all unwisely—preferred that he should be to her the idol, at a distance, that she loved to worship, and she to him an "Ellen of the mind."

The thought has pressed itself on my mind ever since I began that this story ought to have a true poet for its narrator. With perfect consciousness of my unfitness to do justice to the subject, I have, nevertheless, thought it better to give the story in its beautiful simplicity and truth, rather than let it again be lost.

I append from the Indianapolis *Journal* the two beautiful poems. Halleck's can be found in his *Life and Letters*, page 377, as well as some extracts from the same work, as quoted by the *Journal*, as many may not have the life at hand:

A party of young ladies and gentlemen of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, assembled at the house of a friend in that village to "watch the Old Year out." The incoming year was 1836—Leap Year. Amid the merriment of the occasion some one suggested that the ladies should avail themselves of the privilege which it brought and open a correspondence with different gentlemen, mentioning among others the bachelor poet Fitz-Greene Halleck. The proposal was passed by as a jest, but in a few minutes it was noticed that Miss Abbie Flanner, a young lady of much talent and vivacity, was missing from the party. Quietly bidding good-night to her friends of the house, she had slipped out and gone home alone. The ground was covered with snow that sparkled in the moonbeams. Walking along slowly, scarcely noting the beauty of the scene around her, she meditated a poetical epistle to Fitz-Greene Halleck, and reaching her room sat down and wrote the following:

NEW YEAR'S-NIGHT.

THE MERRY MOCK BIRD'S SONG.

O'er fields of snow the moonlight falls,
And softly on the snow-white walls
Of Albi Cottage shines;
And there beneath the breath of June
The honeysuckles' gay festoon,
And multiflora twines,

And forms a sweet embowering shade,
Pride of the humble cottage maid,
Who, now transformed and bold,
Beneath the magic of a name,
Those equal rights presumes to claim—
Rights urged by young and old.

And who is she, to fame unknown,
Who dares her challenge thus throw down
Low at the feet of one
Who holds a proud, conspicuous stand
Among the magnates of the land,
The Muse's favorite son?

As when she roamed a careless child
To pluck the forest blossoms wild,
Oft climbed some pendant brow
Of rock or cliff, to gather there
Some tempting flower that looked more fair
Than all that bloomed below,

So now like Eve in Paradise,
Though numerous offerings round her rise
Of love and friendship bland,
With many a sober blessing fraught,
Would give them all for one kind thought,
One line from Halleck's hand.

* * * * * * *

Like that fair plant of India's fields
That most when bruised and broken yields
Its fragrance on the air—
Such is the heart I offer thee,
Pride of my country's minstrelsy!
Oh, is it worth thy care?

She signed this Ellen A. F. Campbell, incorporating her initials with the name of Scott's Lady of the Lake, and forwarded it to the poet.

In those days of slow coaches much time must necessarily elapse before a response could be received, and it is but natural to suppose that during the interval buoyant hope and lively thought alternated with misgivings and doubt as to the reception of her letter.

Perhaps when the first glow of adventurous feeling passed she half regretted her action, and felt the natural shrinking of a woman's heart from offering itself unasked, even in jest.

And when at last the long looked-for, hoped-for packet arrived, with what trembling eagerness she must have opened and read it!

TO ELLEN.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

The Scottish border-minstrel's lay
Entranced me oft in boyhood's day;
His forests, glens, and streams,
Mountains and heather blooming fair,
A Highland lake and lady were
The playmates of my dreams.

Years pass'd away; my dreams were gone;
My pilgrim footsteps press'd alone
Loch Katrine's storied shores;
And winds that wing'd me o'er the lake
Breathed low, as if they fear'd to break
The music of my oars.

No tramp of warrior men was heard;
For welcome-song or challenge-word
I listen'd, but in vain;
And, moor'd beneath his favorite tree,
As vainly woo'd the minstrelsy
Of gray-hair'd "Allen Bane."

I saw the Highland heath flower smile
In beauty upon Ellen's isle;
And couched in Ellen's bower,
I watched, beneath the lattice leaves,
Her coming, through a summer eve's
Youngest and loveliest hour.

She came not; lonely was her home;
Herself of airy shapes that come,
Like shadows to depart.
Are there two Ellens of the mind?
Or have I lived at last to find
An Ellen of the heart?

For music like the borderer's now
Rings round me, and again I bow
Before the shrine of song,
Devoutly as I bowed in youth;
For hearts that worship there in truth
And joy are ever young.

And well my harp responds to-day,
And willingly its chords obey
The minstrel's loved command;
A minstrel maid whose infant eyes
Looked on Ohio's woods and skies—
My school-book's sunset land.

And beautiful the wreath she twines
Round "Albi Cottage," bowered in vines,
Or blest in sleigh-bell mirth;
And lovelier still her smile that seems
To bid me welcome in my dreams
Beside its peaceful hearth.

Long shall I deem that winning smile
But a mere mockery, to beguile
Some lonely hour of care;
And will this Ellen prove to be,
But like her namesake o'er the sea,
A being of the air?

Or shall I take the morning's wing,
Armed with a parson and a ring,
Speed hill and vale along,
And at her cottage hearth, ere night,
Change into flutterings of delight,
Or (what's more likely) of affright,
The merry mock-bird's song?

Accompanying the poem was a short letter in which he thanks her for her beautiful lines: "Though they did not seriously intend to make me a happy man, they have certainly made me a very proud one."

He asks her to accept a copy of his poems "in consideration of the beauty of its type and the vastness of its margin," and closes thus: "I am, dear Miss Campbell, very gratefully, or, if you are in good earnest, as I very much fear you are not, I am, dearest Ellen, very affectionately yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK."

Her reply to this is a letter of considerable length, in which she thanks him for the promise of his book, and declares that "eager expectation stands tip-toe on the misty heights of the blue Ohio to hail its approach." She closes by saying that when he is in "fashion's crowded hall," or listening to the "trump of deathless fame," she would not claim one thought.

The correspondence continued throughout the year, growing more and more interesting. The gay badinage ceased and was succeeded by earnestness on both sides. Though still preserving her *incognita*, and shielded by her assumed name, we find the lady growing timid as the poet grows ardent in his protestations of admiration and esteem. At one time she says: "Every step that I have made in your acquaintance has increased my timidity. With a reckless laugh I flung my first offering on the current of accident, little thinking it would ever bring me back tears and smiles, anxious thoughts and fevered dreams." Toward the end of the year she intimates that the terms of her privilege will soon expire, and that the correspondence must close. The poet replies, urging its continuance, and speaking of the happiness it has afforded him, and the desire to know her personally. She replies: "I certainly did suppose I had written to Mr. Halleck for the last time; but you know before I confess it that I am but too happy to be convinced by your profound 'logic' that it is not only my privilege, but my duty, to respond. Your witty assumption of your extensive privilege has delivered my 'woman's pride' from 'the bastile of a word,' for whose adamantine bars perhaps I have not shown a proper reverence." After the interchange of a few more letters the poet announces his intention of seeking the home of his fair correspondent, and meeting face to face the lady whom, as "Ellen Campbell," he had learned to highly esteem. This proposal filled Miss Flanner with dismay. Remembering that she had commenced the acquaintance, she reflected that a tacit agreement to the poet's wish would place her in the character of wooer. An ardent admirer of Halleck's poems, nothing could have afforded her more pleasure than to have met him, but under the circumstances she felt that she must not encourage his coming. Her reply was posted at Washington, whither she had sent it in care of a relative, and to that address the poet's subsequent letters were addressed. She eluded all his efforts to discover her identity, and remained to him always "An Ellen of the mind."—"A being of the air."

I insert here an additional extract from one of the letters, page 387:

"You must not believe for an instant that the shadow of ingratitude ever passed over the least of the favors you have bestowed on me. You would not, if you knew how constitutionally and habitually cold, indifferent, and indolent I am, and yet how long and how devotedly I have knelt before the idol of my fancy, the beau ideal of my imagination, or witnessed the reception of the packet containing the *Mirror*, and the impetuous ebb and flow of the vital current of my heart as the portrait of 'Fitz Greene Halleck' met my eye, and I felt the conviction that he is not

'A being of the air,'

while for a moment I expected to see the curled lip relax, and the spirit of Democritus become audible. You tell me it is "an ugly likeness!" What would you have me believe? Though four or five hundred miles divide us, and in all probability ever will—a space that might veil my blushes, if I should have the grace to blush—yet I will not tell you all I think about it. I would go a pilgrimage to look on the magnificent brow and eloquent eye, but not for worlds would I one moment brook the satirical mockery which the lower part of the face expresses. I have framed it to prevent it from injury, but it is not my purpose to tell you where I have hung it, nor how often I look at it, nor how impatient I am sometimes with the placid immobility with which it looks on all the fanciful apostrophes and sonnets addressed to it as pathetic as Petrarch's, and quite as sincere, though, unfortunately, the comparison ends there. And I am only less obliged to you for the *Mirror* itself. Is it our poet Bryant who has written the beautiful and appropriate eulogy on your writings, and so gracefully and candidly yielded you the palm? He has written many good things that do honor to his taste and judgment, and this is one of them. I shall always think the better of my humble opinion for its having been originally like Bryant's, especially with regard to 'Marco Bozzaris' and 'Red Jacket.' * * * * * *

I do not mean to flatter you, and the opinion of a rustic damsel who has never in her life seen the inside of a ball-room or a theatre, and who has no pretensions to learning or wisdom, would be utterly impotent were it not in accordance with the voice of Fame, and by critics and rivals admired."

But I must stop and close with the closing words of the *Journal* article:

'They never met; a wreath of possible happiness was left untouched.

'For him the aloe never bloomed.'"

The poet, in writing to a friend on the subject years afterward, alludes to her as "the heroine of one of my life's most cherished romances, whose memory has heretofore been numbered among the dearest of my inconsiderable joys," and mentions his "exceeding grief and disappointment" at being unable to obtain further clue to her identity.

Here at last the mystery is solved—she was Abbie Flanner, of Mount Pleasant, Jefferson County, Ohio.

J. S. T.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 20, 1874.

ARMY PAY DEPARTMENT.

FISCAL OPERATIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDED JUNE LAST.

RECOMMENDATIONS TO PROMOTE THE EFFICIENCY OF THE SERVICE—RE-ENLISTMENTS AND DESERTIONS—AN ANNUITY SCHEME FOR OFFICERS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1874.

The following report of the Paymaster General of the Army, although made in October, has not been published till this time. Besides the recommendations of action to promote the efficiency of the Pay Department, the suggestions of the habits of private soldiers and officers with respect to the spending and saving of money, and the references to the means by which thrift and economy can be promoted, and the *morale* of the army thus improved, will be read with interest:

PAYMASTER GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1874.

To the Honorable the Secretary of War:

SIR: I have the honor to submit my annual report of the transactions of the Pay Department of the Army for the last fiscal year ending 30th June, 1874.

Tabular statements herewith inclosed show in detail the fiscal operations of the department for that year, summarily stated as follows:

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

Balance on hand at the beginning of the fiscal year, (July 1, 1873.)	$2,152,991 81
Received during the fiscal year from the Treasury	14,241,096 12
Received from Soldiers' deposits	346,609 56
Received from other sources	697,043 94
Total	$17,437,741 43
Disbursed to the Army	$11,782,168 86
Disbursed to the Military Academy	195,928 47
Disbursed on Treasury Certificates	1,284,733 11
Total disbursements	$13,262,830 44
Surplus funds deposited in Treasury	837,794 85
Paymasters' collections deposited in Treasury	697,442 30
Balance in hands of Paymasters, June 30, 1874, to be accounted for in next report	2,639,673 84
Total	$17,437,741 43

In reporting to you the operations of the Pay Department for the last year, I am bound to say that it has been impossible, with the present force of Paymasters, to pay the troops at some posts as promptly and as regularly as the laws and regulations contemplate. Communications to the headquarters of the army and to the War Department through all the intermediate commanders have within a few weeks been referred to this office, from several department commanders, making application for more Paymasters and explaining the reasons for the same. These communications come from the commanders of the Departments of Dakota, Texas, the Columbia, the Missouri, and the Major General commanding the Division of the Pacific. The General commanding the Army has just shown me the annual report of the last-named officer, who says: "The business of the several staff departments [in the Division of the Pacific] has been conducted in a satisfactory manner, with due regard to economy and the general interests of the public service. In the Pay Department this has been accomplished only by extraordinary efforts on the part of the too small number of officers of that department."

Thus all that I said in my last annual report as to the necessity of more officers for this department has now renewed and additional significance. I trust that at the coming session of Congress the sixth section of the act of March 3, 1869, will be repealed, enabling the Executive to appoint some more officers to this department.

It is necessary to add, also, that this legislation should extend to all grades in the Department. There are two vacancies of Deputy Paymaster General with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. When the interdict above mentioned is repealed, the two senior Paymasters will be entitled to promotion. The organization of the Pay Department in the eighteenth section of the act of July 28, 1868, (vol. 14, p. 335, Statutes at Large,) should be revived, except as to the number of Paymasters; thus providing for a Paymaster General with the rank of Brigadier General, two Assistant Paymaster Generals with the rank of Colonel, two Deputy Paymaster Generals with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and at least fifty Paymasters. The act of June 4, 1872, (vol. 17, p. 219, Statutes at Large,) gave authority to the President to fill the then existing vacancy of Paymaster General with the rank of Colonel. The legislation of the recent act of June 23, 1874, "reorganizing the several staff corps of the army," should be extended to the Pay Department. Said act provides that the Judge Advocate General, the Surgeon General, the Chief of Ordnance, and the Commissary General shall hereafter (as in the act of July 28, 1866,) have the rank of Brigadier General. I respectfully submit that the rank of Paymaster General should also remain of that grade.

One of the most critical and onerous duties of all officers of the Department is not only the prompt execution of all laws, but the carrying out of all the manifold interpretations of those laws, requiring the exercise of the utmost vigilance. No one not familiar with the accumulation of new legislation on such points and the necessary volumes of interpretations of the same, would realize the amount of study and caution required in those duties, and how little propriety there would be in intrusting them to temporary appointments.

RE-ENLISTMENTS AND DESERTIONS.

The number of re-enlistments during the last year has been 1,400 more than during the previous fiscal year. And I am pleased to learn from the Adjutant General that there has been during the last year a considerable reduction in the number of desertions from the army. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1874, there were 2,600 less desertions than during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873. Little of this reduction is due to the diminution of the number of enlisted men, but it is fair to presume that a large share of it is owing to the increasing contentment with the service, by the full operation of the acts of May 15, 1872, for gradual increase of pay and for soldiers' deposits. Under the first-named act an enlisted man will receive, on the expiration of his first enlistment, $72 of retained pay, and which he cannot receive until he is discharged.

All the deposits are forfeited by desertion, and their number and total amount has constantly increased. The total deposited in fiscal year ending June 30, 1874, was $346,609. The total deposited in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873, was $209,850—showing an increase of sixty-five per cent. The monthly deposits the last year were $28,884; during the previous year, $17,488; increase per month, $11,396. The number of deposits has more than doubled. During the last year the number was 4,971; during the former year, 2,217. Thus the number of small deposits has increased, as well as the number of soldiers who have availed themselves of the privilege.

Several of the regimental and company commanders justly recommend that the interest given for deposits should be six per cent., which was the rate allowed in a similar scheme as it originally passed the Senate. It costs the Government more than four per cent to raise money, and the improvement in the *morale* of the troops should be taken into consideration.

The average amount of deposits per company during the year has been largest in the Department of Arizona, viz: $1,876 66; next in Department of the Missouri, $1,299 89; next in Department of Dakota, $1,208 64. As occurred the previous year, the deposits have been largest where the troops have been most in the field for active operations.

AN ANNUITY SCHEME FOR OFFICERS.

I recommend to favorable consideration an annuity scheme for officers of the army, first presented to you by Gen. J. B. Fry, of the Adjutant General's Department, which I understand was sent from your office to Congress. Under it, officers could, by making certain monthly deductions from their pay, secure to their widows, heirs, or nominees, a monthly annuity which will commence on the death of the officer. It is contemplated that the operation shall in the end be a safe one for the Government, and shall involve no loss to the Treasury. It contemplates that the War Department shall have power to prescribe, from time to time, the rules and tables to be employed in the execution of the plan. These tables should be based on the most thorough scientific principles. And if after a long series of years it should be found that they will not perfectly fulfill the above-named programme, a change should of course be made in said tables. But it would require many years to give them a full trial.

I have caused a careful calculation to be made of the annual death rate of officers of the army for the last fifty years. The casualties were not entered in the Army Register until 1824, or I should have gone further back. I find that the average annual mortality of officers of the United States Army (including deaths in war) has been 24.1 per thousand. The principal parallel statistics which I have found is that the average annual death rate among males over 21 years of age, in England and Wales, from 1841 to 1851, was 21 per thousand. The exact fraction of the population reached was .02104 (Calculated from statistics in English Life Tables pp. 18 and 19.)

Two things are proverbial in our army: that married officers are as distinguished as other officers for gallantry and heroism; but it is also too true that sometimes those renowned for the most brilliant deeds are habitually improvident. It is not expected that Legislatures can in this respect change the nature of soldiers and sailors, but a machinery would be prepared gradually to counteract such habits. It is proposed that the deductions from pay shall be monthly, and therefore imperceptible (in comparison with yearly payments;) and thus an easy way of avoiding improvidence would be at hand, and the army would have within itself the means of adding to its prestige and dignity, and of diminishing the calls upon Congress for extra and private legislation.

It is believed that it would be enlightened legislation to adopt a scheme whereby an officer would be encouraged to take such a step, and thus to secure for his heirs some annuity, whatever may be the risks of his profession. Such action always increases the pride and self-respect of the officer, and would nerve his arm in time of war. Thus the Government is incited to such legislation not alone by humanitarian considerations, but by the policy of increasing the efficiency of the service.

The act of May 8, 1874, authorizes leaves of absence on full pay for periods of more than thirty days to officers "on duty at any point west of a line drawn north and south through Omaha City, and north of a line drawn east and west upon the south ern boundary of Arizona." I submit the propriety of extending the provisions of that act to the whole of Texas. Some of the most remote posts are now excluded from its benefits.

BENJAMIN ALVORD,
Paymaster General United States Army.

SEEING A DEPOT.

THE PASSENGERS—THE EMIGRANTS—THE BAGGAGE—THE DETECTIVE.

I have bought my ticket, with short rail road trip included, for some small sum, (I repel the idea of a return ticket,) and am ostensibly bound for the flourishing town of Nowhere, in New-Jersey. Now, I have no possible reason for going there. Of the many wares Nowhere produces, from a diamond ring to a stair-rod, from watch cases to hobby-horses, I stand in no immediate need. It is true, I have some rather indefinite purpose of spending an hour or two in a certain smoky depot on the other side of the river. Perhaps I am going to meet some one there. Who can tell but that some incoming train may bring to me my affianced, accompanied, of course, by my future mother-in-law, and that I am hastening to keep my appointment. We are to purchase no end of Christmas presents in the great City for her little brothers, and I am to return a happy slave, laden down like a Bagdad porter with numerous parcels. Peradventure that Australian or Californian uncle may turn up at last. Our family never were exactly satisfied as to his exact geographical position, but how anxiously we have all been waiting for him for the last thirty years! But, alas! I fear he will no more come than will those argosies laden gunnel-deep with moidores, which hope consigned to us years on years ago, which cargoes we have never even been able to insure. I assume, however, a business-like air, and certainly impose on a corpulent man who for a moment is fast wedged in the narrow lane of the ferry-house. He makes a gallant struggle, visibly contracts for a moment, then rapidly expands beyond the barrier, and, turning to me, he remarks: "Them city authorities oughter look after them monopolies, a-makin' things so tight and uncomfortable that a common-sized individual can't pass through 'em. If fat men wasn't always good-natured, they would make a fuss over 'em. It's just a fortune to watch-makers is them ferry-boats, seeing the quantity of patent levers, notwithstanding the heaviest of cases, as gets ground to pieces a-squeedging through such narrer places. When a man's bound on business, not ketching a particular train I've know'd to spile a fortune. You, as a man of business, knows that."

The boat passes near a Transatlantic steamer just ready for sea. I notice that her companion-way is decked with slips of green and holly. Certainly to-morrow she will be a hundred miles from the land buffeting her way through the black and dismal waves. Yet, as her passengers come on deck, somehow or other these little sprigs of green, though they may all be silvered over with the frozen sea rime, will take root in their hearts, and will freshen and blossom there, for they will think of wives and little darlings at home, and the dreary chill of the wintry sea will be some little warmed and softened.

I follow the people out of the boat into the depot, where trains rumble in with a howl and go tearing out with a shriek. It strikes me after a while that this coming in and going out of the cars has a painful, undeviating, monotonous-like precision. I am pervaded with Hawthorne's idea, that the dusky depot and the whizzing trains are nothing more than parts of some Brodignagian plaything. That all you have to do is to wind it up or turn it upside down like a sand toy, and then put it back once more, and away will speed trains on trains straight across a continent, and come back again to start out afresh over and over, forever and ever, until the end of time. That there is something purely mechanical about it becomes even more impressed on me when I see the wonderful precision—automatic in fact—evinced by the thousand of passengers. Decidedly they have no volition of their own. They must be worked by a series of slides, or attached to an endless belt, as in a toy, and are carried along at the same speed and dumped, each one into his particular cars or receptacles. I gaze around to discover the head mechanician who controls all this. I observe a young man, with a dyed mustache. I come close to him and hang intently on the syllables which flow from his lips together with the tobacco he is masticating. He has repeated the same word some dozen times in half that number of seconds. I immediately give him the rank of head of the philological prestidigitateurs. I follow him phonetically as he sounds out "*Nelizrawidge*." I am satisfied that this must be treated as a compound word, embracing, perhaps, some vast congeries of towns. I lay that word as Max Müller would, on a Procustean bed, lop off the head and feet of it, and secure thus "Ne" and "idge," with "lizraw" for a torso. I might never have found it out had I not glanced at a sign, kindly supplemented by some one, where I read Newark, Elizabethtown, Rahway, and Newbridge.

I take advantage of a short lull, and approach a train now at rest. I notice some men and women armed with mops, who swab off the windows, and are engaged in the peculiar process of car housekeeping, or tidying. I wonder now how long a car lives, and whether any car has ever come to be so aged as to have been retired honorably from public service. I fancy that, like ships, cars speed on and on until they leave their bones on a lee-shore, or on the track-side, and am convinced that, whether they be Pullmans or cattle-trucks, the inevitable cataclysm comes at last.

I now saunter back to the waiting-room. Everybody, without a single exception, has a bundle of some kind. I notice very particularly that all the dolls in the world must have given one another rendezvous in that station, bent on traveling, for their legs hang down distressingly pendulous from packages, or are sticking straight up from out of men's pockets. Parcels, too, are badly secured, for from one of them shoots a whole stream of very hard sugar-plums, which rattle like shot on the floor. I laugh, we all laugh, as does their possessor, a rubicund old gentleman. Little children laugh, as they try to gather them up for the merry old gentleman. He declines accepting the sugar-plums, and says: "You keep all you can put your hands on, my little dears. Souls alive! I have another pocketful; the paper that was on them busted an hour ago. I guess they have just ruined a pair of gloves at the bottom of the pocket. But it don't matter much Christmas week, you know." Here I notice a strange looking old woman, ugly as sin, who is seated on a trunk painted blood red, bound with mediæval clasps. She is clad in a sheep-skin jacket, with the wool inside. A young fellow is walking up and down the room. His coat is of green serge and reaches to his feet, and he wears a square green cap, edged with astrakhan. I have seen just such a costume on the Danube somewhere. They evidently—the old woman and the young man—belong to one another. I am inquisitive enough to try and find out what are the labels pasted on the woman's coffer. One railroad check has been pasted over another until they became unintelligible, but I see at last some forms of letter, neither French nor German; they are Russian. Where do these waifs come from? That man has a real Mujik face, Tartar cheek-bones, and looks as if he might eat a tallow candle. Outside of the waiting-room, an employe cleaning lanterns gives me information. "Oh them! them's harder nor Dutch to understand. Them Rooshian Polishers. They has a colony somewhere out West, and they keep a dropping along by two and threes. Not Mennonites, Sir, that's a different class. They come from a mighty cold place where water is always froze, which accounts for their not washing much. This Spring one party left over some of their baggage, and it stood through Summer. No, Sir, it didn't stood, it just walked away, and ever since there has been new breeds of rats and bugs in this 'ere depot; you ought to hear 'em talk. It isn't a Christian language. They are mighty good-natured. There are parties in New-York that looks after 'em, for if one of 'em gets out, he's mighty apt to get drunk. But the more the men drink, the better natured they gets. One of them Rooshians as gets tight just sits on his trunk, and keeps a smiling to hisself all the time until he gets sober, differing from an Irishman." What other ethnological traits, Russian or otherwise, the lantern cleaner might have developed, were brought to a close by a new rush of passengers just coming in. It is difficult for me not to believe that they are any other than the precise people who started from the same platform a half hour ago. I follow them back in procession, in order to assure myself positively of this fact, when I notice a good-looking man, in a comfortable overcoat, who emerges suddenly from under a car, and who brings up the rear. All the people do actually go out save myself. My attention is now devoted to the baggage. Although my adamant trunk is not there, I am singularly interested in the luggage. I think I discern a particular physiognomy in baggage. I puzzle over the offensive and defensive processes employed, but come to the same conclusion as do the ordnance officers, that the means of destruction are ever in advance of the methods of preservation. There is, though, something which passes rapidly, describing a summersault in the air. It is a soft and sloshy valise, which, from its perfect pliancy like the reed, can withstand that which oaks of trunks never could. I admire a traveling crate of gigantic proportions. I am sure it is a theatrical trunk, containing the whole wardrobe of a pantomime, and ballasted with stage jewels. The baggageman I do wish had not been so profane about it, although I should have been inclined to let it down with a heavy thud, just as he has done. It was not reasonable, however, on his part, to visit his anger on a whole series of entirely innocent baggage which followed this culpable trunk. I am forcibly struck with the novel idea that it is impossible to roll anything having eight distinct angles or corners with the same ease or rapidity as a barrel.

Wearied out at last, I make up my mind to return to the other side. I take my place in the ferry-boat. A gentleman in an overcoat kindly makes a place for me alongside of him. I think I have seen him in the depot. Presently he addresses me:

"Traveling?" he inquired.

"No; not exactly," I reply.

"What? What have you been doing in that depot for the last two hours?"

"Bless me!" I reply; "have I been there that long? I had no idea of it."

"Come, now," said my interlocutor, with something of a frown, "that won't do, you know. You must be satisfied that that won't wash. A party don't come to a depot, and keep working a depot, and spotting baggage and people, without his being on some kind of a lay. Who are you? Where do you come from? Who were you waiting for? You haven't done anything, may be, because you haven't had a chance."

"My dear Sir," I retorted, "and may I inquire who you are?"

"See here, my friend," was the pretty sharp answer, "that's cheek. What do you know about those two men who came out of the last train but one? You followed 'em. What did you follow 'em for? They were thieves, and we have been waiting for 'em, and when they crossed in the boat before this they were spotted. We can put our hands on them if they are wanted."

"Good for my discernment," I said; "one of them had a brand new black enamel bag, with a tear in it. I was wondering how a new bag could be torn."

"A carrying jimmies, I suppose. Now, young fellow," and here he dropped his inquisitorial mien and became immensely confidential. "I know," he said, "you don't want to get into trouble, but you might just as well open up. That party was made up of four. The woman came last night, the two men followed, and you may be number four. You play innocent first rate. I tell you I can't do anything to you, for you don't exactly follow the description. I would give a fifty-dollar bill it you hadn't a bridge to your nose or if your two front teeth had been knocked out, but your hanging round as you have been doing is open to suspicion."

Then the light suddenly dawned on me. Evidently I had came across a detective. I felt no irritation toward my inquiring friend, for he himself seemed to be now rather in doubt. I had several letters on my person addressed to me, which I was thinking of producing, when, looking around, I saw a gentleman and his wife whose acquaintance I had made a year or two ago in the most causal way, but had never seen since. Suppose they should have forgotten me! Here was a dilemma. "There are some people, I think, who know me. You will find you are mistaken officer." "Well, I must satisfy myself," he said, and my companion crossed over and said a few words to the gentleman. That wretched husband gave a vacant stare at me, when the lady, directing a good look at me, bowed, then smiled, showing me a charming set of pretty teeth, I think I never for the occasion saw prettier ones, and I felt that I was remembered. In a moment my inquisitorial friend returned. "I am so sorry, Sir," he said, "I have put my foot in it. I hope you don't feel mad about it. You see mistakes will happen, and we are all now on the jump. If we could only pick up that Ross boy, it would be the grandest New-Year's gift we could make the chief. We are bound not to let a single point escape us. We are expecting something. Christmas and New-Year's brings lots of work in our line; so many bundles round, and people with hot drinks in 'em. Please don't write this exactly up, but kind of smooth it over. We all make blunders, detectives just as much as anybody else. See here. Six months ago, a minister from somewhere out West, he was a-coming to a convention in New-York, and he took his seat this side of Altoona, in the cars, alongside of one of the most desperate villains that's out of the penitentiary in the United States. Somehow or other that thief, burglar, and villain, and that minister, they got as thick as molasses on their travels. Some one on the force in Philadelphia who spotted the thief, didn't take the trouble to find out which was the minister, and so the clergyman he too got suspected. The New-York force never took their eyes off that minister until they see him takes a prominent part in a religious convention. Some of us couldn't help telling the minister, as he was on his way home again, to be more careful of his company. Would you believe it, Sir, that at first he didn't take the information, no, Sir, not at all, in a Christian manner, but was very much inclined to cut rusty and bluster, and was'nt half as good-natured as you have been, Sir. He said that the chap, whom we knowed would have robbed him and knocked him in the head for a five-dollar bill, was one of the most interesting and well-informed men he had ever met with, and that he had invited the fellow whenever he came out West, to come to his house, or at least to his church, to hear him preach. I trust so you don't bear me any ill-will; but what on earth there is to see in a depot, nobody but a man as writes for a newspaper could find out; but then THE TIMES is one of them few papers that don't pitch into us without rhyme or reason, and wishing you a happy New-Year, I trust you will let me off light this time."

THE ALABAMA DUEL.

AN INSURANCE ACTUARY FIGHTS AND KILLS THE AGENT OF A RIVAL COMPANY.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Herald* has special telegrams giving some details of the fatal duel fought in Mississippi by two residents of Mobile on the 23d inst. They say: "A fatal duel took place in Mississippi, near Grand Bay, at 12 noon to-day. The weapons used were duelling-pistols at ten paces. The gentlemen were Mr. A. H. Tardy, the insurance agent, and Dr. Benjamin D. Lay, the Actuary of the Grangers' Life and Health Insurance Company. The origin, as we understand, arose from a letter from this city to a Northern insurance journal over the signature of 'X. Y. Z.,' making some comments upon the new company with which Dr. Lay is connected. On Monday Dr Lay met Mr. Tardy, and asked him if he was the author of a communication. Mr. Tardy said he was, whereupon Dr. Lay slapped his face. A few words passed between them, and then Mr. Tardy sent to Dr. Lay a written message demanding satisfaction for the insult, and referring to Col. James Williams as authorized to make any necessary arrangements. The message was answered, granting any satisfaction demanded and referring to Capt. P. M. Murphy, as authorized on the part of Dr. Lay to arrange matters; the result was the choice of duelling pistols; the meeting to be out of the State; the distance ten paces, and the time, Wednesday noon. Mr. Tardy and his friends left on Tuesday night, and repaired to Grand Bay, and Dr. Lay and his friends left on Wednesday morning for the same place. The parties met, as by agreement, and took carriages and drove until they were over the line and in Mississippi. As it was agreed upon for noon as the time, there was no choice as to position. The distance was measured off, the antagonists placed, and the dread question asked: 'Gentlemen, are you read? fire? one, two, three.' At the word one a sharp report was heard. Tard's pistol fell from his hand, he clasped his breast convulsively and fell—a corpse. Dr. Lay returned to the city immediately, and was met on Government street by a gentleman, who, not knowing the duel had taken place, jokingly asked the doctor whom he was going to shoot? Bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "My God, don't ask me anything about it. Dr. Lay, about 7:30 o'clock, gave himself up to the Sheriff and was placed in jail. The body of Col. Tardy came in on the New-Orleans train that arrived at 10:60 o'clock.

A MEAN FELLOW.

The Bedford (Penn.) *Inquirer* tells this: "The mail agent on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Bedford Division, affirms that one of our ingenious mountain neighbors wrote a letter to a Bedford County man on a postal card that had been used, and that he accomplished the feat by scratching the name on the address side, and covering the other side with white paper. When it arrived at its destination it bore this inscription on the margin, the opinion of some Postmaster through whose hands it had passed: The man who did this is the meanest man alive.'"

TAKING A WIFE.

SOME QUEER REFLECTIONS.

THE QUESTION OF MATRIMONY VERSUS BACHELORSHIP—CURIOUS OLD IDEAS AND CUSTOMS IN THE MATTER.

That *ci-devant jeune homme* who lately, in this journal, set forth his inability to marry on an income of eighteen hundred dollars a year must have felt like Lord Byron when he woke one morning and found himself famous—such a flurry did he cause among the ladies of this community, and so many replies did he get from them—exclaiming, wondering, pleading, demonstrating, contradicting, flouting, and scouting and otherwise showing their interest in such a perverse human being and in the general subject, while the gentlemen also edged in a word here and there. It is the old story, in fact, turning upon that oldest theme of human argument—one that has always and everywhere the attraction of the newest, and always comes home to the business and bosoms of most people. The proper study of mankind—and of womankind—is man, and the relations of the sexes in the matters of marriage and wedding (two words containing respectively the Oriental roots, *mri* and *wad*, meaning, in Sanscrit and Arabic, "love,") have colored all the literature and history of the world from the beginning. The abductions and elopements of ladies have caused most of those legendary wars so dear to the poets of all ages and countries, and in days not legendary have helped to increase the general turmoil of things. And it is much the same still, with those delightful "relations." They are still making disturbances, and the latter, though in a different kind of way, promise to be as full of perilous chances and wild controversies as those that set people by the ears when the world was younger. The old mischiefs came about by reason of the men running away *with* women, while, oddly enough, the modern mischiefs threaten us from the habit of running away *from* them; and this may be termed the worse habit of the two, for many good reasons.

To wed or not to wed, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to take arms against a see (siege) of troubles, &c. And it is curious to find so many of our young men carrying out the quotation, and playing in this respect the part of *Hamlet*, who declares the world is out of joint, and bids poor *Ophelia* go to a nunnery. The answer to the above question should not be a matter of doubt. Nature herself answers it, unanswerably, and the purpose of Providence is evidently that the human race shall multiply on the earth till that space shall be "replenished;" after which result it will be time enough for young men with only $1,800 a year to fall back on that austere argument of celibacy. Meantime everything is against their philosophy. The opinion of antiquity in this respect was eminently conservative. The Bible calls that man blessed who has his household quiver full of arrows, since he will not be afraid to meet his enemies in the gate; and the Koran—hardly to be mentioned along with the former: though an Oxford Professor, Max. Müller, makes such a philosophical show of jumbling together the Bibles, Vedas, Avestas, Korans, and Granths—the Koran declares that the devil, Sheytan or Eblis, groans in spirit whenever a man enters into the married state—one of his followers having thus escaped him. In many ancient States celibacy was a social disqualification, and bachelors treated with disrespect, especially by the lively Greeks.

But in process of time came a change; not from nature, but from superstition. The Gnostics, Manicheans, and other ascetics said that celibacy was the true road to heaven, and that men and women, by quenching their natural passions, should prepare themselves for the society of angels in that place. The same ideas were held by the Essenes, an anchorite sect, to which, say some commentators, Jesus Christ was particularly attached, and with which he lived a sequestered life for some time. Oddly enough, a late author has speculated on the character of Christ as a married man; and another of those superfluous philosophers declares that in order to take our nature completely upon him he should have tried the experience of a man in the state of matrimony—disquisitions more curious than convenient or edifying. At any rate the religious logic of those old sectaries had great force in its day, and the abstinence of holy men has been recorded in a number of instances. One of them, who had been married by a kind of surprise, harangued his wife on his wedding day, to show the blessings of a single life, and brought her to agree to a separation. The historian, Thomas Moore, tells us how Saint Senan went to live in a lonely island, and how, when a foolish young lady came to pay him a visit, he pushed her into the water and drowned her.

> "Then her ghost was seen to glide
> Smiling o'er the fatal tide—"

glad, of course, to be rid of such a cruel curmudgeon.

Another person of the sort was Saint Jerome, who says the duty of a good man is to cut down the tree of Marriage with the ax of Celibacy. Such ascetic doctrines have died out of the world, existing only among some religionists. Those who formerly held them were in some degree justified by their hope of getting to heaven and the company of angels. Our modern celibataries have no such excuse. They are not preparing themselves for the society of angels, here or there, above or below; which is very likely so much the worse for themselves.

The oldest rule in this matter was the best. In the early conditions of society men regarded marriage as a good thing, and "ensued it" accordingly. They did not leave to the women the trouble or pleasure of winning them, as at present. Nowadays the ladies captivate the men. Formerly the men captivated the ladies, in the roughest sense of the expression. In their nomadic and fighting tribes they were generally in want of wives, the result of an old tribal custom of leaving female infants to perish as useless members of society, and were thus forced to look to other tribes for a supply. They did not woo in any festival terms, but paid their terrible addresses sword in hand. This was the way of the Israelites at Jabesh-Gilead, and of the sons of Benjamin at Shiloh, of the Romans in the Sabine days, and of most other races, as we learn from old histories. In the East of Asia, King Ravan, of the Rackshakas, carries off the beautiful Sita, wife of Rama, who went after her with a crowd of allies, and helped by the King of the Monkeys, to wage the great epic war of Lanka. The story had its counterpart in the West, where Menelaus carried off Helen, and brought the Greek armament to the Troad.

> "In those immortal dreams that could beguile
> The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

In Western Europe, also, that off-hand way of popping the question made a good deal of wild work—whether among the paladins or the poets—and the ladies were on all sides so pulled about among the Norsemen, Danes, Germans, Franks, Castilians, British, Irish, and all the rest, that a man may very fairly smile at the arguments of those who fall out over the distinctions and claims of race nowadays. All those European peoples are blood relations. For 1,000 years the women of Gaul and Germany were carried to the banks of the Shannon, the Trent, and the Tay, and the lasses of Limerick and Leven became nursing mothers of the *vikings* of the Skaggerack and the Zuyder Zee.

Most of the romantic prose stories of the later Middle Ages turn upon that original style of marriage, powerful Barons carrying maidens or wives to their strongholds, and defending them against the reprisals of good knights-errant and other champions of justice. As Butler says:

> "For what else
> Is old romance but love and battles?"

in which are usually represented

> "The ladies purloined,
> And knights pursuing, like a whirlwind."

In our mother countries that fashion of seizing wives continued to a very recent period. The Irish and Scotch were especially addicted to it. Sir Walter Scott, in his general edition of 1831, tells of the abduction of a lady by one of the sons of Rob Boy; and, about sixty years since, a baronet of the South of Ireland, Sir Henry Browne Hayes, carried off the wealthy heiress of a rich banker named Pike. But the law spoiled the romance of this proceeding, and he spent many years in the penal settlement of Botany Bay.

As a result of this disorderly way of paying one's addresses the women of most countries fell into the habits of watchfulness and distrust, and so into the custom of making resistance, tooth and nail, whenever they were asked to change their condition. In Sparta, as afterward at Rome, the wedding guests usually made a show of coercion in lifting and carrying a bride across her husband's threshold. More recently the young women of the Khoond people of India, of the Kalmucs, the Kirghis, the Nogay Tartars, and other tribes, make demonstrations of reluctance in a variety of ways. Not that they dislike it, but that it is the fit and proper thing for the crisis—the custom of the sex, in fact, observed by their grandmothers before them. Among the Bedouins of Mount Sinai a young girl of fourteen or sixteen, when she hears that the bridegroom is coming to talk to her of peace, makes ready for battle. She will not go to him, and, when forced, fights and bites like a little tigress till she is carried off prisoner, more alive than dead. Vambery tells us how the Tibetan bridegrooms win their Genevieves. When the bride hears the horrid man means to have her she gets on horseback to baffle him and rides off, always in her most becoming dress—rides, in fact, for her life. He rides after her—("horseback" is the normal condition of those Mongolians)—helped by his best, that is, fastest, men. She runs a good race, and keeps her saddle (not a side-saddle) with courage, and leads them the most exciting hunt in the world. The English fox chase, so glorified by Prof. Wilson in *Blackwood*, is nothing to it. The courtship continues at a break-neck pace for miles, till at last the fugitive is taken—for what can a poor girl do against a dozen men? This exercise is called the *Kalbwi*, or *Kokbari*, of those regions; and these odd-looking terms hold, respectively, the Basque word for "maiden," and the Hebrew and Celtic word for "love." The Norsemen and Frisians practiced a preliminary of the same sort, calling it the *Quan-fang*, or "woman-catching." The same thing in Old High German was *Brut-loufti*, or "bride-lifting."

The foregoing may show what a strenuous piece of business it was to get a wife in the old times—times that tried men's souls—and also their agility and general soundness of wind and limb. Our degenerate moderns, who fear to take a wife on an income of $1,800, should be very thankful that those old "test acts" have been done away with, and that nobody now has to help along a side or quarter of a struggling young lady who does not want to "come along quietly," or to go after her for miles in the manner of a steeple-chase. They do not appreciate the happy change of the world, and, all things considered, are inexcusable. The young ladies of the present day are mild in their manners, always indisposed to resent any gentleman's proposal, or show anything like fight—before marriage—and always ready to meet his advances half way.

But the celibataries say there are other difficulties and dissuasives produced by the despotism of society, and the supreme necessity of making a handsome and "respectable" show before the world—which is a fastidious and splendor-loving world. The men who get rich surround themselves with the elegancies and rarities of life, and the men of culture think themselves obliged to imitate the rich, since they love the elegancies and amenities as well as those who can better afford them. In this way the wealthy classes overpower and mislead the people of culture and refined tastes.

And what are you going to do about it? Intellectual people—to use a loose term for its briefness—are afraid to fall back on the simple dignity of things, like the old stoics and cynics, and don't wish to have their homes and ways called shabby, or, perhaps, slovenly. The world is certainly out of joint. One hundred years ago the best people of this and other countries lived in houses and in a style much below the notions of the present generation; and this is owing to the progress of the arts, mechanisms, and agencies of what we call civilization. Under such circumstances, the cultured intellect which brings with it the power of finding the happiness and good of life, independently of glitter and pretension, has a terribly hard battle to fight against the overbearing grandeurs of society; and a poor fellow of gentlemanly tastes and about eighteen hundred dollars a year has a certain claim to pity in spite of his cowardice.

But the case of mere culture and taste may not be so very desperate after all. Time may bring about a change in this respect also. Education is changing men's minds a good deal, and women's minds as well. It tends to make men more independent in their ideas of the true worth of life, and to bring the working girls of society nearer the level of the idle girls, who have a little culture and much leisure. In this latter respect there is a great improvement visible, and in manners and every other accomplishment many of those working girls, so to term them, are as "lady-like" and accomplished as the generality of their silken sisters, and as fit to be the wives of men of culture. All this is due to the educational influences of the country, working, along with other influences, to counteract the glamour of great riches and the splendors attending them. Money can do a great deal, and most in an old country of old ranks and orders. In this country it wants one element of strength, that is permanency. In our free field of effort, speculation, and chance, riches have wings that carry them everywhere, making the wealthy men of to-day the poor men of to-morrow, and *vice versa*; and this will have a powerful influence in weakening the great superstition of social life—the worship of "hard cash." It is good to entertain such a conviction, at any rate, however slowly the result may come round. It may tend to give some encouragement to those refined people of eighteen hundred dollars a year, who are afraid to propose for the idle daughters of rich men, and are without the moral manliness to inhabit three moderate-sized rooms or so, with an extension kitchen, in a house without any facing of brown stone.

That social superstition makes people timid. But the toughest and most long-lived superstitions have died away at last. The clerical superstition, which for ages kept men single, was broken down some centuries ago, leaving the reformed priesthood at liberty to make themselves comfortable in this world, and still hope to be as comfortable in the next. The superstition of divine right has greatly dwindled in Christendom, only lingering in Russia. In Germany it has been supplanted by the Krupp gun, and elsewhere it is buried with the Bourbons, the restless ghost of it having been lately seen in some gorges of the Pyrenees. And with respect to the ghost-superstition, that also may be looked on as played out—the only remains of it being found among the Foxes, Humes, Eddys and others, who make a trade of it for the profits coming to them from their impudent contrivances. But the superstition of money-worship is still strong "in our midst." Let us hope it may have the fate of the others, under the general coercion of the common-schools and common sense. When Americans shall outlive it, they will be likely to have happier homes and better social enjoyments than they can look for at present, in the midst of so many uneasy pretensions and rivalries, the presiding genius of which is, most certainly, that silly woman, Mrs Grundy, who tyrannizes over most people at such a rate.

ARRIVALS AT THE HOTELS.

Mlle. Albani is at the Clarendon Hotel.

Lawrence Barrett, the actor, is at the New-York Hotel.

Judge Charles Daniels, of Buffalo, is at the Grand Central Hotel.

Congressman Samuel J. Randall, of Philadelphia, and T. C. Callicott, of Albany, are at the Hoffman House.

Commodore Reed Werden, United States Navy; Max Strakosch, Signor E. Muzio and Mlle. Donadio are at the Everett House.

Congressmen James B. Beck, of Kentucky, and W. E. Niblack, of Indiana; ex-Gov. Thomas P. Porter, of Kentucky, and ex-Congressman John F. Farnsworth, of Illinois, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

SINGING AS A PROFESSION.

WORDS OF ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

MME. RUDERSDORFF ON THE QUALIFICATIONS NECESSARY TO BECOME A THOROUGH SINGER—HER EXPERIENCE WITH PUPILS.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

It is with no presumptive idea of being able to compete with the elegant style and finished writing of the authoress of "The Voice as a Source of Income," in the *Galaxy*, whose paper I have read with the greatest interest, that I take the liberty of sending you a sequel. It is with the desire of adding a word for the benefit of those, exclusively, with whose interests I am now so intimately associated—the young students of singing in this country. Since I have settled in Boston for the purpose of imparting my knowledge and experiences to those anxious to become singers, and since Mr. John Dwight has done me the honor of citing me as "almost the only representative left of that great Italian school of dramatic singing," I have been literally overrun with pupils from almost every part of the States, and, if the limits of your excellent newspaper permit it, I would fain, through its columns, say a few words to many far away, and form a P. S. (in thorough woman's fashion) to Olive Logan's paper, thus spreading advice which may be gladly received by many beyond the reach of verbal communication.

How many young girls in America desire to become singers is almost incredible to believe. Poor things, how often do I rack my head for gentle words to answer them! How many offer "to serve me as my maid, or do any manner of work for me, if I will only teach them." Others offer three or five years of their income. Others again, begging to be helped to a church position, to enable them to study, and more ambitious ones, hoping I can teach and also give them church engagements right away. All, however, have one and the same refrain: "Oh, Madame, if I can only become a great singer, and I know, I feel, I can, if you will only teach me!" Most of them come, and after hearing and examining them the main result for all is, without almost any exception, the same utter ignorance of everything that constitutes a singer, and the consequent necessity for long and close studies. And as I will teach no professional pupil, who is not ready to be taught and study thoroughly, I turn scores away because they came every way unprepared for a long course of studies.

Yes, most certainly; the voice is a source of income, but I would have those far away know two things: that to get this income, they will first have to spend one, and that the ultimate incomes must be of a necessity of various proportions. In all vocations their great examples stand isolated—suns in a system of satellites. In the world of art and letters, such as Sophocles, Euripides, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Bulwer, Dickens, Longfellow—Pindar, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Tiziano, Rafaele, Guido Reni, Kaulbach, Landseer—Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn—Cafarelli, Pasta, Malibran, Lablache, Jenny Lind, Rubini, Mario, Grisi, Adelina Patti, &c., &c.—these (with many others, of course,) appear as luminaries on the horizon of history. They command the attention, admiration, and imitation of their contemporaries and posterity, forming the nucleus of schools, round which aspiring neophytes eagerly gather. This is the destiny of the chosen ones; yet, let it not be assumed that it is inglorious not to be such as they were, and that, if you cannot attain the peak of the mountain, you had better not climb at all. "*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil,*" should be the motto of the few, not of the many. The mountain side is lovely with wooded shades, scented flowers, and rippling brooks, where it is pleasant to dwell.

All the would-be singers can be divided into two principal classes: First, the few endowed by a kind nature with exceptional voices and exceptional musical talents, sometimes reaching to genius; second, those possessing good voices in quality and quantity (yet without being exceptional) and fair musical capacities. But both classes—every one individual of them—in order to succeed must be endowed with the same qualifications: application and perseverance. When in my twelfth year I studied for the first time in Paris under Marco Bordogni my master took me to Lablache that he might hear me. I asked him how I might become a great singer. He answered: "*La prima qualificazione, una bella voce, avete. Avete quattrini?*" (The first qualification, a fine voice, you possess. Have you got money?) I answered in the affirmative, when he added: "*Ebben, allora non avete bisogno d'altro che di perseveranza, e poi perseveranza, e poi ancora cento volte perseveranza.*" (Well, then, you do not want anything else but perseverance, and then again perseverance, and then again a hundred times perseverance.) When, sixteen years later, I sung *Donna Anna* to his *Leporello*, at the Royal Italian Opera, at Covent Gardan, in London, he remembered all, and laughingly said: "*Ebben, pare che l'avete avuta 'sta benedetta perseveranza.*" (Well, it appears that you had that blessed perseverance.)

Well, without these two qualifications, neither of the two classes will achieve anything; with them, either is entitled to the highest position attainable in each sphere, and the necessarily long time of patient, unbroken study will find its ample reward. Let none despond at the slow, often almost imperceptible, progress which marks the first months of study especially, but firmly believe, if the teacher be both capable and conscientious and the pupil docile, that as sure as the sun is shining behind the clouds, so surely must there be success in the end, success to each class according to the qualifications with which they commenced. The first to attain world-wide celebrity, and with it large fortunes. The second, if not gaining crowns, yet coronets, well worth striving for, heart and soul; an honored name, and honorable independence, often even opulence. And you, girls, belonging to this second class, have a still higher incentive to do your work thoroughly and well; you have the glorious mission to create in your far-away homes a new, legitimate school of singing, a higher, refined taste. The way in which you have been taught to sing will swiftly tell upon your audience; every engagement in your neighborhood will be yours; in the church you will lead your choir, and through it act upon the ear and perceptions of hundreds in more than one way, not only through the refinement of sound and taste, but also speech; and this is not the smallest item by any means. You will bring round the day when the "good Lord" will be no more your "gut Loawd;" when your "heart" will be such, and not your "haat;" when "kindness" will cease to be "keeindness," and "shall" will no more be "sheeall." All this, I beg to state, I hear in one of our first churches Sunday after Sunday. I also hear, "Ant Gawd sed, let theaw eeawth bwing foawth frutt." This was sung by an American, not a Chinese. I also heard a tenorino frantically cry out for "Marther! Marther!"

To have the power to correct all this, I call a privilege and an honor, and class two are called upon to do it, and, doing it, do endless good. That besides these two classes there are other sub-classes is, of course, unavoidable, but it is not these I would speak of or speak to. To those, who, already earning honors and money, come to get the reading of a scena or an oratorio, all honor. In those, however, who, also before the public, all at once find out that they know nothing, and frightened and frantic rush to a great teacher to root out the mistakes committed by *ignoranti*, there is seldom any good. They study violently for an entire—fortnight! then come with a timid, "Oh, Madame, I forgot entirely that I had a concert, and must get up a song." And away go scales, and a song is learned imperfectly. Then, again, scales for almost a week! Then, "Father thinks I need rest." And so on. These spasmodic students (!) do no one any good, and, when the teacher perceives the symptoms of spasms, are better left to themselves. Smallness is their alpha and omega. Let girls, before they come from a distance to spend money and time, examine themselves and find out if they have any such spasmodic tendencies. If so, let them remain at home.

One more word to all—study music, and study it earnestly. The time has gone by when it was possible for a singer not to be a musician likewise. Moreover, only to Italians can it be permitted (if permitted it can be at all) not to know music, for they possess an innate gift of rhythm and phrasing, (the latter being the offspring of the first,) which for the purpose of singing in public, renders the knowledge of music to a certain extent unnecessary to them. This gift of rhythm is an invaluable one, and is national. Italians rank pre-eminent; next come the Spaniards and Portuguese, then the Hungarians and the Slavonic races, the Bohemians, Russians, and Poles; then the Germans, Swedes, and Danes; after them the French, and, last of all, the English and Americans. This is a fact which every great Italian teacher of singing, acquainted with the different nationalities, will indorse. Let American singers, therefore, conscientiously study music; above all, the due appreciation of time into its very minutest details. Let them subdivide the divisions of each bar, until every note, dot, and pause has its correct value, not more, not less.

The students should understand that the great teachers of singing teach singing exclusively, not music. They teach the art of breathing, production and cultivation of tone, scales in every form and variety, pronunciation, declamation, accent, and phrasing. All this, but never music. On the contrary, they expect a pupil to be perfect musically in every exercise or aria before coming to learn and sing it, and generally a separate teacher is engaged for this, so that no valuable time may be wasted in the singing lesson.

I repeat it, consider all of you that "Rome was not built in one day." There is no great singer who has not studied from three to five years, and this continually, uninterruptedly, making their studies the one great object of their lives. So studied Pasta, Malibran, Viardot, Bosio, Trebelli, Sontag, Lind, Nilsson, and so studies Adelina Patti even now daily, and that is why she is what she is, the most finished singer living.

My great master, the Chevalier De Micherout, in Milan—Pasta's master, as he was later that of Clara Novello and Catherine Hayes—told me how Pasta, to whose enormous, heavy voice a trill was specially difficult, studied this for five years. But when, at the end of that time, she suddenly introduced it one evening in "Norma," in the cadence of "Casta Diva," the very roof of the enormous theatre of La Scala, in Milan, was shaken by the thunders of applause of an astonished and admiring audience, and the great singer's patient perseverance was rewarded by forty recalls!

Study, study, study, I say to one and all! What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Whatever the aim be to which your natural gifts entitle you—let it be the highest or a more modest one—comprehend, encompass this aim completely, entirely, undividedly. For the time being, let it be your only object, give it every thought, all your time and all your strength, and doing so, if you are guided by the right teacher, you will infallibly find out in the end that time, money, and perseverance have been well employed.

ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF.

BOSTON, Hotel Boylston.

BASE-BALL.

PROSPECTS FOR THE COMING SEASON—WHAT THE LEADING PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR CLUBS ARE DOING.

Now that nearly all the more prominent base-ball clubs have completed their arrangements and announced their players for the coming season, a few words concerning their prospects and playing strength will not be out of place. The Red Stockings of Boston, who have held the whip-pennant, the emblem of the base-ball championship, against all comers for the last three years, come first in the list, their reputation for honest play and gentlemanly demeanor, on and off the field, placing them far above any other club. The managers of this club have re-engaged their last year's team, with the exception of Hall, who goes to the Athletics of Philadelphia. They present the following nine next season: Spalding, pitcher; White or McVey, catcher; O'Rourke, first base; Barnes, second base; George Wright, short stop; Schaffer, third base; Leonard, left field; Harry Wright, centre field and Captain; McVey, right field and change catcher, with Manning and Beals as substitutes. This is an exceptionally strong team, and under the management of Harry Wright will, no doubt, make a determined effort to retain the championship in Boston.

Next in order comes the co-operative Mutual Club of this City, which, if properly managed, will be one of the foremost in the struggle for the championship. Their nine for the coming season will include the following players: Matthews, pitcher; Hicks, catcher; Start, first base; Nelson, second base; Geer, short stop; Gedney, left field; McGee, centre field; and Doscher, right field, with two good amateurs for substitutes. Although not quite so strong in some respects as last season's nine, they will, under Start's management, make a far better record for honest play.

The Athletics, of Philadelphia, who were third last season, intend to have the champion nine next season, but as the Chicago club claim prior right to the services of one or two of their best players, it is rather doubtful. Their team for the coming season, including the players claimed by the Chicago club, will be: McBride, pitcher; Clapp, catcher; Anson, first base; Fisler, second base; Force, short stop; Sutton, third base; Eggler, left field; Hall, centre field; McMullin, right field, with Murnan as substitute. Should this nine play well together they will make things pretty lively for the other competitors for championship honors during the season. Eggler, who gets $2,200 for his services during the season, is the best paid out-fielder in the profession.

The Chicago Club will also present a strong team, and will doubtless make the season pay, as they did last year. Their nine will be made up of the following picked players: Zettlein, pitcher; Higham, catcher; Glenn, first base; Peters, second base; Force, short stop; White, third base; Hines, left field; Devlin, centre field; Snyder, right field and change catcher, and Kerl, substitute.

The Philadelphia Club has not as yet made up its nine, but will, no doubt, present a good one. McGeary and Cummings will be the catcher and pitcher, and it is rumored that McMullen has also engaged himself to play in the same nine.

Chapman, who will have entire control of the Atlantic Club, has secured the following team: Mahoney, pitcher; Barlow, catcher; Crane, first base; Sweeney, second base; Nichols, third base; Booth, left field. Chapman himself will play centre field, and Patterson right field. This nine, with good management, should make a good record.

Philadelphia is going to have still another professional club, to be called the Centennial. Ten thousand dollars of the capital fund has already been subscribed, but up to the present only three first-class players have been engaged.

The managers of the much-talked-of St. Louis Club have at last announced their "big nine," which, as soon as the weather permits, will go into practice. The team, although a pretty good one, falls considerably short of what was expected. It will include the following players: Bradley, pitcher; Fleet, catcher; Dehlman, first base; Battin, second base; Pearce, short stop; Haug, third base; Tipper, left field; Pike, centre field; Waitt, right field. Taken individually, the players in this team are as good as can be found in any other club in the association, but they never can be trained into playing well together, and will consequently lack confidence in themselves, a quality necessary to the success of all clubs.

Of the material comprising the other two new clubs—the Eastons, of Easton, Penn., and the Westerns, of Keokuk, Iowa—very little is as yet known, except that they will be made up of young amateurs, with a sprinkling of "played out" professionals, who were unable to secure engagements elsewhere.

Hartford will have the best nine in point of playing strength yet announced, and should it prove as successful as the managers expect, the whip-pennant will be flown in Hartford during the season of 1876. The nine will be managed and captained by Ferguson, one of the best managers and "all around" players in the profession, and will include the following picked players: Bond, pitcher; Allison, catcher; Mills, first base; Burdock, second base; Carey, short stop; Ferguson, third base; York, left field; Remsen, centre field; Miller, right field and change catcher.

The financial prospects of professional clubs for the coming season, taken altogether, are not nearly so promising as were those of last season. It is true that three new clubs have joined the association, and will take part in the contest; but as none of them are strong enough to make their games with first-class clubs interesting or close, the crowds who witnessed contests in the early part of last season will be looked for in vain. And then the games between good amateur clubs, played, as they will be, on fields where no admission fee will be charged, will draw off many spectators from professional contests. Other things also will conspire to render the coming season an unprofitable one.

The amateur clubs, as usual, are tardy in their preparations, and it will be some time before anything definite can be known about them. Their association, which was a complete failure last season, is now in good hands, and the probabilities of their having, during the coming season, a code of rules differing in some respects from those governing professionals, are good. The association met at the Astor House, recently, and elected the following officers: H. W. Lamb, of the Beacon Club, of Boston, President; J. G. H. Meyers, of the Flyaway Club, of this City, Vice President; C. W. Blodgett, Secretary; M. J. Dillon, of the Confidence Club, of New-Rochelle, Treasurer; Col. Coggswell, of the Atlantic Club, of Jamaica, L. I., Judge Advocate. They will meet again in Boston on the third Wednesday in March.

MORE DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY.

The Toledo *Commercial* thus refers to another illustration of the fact that the Democratic Party is particularly desirous of economy only when it is not in power: "The action of the Ohio Legislature in connection with the holiday adjournment, is worthy of attention. It will be remembered, that, with a show of economy more conspicuous than wise, that body higgled for some time over a short adjournment of the Constitutional Convention, refusing to allow its members *per diem* for the time they were not in session. When it was proposed to adjourn from the 18th of December to the 4th of January, seventeen days, this record stared the Legislature in the face, and as they had not the cheek to take pay for so long a time in one period, it was cunningly concluded to play a little game. So they decided to drag the session along by adjournments till the 23d, and then suspend till after New Year's, with the understanding that no business should be done, and that all could go home who wished to. According to this programme, both houses on the 23d adjourned till Jan. 4, there then being present in the House twenty, and in the Senate six members. An effort to cut off the pay when not in session was defeated."

UNGER HELD TO BAIL.

Edward Unger, of No. 50 Bleecker street, who was arrested on the night of the 25th inst., charged with keeping a disorderly house, was yesterday held to answer in the sum of $1,000 bail by Justice Murray at the Tombs Police Court. The women who were found on the premises at the time of the Police raid, were fined $5 each, and a number of the men arrested at the same time and place were fined $10 each.

THE FINE ARTS.

HIGH PRICE OF FOREIGN PICTURES.

FANCY PRICES PAID FOR CERTAIN WORKS—THEIR INTRINSIC VALUE—HOW POPULAR TASTE RUNS—A BOSTON COLLECTOR.

A correspondent wishes to know the cause of the present high price of foreign pictures. We believe the only answer to the question is, that there is just now a very great demand in Europe for high-class works, and artists very naturally take advantage of this to put up their prices. So large, indeed, is this demand that foreign pictures of the best-class are now relatively cheaper in New-York than in Paris and other art centres. We have heard it stated recently, and we give the rumor for what it is worth, having no means of verifying it, that the large dealers in London and Paris have formed a combination against the artists, or, in other words, have resolved not to make further purchases until the artists' prices are reduced. The sums now obtained for the works of certain artists whose names happen to be fashionable, are really astounding. Meissonnier receives more for his pictures, their small size being taken into consideration, than any other living artist, and yet it would be difficult to say wherein his great superiority consists. Undoubtedly his coloring is very brilliant and harmonious, his drawing wonderfully correct, and the expression truthful, and, further, his figures are all, or nearly all, typical ones; but take a few of the works of this artist, which have been sold in this market during the last three or four years. There is one now on view here, or was recently, for which we are told the owner, who does not desire to sell, could readily obtain $5,000, and perhaps more. It is a figure of a man smoking, a hostler, or a soldier in undress. But what, in the name of wonder, is there in this work to represent a value of $5,000? It could not have cost the artist one-half the thought which Vibert must have expended on his "Theological Dispute," or Detaille on "The Review," or even Castres on the little, unpretending composition representing a monk and his ass alarmed by a tame bear. Yet the three together, we believe, could be purchased for less than half the price at which the Meissonnier is rated. There is, too, a small, slight sketch by Fortuny, (recently deceased,) for which the owner has been offered, so the rumor runs, $3,000. Allowing for exaggeration, and putting the amount at half that sum, what is there in this sketch, so slight and so carelessly executed, to make it worth $1,500. We are told by a writer in one of the English journals that Fortuny would never have been heard of had not a certain prominent picture-dealer in Europe forced him into notice. However this may be, that his works have great merit no one will deny; but that they so far surpass others as to be intrinsically worth the enormous prices offered for them cannot be admitted.

We can hardly hope that picture-buyers will ever learn to purchase works of art solely on their intrinsic merits. Could they be taught to do this we should hear little more of copies being sold as originals. Of what consequence really is it whether the "Salome" recently offered in this City at public auction was by Regnault or by some inferior artist? The picture was bad in every respect, and no one with any real knowledge of art, or taste for it would have dreamed of purchasing it; yet we have no doubt, could the owner prove beyond all question that the work is by Regnault, poor as it is it would sell for a very high price. Not long ago a wealthy patron of the fine arts purchased a Rosa Bonheur, as he supposed, at a very high figure. No one who ever saw half a dozen of this artist's works could believe for a moment that it was by her. It was a fine picture, nevertheless, and had really more feeling in it than many of Rosa Bonheur's works have, but to the disgusted owner it had lost all its charms, and he got rid of it at a heavy sacrifice. Now, had this gentleman used his great wealth in adorning his mansion with pictures, instead of canvases with names to them, he would have saved both his money and his peace of mind. We must confess that we have no pity to spare for those who are deceived in this manner. They have only themselves to thank for it. If a man wishes to fill his house with real works of art, and is not a competent judge of such works, he can always procure the services of those who are, and thus prevent the possibility of his being imposed upon and of being laughed at for his ignorance and gullibility. It is quite true, however, that the taste of our fine art patrons has improved immensely during the last ten or fifteen years. Pictures that would have sold here readily a few years ago at prices remunerative to both artist and dealer can now hardly be given away. Two or three of our own artists, who have reaped rich harvests during the time we speak of, never offer a picture now, well knowing that the public will have none of them. The very names, even, of these once popular artists are almost forgotten. Occasionally one or two of their works greet us from the walls of some of our less pretentious mansions, but, as a general thing, they have been relegated long ago to the basement or the garret.

It is curious to see the way in which the demand for certain artists' works rises, reaches a culminating point, and then subsides altogether. Ten or twelve years ago it was for Koek-Koek's works, (the great Koek-Koek we mean, of course, for there is a whole family of artists bearing this name;) then it was for Robie's, the flower painter; then for Diaz and, Ziem, and Meyer Von Bremen, and Meissonnier, and now there are so many artists whose names are fashionable that the popular taste seems quite at a loss on whom to fix. We hear of one wealthy Bostonian who is buying up every work of Corot's on which he can lay his hands. He knows nothing about pictures, and is probably quite unaware of the fact that there are Corots and Corots, and that as one star differs from another, so does one Corot from its fellow. Corot, however, is fashionable in France just now, and the gentleman imagines that at the artist's death his works will command a very high price. He will probably find himself mistaken, for reasons which need not be stated here. Koek-Koek and Diaz are neglected now. Two or three of the best pictures that ever came from their studios have long been awaiting a purchaser here. Meyer Von Bremen still holds sway over the popular taste to some extent, but how long it will last is a matter of doubt. His fame certainly does not rest on a very solid basis. Who will fill the places of the deposed? If we may venture a prediction, men of the new Spanish school.

NOTES.

The friends of the artist Corot, the celebrated French landscape painter, were so much disappointed by his not receiving the medal for his pictures exhibited at the last *Salon*, that they have clubbed together to procure a medal, or rather a medallion, for him. It will cost 4,000 francs. A design has been prepared by the sculptor Geoffroy-Dechaume. A profile of Corot adorns the obverse of the medallion, and a group of artistic emblems the reverse. Corot is now in his eightieth year, but is as vigorous as ever. His style has altered much during the last ten years, and he is now engaged in retouching many of his earlier works, which he admits are too sketchy.

Baron Davillier is to write a biography of the Spanish artist Fortuny. The Baron was intimately acquainted with the artist, and possesses a portfolio full of his pen-and-ink sketches.

Karl Hess, a celebrated *genre* and animal painter, died at Munich recently.

Efforts are being made in England, in various directions, to provide remunerative occupation for women of the middle classes. The Society of Arts has offered prizes for the best specimens of shell cameo cutting by women, and a Miss Emily Addis Fawcett has just succeeded in carrying off the first prize.

The statement recently made by an English paper that the great picture by Paul Veronese, commonly known as "The Marriage of Cana," had been spoiled by the restorer, turns out to be utterly without foundation. The Director of the Museum of the Louvre states that the picture is in a perfect state of preservation, not even requiring to be revarnished, and that it has not been touched, in any way, since 1854.

We have heretofore mentioned the fact that the Academy of Design appears to be in a fair way of realizing sufficient to pay off its mortgage debt of $35,000, or thereabouts, by donations of pictures from New-York artists. The exhibition of paintings by the American Society of Painters in Water-colors, will open at the Academy on the 1st of February.

THE OATH OF OFFICE.

Gen. Sherman, member of Assembly elect from Oneida County, writes as follows:

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

Neither you, nor the "watching constituencies" you speak of, need worry about my official oath. I shall take the iron-clad, and keep it.

RICHARD U. SHERMAN.

The New York Times.

TRIPLE SHEET.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, DEC. 27, 1874.

THE NEW-YORK TIMES.

THE NEW-YORK TIMES is the best family paper published; it contains the latest news and correspondence. It is free from all objectionable advertisements and reports, and may be safely admitted to every domestic circle. The disgraceful announcements of attacks and medical pretenders, which pollute so many newspapers of the day, are not admitted into the columns of THE TIMES on any terms.

TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

The DAILY TIMES, per annum, including the Sunday Edition.....$12

The DAILY TIMES, per annum, exclusive of the Sunday Edition.....10

The Sunday Edition, per annum.....2

The SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES, per annum.....3

The WEEKLY TIMES, per annum.....2

CLUB RATES OF THE WEEKLY.

Five Copies (per annum).....$7 50

Ten Copies (per annum).....12 50

Twenty Copies (per annum).....22 00

Thirty Copies (per annum).....30 00

AND ONE EXTRA COPY TO EACH CLUB.

For every club of fifty, one copy of THE SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES to the getter-up of the club.

CLUB RATES OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES.

Two copies, one year.....$5

Ten copies, one year, (and one extra copy free,).....25

New names may be added to clubs at any time during the year at club rates.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY mailed one year to clergymen at the lowest rates.

These prices are invariable. We have no traveling agents. Remit in drafts on New-York or Post Office Money Orders, if possible, and where neither of these can be procured send the money in a *registered* letter.

Papers sent in advance.

Address THE NEW-YORK TIMES.
New-York City.

NOTICE.

We cannot notice anonymous communications. In all cases we require the writer's name and address, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We cannot, under any circumstances, return rejected communications, nor can we undertake to preserve manuscripts.

THE UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

A new branch office of THE TIMES *has been established at No. 1,257 Broadway, between Thirty-first and Thirty-second streets, for the convenience of our up-town patrons, and is open daily, Sundays included, from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M. Advertisements and subscriptions received, and copies of* THE TIMES *for sale. Dealers supplied at 4 A. M.*

This morning THE DAILY TIMES *consists of* TWELVE PAGES. *Every news-dealer is bound to deliver the paper in its complete form, and any failure to do so should be reported at the publication office.*

THE TIMES FREE OF POSTAGE.

We beg to state that Postage will be paid at this office, free, on all Editions of THE TIMES *sent to Subscribers in the United States, under the new Law to take effect on the 1st of January, 1875.*

The new Commissioners of Charities and Correction entered upon their duties yesterday, and Mr. ISAAC H. BAILEY was elected Chairman—an excellent choice. One of the very first questions which will come before the commission is the treatment of TWEED. On this point our own views must be well known to our readers. We fought TWEED for several years when all the world was cringing at his knees, and we do not feel disposed to turn his punishment into a revengeful persecution now that all the world is kicking him. He has his sentence to fulfill, (unless it is reversed by the courts,) and the law should and must be carried out. But it is not necessary that his jailers should constitute themselves his executioners; it is not necessary that he, an old man, afflicted with asthma and other disorders, should be thrust into the narrowest and dampest cell on Blackwell's Island. Mr. BAILEY and his colleagues ought to, and doubtless will, be guided in this troublesome matter by justice and common sense—not altogether forgetting common humanity. We observe that the papers which did TWEED's work—and, it is said, took his money—when he was powerful, are now crying out loudly for the utmost severity in his punishment. Such is the way of the world. We hope that the new Commissioners will not be afraid to do what *they* think is right, and if they do that the public will not condemn them. How many men there were mixed up in that famous Ring Government!—and it is only one broken-down old man who is in jail, and upon his head the toadies who did his bidding are invoking the "severest terrors of the law." TWEED knows a little more of human nature now than he did in the days of his glory.

The Board of Aldermen might have saved themselves the trouble of passing the resolution by which they yesterday formally accepted the provisions of the third section of the East River Bridge act. To suppose that the character of that resolution was changed by omitting from it all mention of a specific appropriation, involved not only a disreputable attempt to evade the provisions of the fundamental law, but showed a ludicrous want of common sense. It is conceded that by the acceptance of the third section of the act the Controller of New-York would become liable to be compelled by a writ of mandamus to issue bonds for the benefit of the bridge scheme to the amount of a million of dollars. That surely is enough to show that the resolution involves the expenditure of money, and that, therefore, according to the fourteenth section of the City Charter, it requires the votes of three-fourths—*i. e.*, sixteen—of all the members elected to the Board to secure its passage. Should the Assistant Aldermen repeat this empty and rather discreditable farce before the end of the year, we have no doubt that Mayor VANCE has sufficient regard for the responsibilities of his position to promptly veto the resolution. Meanwhile, the bridge scheme is not likely to rise in the estimation of our citizens from this fresh attempt to forward it by underhand and illegal methods.

In another column will be found a very impartial and interesting letter on the subject of Southern lawlessness. It refers to a very unhealthy state of public feeling in regard to crimes of violence, which prevails all over the South. Its special illustrations are drawn, however, from the belt of country on the northern borders of Georgia and Alabama. It will be conceded that these are terrible enough for the purpose. The details given illustrate the double origin of the greatest misfortunes of the South. In most cases it is some unprincipled Northern adventurer, occupying the position of Judge, who disregards law and public decency by liberating the assassin caught red-handed, on a merely nominal bail. But then it is the "high-toned" and "chivalrous" society of the South that receives the murderer with open arms, that supplies the juries who acquit him in direct disregard of the evidence, and that afterward ranks the ruffian and the bravo among its most "high-spirited" members. The Southern people may find the truths of this letter rather less palatable than some which have been sent us by the same hand. But they are none the less on that account, deserving of their earnest attention. As his previous letters have abundantly shown, our correspondent has been profoundly impressed by the wrongs inflicted on the South by the rule of political adventurers. That fact should lend additional emphasis to the testimony which he feels obliged to offer in regard to evils for which the Southern people themselves must bear the entire responsibility.

There were several sanguinary encounters in New-Orleans on the evening of Christmas Day, in one of which, between negroes and whites, two blacks were killed; and in another, which appears to have been a brawl between United States soldiers and some citizens, the soldiers were badly hurt. On Saturday Ex-Gov. WARMOTH was attacked in the same city by one BYERLY, editor of the *Bulletin*—the organ of the New-Orleans "White League." A fight ensued, in which WARMOTH stabbed his adversary several times, with fatal effect. BYERLY died in a few hours after. WARMOTH has been arrested.

The preliminary skirmishing over the trial of the suit of TILTON vs. BEECHER threatens to be interminable. In fact, most people are beginning to doubt whether there will be anything but preliminary skirmishing at all. In his latest appeal to the public, which we print this morning, Mr. TILTON very explicitly states that he will not go on with the trial under the limitations prescribed by Judge MCCUE's order for a bill of particulars. This will strike the impartial observer as being in the nature of a "back-down" from the position taken by his counsel when this question was under discussion. They engaged, then, if we recollect aright, to produce the required bill of particulars within thirty minutes after the Judge's order was issued. Now, however, they have thought better of it, and propose to have a little more argument over the question before the General Term. As Mr. TILTON's anxiety to press the civil suit begins to wane, he manifests a new eagerness to get the other side to press the criminal indictment against him for libeling Mr. BEECHER. At present the counsel for the latter do not appear to be disposed to gratify Mr. TILTON in this matter, so that, after all, there is a chance that the legal phases of the "great scandal" may expire like a spent tallow candle—in smoke and unpleasant odor.

It seems that the Russian Prince who stole his mother's diamonds to lay them at the feet of a fair but frail American dancer has been by an imperial ukase declared to be insane, and has been placed under the guardianship of his father. NICHOLAS, the son of CONSTANTINE, would seem, therefore, to have inherited, along with the name, the violent passions of his grandfather, without inheriting any of his strength of will and intense devotion to some practical object. After all, the remorseless crushing out of all individuality which results from the organization of a court like that of Russia is so trying an ordeal to the hereditary Romanoff character, that the wonder is there are not more frequent instances of its breaking out into wild excesses.

The mortality of Christmas week has been above the average, having reached the figure of twenty-nine per thousand per annum. Fortunately, the mortality from diphtheria shows a slight decrease, the deaths from that cause being forty-seven, against an average of about fifty-two for the last few weeks. The old areas of infection in the Twentieth and Twenty-second Wards show their accustomed proportion of deaths; while in the Seventh, Eighth, and Tenth Wards the proportion is above the average. For the first time in several months, if not for a much longer period, we notice one death from diphtheria in that section of the City lying between Madison and Fifth avenues. The case in question occurred in Fifty-second street.

COLLECTING DEBTS.

While the country is rich in material wealth, and has perhaps in a greater degree than ever before the conditions of prosperity, and while call loans with good security can be had at very low rates, there is a large class of debtors who are very poor in money. They don't pay, or they pay but little and at long intervals. Their indebtedness in many cases stretches back past the crash of 1873 one or two years, and creditors are anxious. Even in cases in which they feel reasonably sure that these debts will be good in the end, they are pressing, and for nearly a year have been pressing hard, to obtain payment, for they themselves need the money. Suits for small sums are multiplying in the courts, and professional collectors are unusually busy in "dunning up" debtors. How soon this will come to an end, it would not now be safe to predict. From Fall to Spring and from Spring to Fall, we have looked for a revival of confidence and of trade; but it has not come, or only in a very moderate degree. Those crops that were to do so much for us have failed, at least in that end. They came plenteously, but in some mysterious manner they altogether neglected their prescribed duty of filling the poor debtors' pockets with money. And the creditors don't want corn or hay or cotton or tobacco or coal, and above all it would seem they don't want petroleum; they want money, and nobody appears to have any money to give them.

Under these circumstances it is not strange that the patience of many of the creditor class should be exhausted, and that they should call in the aid of the professional collector and of the law. And if, by so doing, they can accomplish the desired end, no fault can be found with their action within certain reasonable limits. Debts must be paid if the debtor has wherewithal to pay them, and if he cannot make his means available for their payment, without calling upon the creditor to make too great a sacrifice of his own comfort, credit, or convenience, he must not be surprised if the latter takes the strongest measures to expedite the matter. But there are two questions which the creditor may well consider before bringing suit; and the first is whether his debtor has really property available for the payment of the debt—property subject to execution—and which, when sold, will pay not only the debt, but Sheriff's fees, costs of court, and other law expenses. If he has not such property, suing him will merely entail upon the creditor the payment of his own lawyers' bill. And yet this precautionary consideration is regarded too little. A man becomes angry at delay of payment, and instructs his attorney to bring suit, and when the suit is decided in his favor, generally by default, he often finds himself in possession of—just nothing, the judgment record. But even when property is found to satisfy the execution, it is often the case that, except with large debts, the lawyers' fees eat up all, or nearly all, the judgment; and the successful prosecutor has made an enemy, and lost, perhaps, a constant future business friend, and has gained a paltry percentage of his claim. We have heard of some cases in which the whole debt went in this way, and many in which half and three-fourths of it went to make up the lawyer's oyster. And it is a question worthy of the most serious consideration whether, in the bringing of a suit which may be the beginning of an embarrassment that will prove ruinous to his debtor, the creditor may not, to a certain extent at least, be killing the goose that lays his golden egg. Some of the wisest and most successful business men never bring a suit; but if they are dealing with an impoverished or embarrassed debtor of whose integrity they are satisfied, they will open a new account with him, and leave the old one to be settled afterward. Perhaps such a course is too generously wise to be expected from many men in these times; but there are many cases in which it would be the best policy.

The cases in which suit may be wisely brought for the recovery of debt are (the obtaining of precautionary judgments apart) hardly more than two. First, those in which there is a dispute as to the nature or the amount of indebtedness, and which must be settled by the law or by private arbitration; secondly, those in which a debtor who has property dishonestly refuses to pay. For however long the debt may have been due, or however irritating the circumstances of the case, of what value is a judgment against a man with no property? If he is an honest man, and really wishes to pay his debts, legal proceedings, and even pursuit of him by professional collectors, only worry him, and make him unfit for the effective doing of business. And it will be found that the rogues, although many in actual numbers, are few in comparison with the mass of mankind. If a man does not pay his debts, it is generally because he cannot; and to worry him about them is often only to embarrass him in the very means which he is taking to pay them. Particularly is all this true in these times; and, therefore, although debts are incurred to be paid, we venture to counsel the utmost possible forbearance on the part of creditors in their collection.

BALTIMORE.

The city to which GEORGE CALVERT, the first Lord Baltimore, bequeathed his name, has made such marked progress in commerce during the past few years that its successes have latterly been the theme of much comment. The full extent of this progress has by no means been appreciated by those good people in the New-England and Middle States who have fancied Baltimore a solid but very staid and unaggressive provincial town, whose inhabitants were thoroughly in love with themselves, and with the canvas-back duck, the savory terrapin, and the succulent crab. The presentation of all the figures representing the rate of speed at which Baltimore has grown during the past decade would undoubtedly astonish those who imagine that there is anything slow in the composition of her commercial men. She has learned lessons of enterprise by severe experience, but she has learned them well. She has made the subject of terminal facilities one of her chief studies, and has drawn to her massive elevators and fine wharves the grain of the West to freight the European ships that flock to her harbor. She has interlocked all her tributary railways by a substantial connecting line, which makes her transit facilities superior to those of New-York. She has improved her harbor until it is one of the best in the land. She has reached out an arm to Chicago, and laid hold upon the trade pouring seaward from that mighty centre. She has secured direct steam-ship connections with Germany, and is latterly receiving large numbers of immigrants, en route for the West. Her population is rapidly increasing; building is almost as brisk as in the Western cities; and large numbers of small but prosperous manufacturing enterprises are springing into existence in the sprightly city every year.

On two sides of Baltimore Harbor, at localities respectively known as "Locust Point" and "Canton," railway companies have established terminal stations, elevators, and every possible facility for accommodating an immense trade. Locust Point, where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has built two huge elevators, one capable of containing 1,500,000 and the other 800,000 bushels of grain, is a model terminal station. The activity there is really wonderful. Around the bases of the immense elevators nestle hosts of Norwegian, Danish, and English vessels, into which the grain is poured from spouts, while in the landward side of the buildings it is pumped up into the reception chambers directly from cars which have come all the way from the West without breaking bulk. Here is the very perfection of the American ideal of speed, economy, and convenience combined. It is vastly different from the clumsy methods of transferring grain which have long disgraced the port of New-York. The Pennsylvania Central and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads have paved the way for a trade whose rapid growth will be without parallel in the history of the country. A promenade along the piers at Locust Point, and a view of the vast panorama of stores of iron-ore, of railway-iron, of warehouses filled with imported merchandise, of the huge piers around which the coastwise steamers hover, and of the labyrinth of tracks on which a thousand coal cars from the Cumberland fields can daily be unloaded, will give the incredulous citizen of the Middle States a new sense of respect for the rising metropolis of Maryland. It is worth while to remember that the majority of the coal supplied to the fleet of ocean steamers plying between New-York and the European coast is shipped from Baltimore. Those who do not yet believe in the possible decline of our Metropolitan commerce will do well to ponder on that fact.

The exports of bulk grain from Baltimore in 1871 were scarcely two million bushels. No sooner was the first elevator at Locust Point opened than they increased to four million bushels annually. In 1873 they amounted to 7,250,000 bushels. As the export trade—whose increase was the logical result of an enterprising perfection of terminal facilities—increased, in the same ratio grew in value all kinds of property in Baltimore. The citizens had at one time fancied that the terminal improvements would only enrich railway companies, without aiding the city, but they discovered that they were mistaken. The total exports for the six months ending on the 1st of July, 1874, exceeded by three million dollars the entire exports of 1870, and by six millions those of the corresponding six months of 1873. The grain receipts for the first six months of 1874 footed up only six hundred thousand bushels less than those of the entire year 1873. The close of this year will witness the completion of elevators at Locust Point and at Canton whose united capacity will probably allow of the registry of ten million bushels of grain as the amount exported during the last half of 1874.

And this growth still goes swiftly and steadily forward. The investments made by the Northern Central Railway Company at Canton, on the harbor, and their proposition there to erect spacious piers, wharves, and elevators, indicate that Baltimore does not propose to be outdone by any of her neighbors or rivals. The vast extension of the Baltimore and Ohio Road, by means of its tributaries, is now too well known to need comment. The trade of the port in sugar, tobacco, lumber, iron, cotton, and petroleum is rapidly increasing; and it is no small commentary on the beneficial influence of fine terminal facilities to note that Baltimore is fast becoming an important cotton port, despite her northern situation.

SOME OLD CLAIMS REVIVED.

The Missouri Bourbons are by no means inactive. They burn with zeal to do something worthy of their reputation. They have suddenly resuscitated the dead Past, on whose face they professed a determination never to look more, and are now, to quote the words of a keen observer of their course, "digging up the very skeletons of dead and buried passions and losses," to brandish them in people's faces. A few years since, they were ready to grasp every one of their old enemies by the hand. But that was all a mistake. They have not forgotten their old losses, and they propose to bring them forward for payment as speedily as possible. A "Ring" has been formed and takes an active interest in the collection and arrangement of old Confederate claims. These claims are brought to the "County Court-houses" throughout the State on fixed days, when the agents of the Ring keep rendezvous with the farmers from the back country, and "get up claims against the State." This has been going on for a long time, and Missouri to-day does not know how much she owes, nor is she likely to find out until the "Ring" is ready to announce the number of claims which the State is expected to assume, and to issue new bonds for. It is freely admitted that claims to the amount of three million dollars have already been allowed, and it is expected that the whole sum included in the claims is not much less than eight millions. This is a pretty little sum, and the Ring expects to make a handsome thing by its transactions in buying in as many as possible of the claims at reduced rates, and getting their full amount when the State assumes them.

A "War Claims Commission" was created last Winter in Missouri. It appears that, after the partial settlement of the State with the United States, there were left on file certain claims amounting to, perhaps, $400,000, which the latter refused to recognize. This refusal was supposed to be due to a variety of causes, but was mainly because the claimants could not satisfactorily establish the fact of their loyalty during the war. So a bill was passed by the Legislature of Missouri, providing for the auditing and adjusting of the State's war debt, and creating the above-mentioned "commission" for the examination of claims. The bill further provided that, for every claim allowed, a certificate of indebtedness should be issued. This certificate states that "Missouri is indebted to —— in the sum of ——; on account of ——," and is not payable by the State until after the "claim of said —— has been presented to the United States Government, and the amount allowed and paid to the State." Thus worded, the certificate looked innocent enough; but legal opinions have been given to the effect that the holder of every such certificate of indebtedness can recover in a suit against the State, and that the certificates are, in fact, equivalent to an assumption of debt by the State. The Ring which secured the passage of the bill, and watched its movements in every stage with fondest solicitude, managed to get stricken out of it the provisions which made it imperative that the War Claims Commission should be governed by United States rules. Of course, so long as that provision remained in the bill, no claims of ex-rebels could be presented before the commission. The Ring was also very active in voting down an amendment offered to the bill by a Republican Senator, providing that every claimant should be required to produce an affidavit proving that he had not sold or disposed of his interest in the claim. When the bill was passed the Ring had it just exactly as it wanted it, and the lobbyists who had worked it through the Legislature were appointed on the "War Claims Commission."

It is easy to imagine what these ingenious people then did. They met at once in "commission," and passed claims literally "by the hundred." It is alleged as certain that the great mass of these claims could never be made good against the United States; and that numbers of them are utterly fraudulent. The "claim agents," who have been wandering up and down the State during the year, pouring into the ears of the credulous farmers stories calculated to arouse most sanguine expectations, are said to have "filled in" the blanks left by the claimants in the claim papers to suit themselves. There is no room for doubt that some outrageous swindling has been practiced, and the State seems likely to find out a good deal more about it than will be agreeable to know. The present Governor is not likely to do anything to stay the "Ring" in its wild career, since he voted for the iniquitous bill and against every amendment calculated to check the harmful nature of its operation. And it is feared that the Democratic ultra-Bourbon Legislature will, when it meets, boldly assume the debt implied by the certificates, and issue State bonds to replace them. Then the Ring would pocket its hundreds of thousands, perhaps its millions, and the matter would go up to Congress for consideration. The number of good Bourbon legislators elect who really believe that Missouri would not have to wait more than two years to recover from the United States whatever sums she may advance the "claimants," is amazing to contemplate.

BLOOD AND IRON.

The Continental press, with the exception, of course, of the majority of the German newspapers, very generally marvel at the tone in which Prince BISMARCK addressed Europe, in his recent speech before the Reichstag, on the subject of Alsace-Lorraine. The substance of the address was not the cause of the offense; it was that haughty and defiant manner, that overpowering assumption, which have been characteristic of the Prussians since they began to raise their kingdom from fifth to first class rank, and to play an important part in European politics. The Chancellor, in his clear, bold, energetic manner, announces the programme laid down by the German Empire; admits that opposition to that policy is expected, but does not for a moment allow that it is to be heeded. "We have taken the provinces which once belonged to us," he seems to say; "we intend to keep them, and no one shall prevent us." This is strong language for a diplomatist, just as it seems almost unwise and imprudent for him to say in the German Parliament that "the French are planning a fresh invasion" of Germany. People hardly know what to make of this man who calls things by their right names, whose frankness, although it may now and then be a little brutal, cannot be attributed to conceit, but rather to a determination to face the issues of the present, and to maintain the results of the latest war by more and bloodier ones in future if necessary. BISMARCK has no occasion to temporize or to beat about the bush; he is in a field where there is no chance to retreat to cover; there is not the slightest use in cloaking his motives. He means to make every endeavor in his power to Germanize the conquered provinces; to revolutionize their schools, their public institutions, and everything, in short, save their hearts, which he has little hope of weaning from France. He finds that no compromise can be made; the policy which was forcibly begun must be carried out by the exercise of force; and when it brings conflict and broils, he and his must stand ready to defend their own, and to deal about them the stout blows for which they are already famous.

The extraordinary military activity which prevails throughout Germany, and which has reigned there unwearyingly since the Treaty of Frankfort was signed, is a proof that the Government has not lost confidence in the "blood and iron" doctrine, and means to keep ready in the amplest manner for aggression as well as defense. It is probable that the Germans would show an extreme reluctance to undertake a fresh campaign into any foreign country unless they were quite sure of being far better prepared to resist an attack from all sides, on their own territory, than they were in 1870. They recognize to the fullest extent the fact that they must be vigilantly on the defensive for a generation to come; and that they may any year be placed in the position of defenders of their soil against three or four formidable allied powers. Contingencies by which they might be much reduced in military strength, and by which they might lose the strong hold that they now have on Middle Europe, are not altogether impossible. In view of this, the wonder of some of the old school diplomats at the openness, the plain speech, the undisguised motives of Prince BISMARCK, is not entirely inexplicable. But Germany has no choice; she must have absolute confidence in her own capacity and resources, and carry out her plans to the utmost, or she is lost. To turn back is to be ruined; to go steadily forward has its perils; but there is no faltering in the Imperial Cabinet and no shade of compromise in the Chancellor's conduct. Germany has accepted a part which involves a thousand risks; yet if she went halt timorously or in a sneaking manner about her work, she would meet with ten times the opposition now encountered. So long as BISMARCK says "We will!" and "We do not intend to brook interference!" there is a curious magic in his speech which seems to tie the hands of all his antagonists. BISMARCK does not affect to be the "swaggering Puritan swashbuckler" to whom HEINE has invited our attention as a type of the Prussian; but he aims to represent that arbitrary and able class which alone can, in the present condition of Continental affairs, accomplish its national purposes, and strengthen its power over its own possessions, without being subject to constant interference from jealous intriguers and meddling, ambitious knaves.

In short, the "blood and iron" policy—the determination to accomplish by force, or a show of force, exactly what is wished—seems to pay at least for a time. Europe trembles before it, not because it fears war, but because it knows the horrors which follow in its train. A readiness on the part of Prussia to fight renders other nations exceedingly unwilling; allows of such wholesale reconstruction as BISMARCK proposes to cram down the throats of the inhabitants of the conquered provinces; and permits of the straightforward measures against the encroachments of the Catholic Church which no other nation on the Continent would to-day dare to undertake. But the time will come when such a defiant demeanor, and so complete a disregard of what other nations have to say will bring Prussia to severe tests, and perhaps will entangle her in many perplexing difficulties.

USELESS HOUSES.

In the vicinity of this City there are now three or four very costly houses waiting for purchasers. One of them, at least, cost more than one million dollars; two of them cost very nearly that extravagant sum. So far as we know, these edifices—we can hardly call them dwellings—were built by men who were rich, expected to remain so, and specially desired to found a family and an "ancestral home." The usual wants of an American gentleman found no expression in the construction of the costly piles. Art, skill, money, and—more or less—taste, were lavished upon these buildings; grounds were laid out in distant imitation of Chatsworth or the Trianon; stables, aviaries, and the noble appendages of a baronial estate were added to the central establishment; hundreds of thousands were expended in the regal furnishing and decoration of the house into whose palatial rooms the proprietor of all this wealth finally walked and sat down in discomfort. He took no charm of home with him. To maintain his state an enormous following was necessary; his life was made a burden with the cares of destructible property; untrained and dishonest servants robbed his magnificence of half its charm; finally, leaving his palace to his family, he took up his abode in the "house appointed for all living."

This sad little sketch will fit into the history of most of the so-called "palatial residences" of this country. If death has not come in to close the shutters, the Sheriff has. More than one princely mansion stands empty to-day because its builder was "long" or "short" of stocks in a financial storm. But the experience of our people shows that the palace-builder builds not wisely, even though he lives to take such enjoyment as he can out of a long lease of his splendor. In this country we have no laws of primogeniture or entail; estates cannot be kept in the family of the original owner generation after generation, even though substantial wealth may be. The children and grandchildren of the ambitious founder of a family soon disperse among the shifting inhabitants of our Republic. If they have dissensions over the division of the property, it is more likely that they quarrel to settle who shall *not* take the burdensome house than otherwise. The plate, pictures, hangings, furniture, and other costly garniture of the grand halls are scattered to the four winds. If grumbling creditors do not take them, the heirs get rid of them at a sacrifice, rather than choke their more modest homes with household stuff that needs a castle for its proper disposition. The stripped mansion stands mournfully waiting for a tenant who never comes.

It happens, now and then, that one of these overgrown structures finally finds its use as an asylum or hospital. The halls built and decorated for the gratification of personal pride, are filled with orphan children, or the cots of war sufferers. But all the same, the pile remains an eloquent protest against the folly of its builder. Our busy, changing, and intensely practical life demands only the house that suits to-day's occupant, and may be removed or rebuilt for him who comes to-morrow. In a large sense we are all like that wise creature of whom the poet sings, as one who "built up its idle door, stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more." We cling, with some of the lingering sentiment of our Old-world ancestors, to the permanence of the family hearthstone and roof-tree; but the spirit of our age and country forbids its cultivation. Fortunes are too uncertain and local ties too feeble to enable us to build up any long-enduring habitation and name. When we have secured something in this direction with homes of moderate cost and individual expression, it will be time to experiment with more costly structures.

A NEW-ENGLAND HERMIT.

The fickleness of fortune has rarely been more forcibly shown than in the case of the unfortunate hermit who has for many years past been one of the curiosities of Western Massachusetts. Particular attention has been drawn to the hermit's history by his death, which occurred a few days since. The wretched man, who had completely forsworn the world, and who lived with no being save a faithful dog near him, was found, during a recent snowy season, almost dead from exposure to cold and sleet in his miserable hut, and expired, even while charitable people were conveying him to safer shelter. His story was brief, sad, and eventful. Until he was a man of mature years, he lived a prosperous bachelor in a little town, comfortable in fortune, and respected and envied by his neighbors. His widowed sister kept his house, which was a favorite resort for the good society of the neighboring town. He was never spoken of save in terms of utmost respect; many a country maiden would willingly have accepted him as a suitor. One day, however, a mechanic and his wife came to the neighborhood, and, finally, being people of rather superior refinement, took up their abode with the bachelor and his sister. In a short time the young husband was taken ill, and died suddenly, and a few months thereafter the bachelor, who seemed all at once to awake to an appreciation of love, married the widow.

From that date, as may well be supposed, his troubles began. The wife led her new spouse into extravagance. He gave up his quiet country home and sought distraction in the gayety of a neighboring city. From the simple bachelor recluse he blossomed into the man of fashion. His wife apparently adorned her station, and was one of the lights of society. But one morning her husband discovered that she had fled, and ere he had finished reading the note which told him that startling news, the officers of the law had attached all his property to cover his wife's debts. He had been made a miserable dupe; and, on searching into the character of the woman whom he had loved, he found that she had during her girlhood been sentenced to a reform school because of her predisposition to crime, and that her residence in that institution had by no means reformed her; for that, even while there, she had been guilty of theft. This quite unmanned our hero, who returned at once to his native town, in which he had so long dwelt contented and happy. His ruin in fortune did not seem to have touched him so deeply as the abuse of his confidence and his love. The sympathy of all his old friends was freely given him, and material aid was offered, but in vain. At the old homestead where he had spent his boyhood's days, now a ruined and neglected hovel, he found refuge, and never left it more, save on the day of his death.

It is difficult to analyze the sentiment which leads some human beings when oppressed by great misfortunes, to forsake the society of their fellows and fly to solitude for relief. Our cheated and swindled rustic, who had been suddenly ruined by the follies of a woman for whom he had cherished the strongest affection, was not turned against by the world. Every hand offered him sympathy, and all would willingly have helped to rebuild his fallen fortunes. He might have raised up his shattered hearthstone, but he preferred to hide himself and die in a corner. He threw himself, in his dependence, upon nature, as if he were unwilling to trust any other than her; and during the six years of his hermit-life he had no subsistence save that which he sought in the woods and fields. When death came he seemed to welcome it as a relief. The day before he died he asked a kindly youth, who, during a storm had gone to his assistance, to aid him in putting on his coat, adding that "he should not take it off again until Spring." In point of fact the self-enforced seclusion of the hermit was a species of slow, but certain self-murder. Perhaps it was the duty of his old friends and neighbors to have dissuaded him from a mode of life which led only to constant morbid communion with self and brooding upon his misfortunes; perhaps it was their duty to have won him back to sympathy with his kind, and to have inspired him with fresh courage in the midst of his betrayal and ruin.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

MOVEMENTS OF THE ASIATIC SQUADRON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26.—Rear Admiral Pennock, commanding the United States naval forces on the Asiatic station, reports under date of the 11th of November, the movements of his squadron as follows:

The Hartford was at Shanghar; the Lackawanna at Yokohamy; the Kersarge at Vlaravastok, awaiting the scientific party of Prof. Hall; the Monocacy had sailed Nov. 10, for Han Kow, touching at Chinkiang and Kiu Kiang; she will remain at Han Kow for the present; the Ashuelot landed Prof. Watson and his party at Tientain, and thence proceeded to Ninghai, Menchioang, Lang Chang Foo, and Cheefoo arriving at Shanghai Nov. 6; the Saco, at Shanghai, would soon leave for Hong Kong, Manila, and other Southern ports; the Yantic would soon leave for Hong Kong; the Palos would spend the Winter at Tientain. The health of the officers and men was good.

Rear Admiral Le Roy reports the arrival of his flagship, the Lancaster, at Montevideo Nov. 14. The Wasp was in port. The health of both ships was good. He expected to remain in Montevideo until affairs became quiet.

The following has been received at the War Department:

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 24.

To the Adjutant General, Washington:

Gen. Sheridan telegraphs that eight warriors, thirty-nine squaws and papooses, with sixty-two ponies, belonging to Medicine Water's band of Cheyennes, surrendered unconditionally to the troops at the Cheyenne Agency on the 20th inst.

Two white women are now with Stone Calf, who is said to have 200 lodges on the Staked Plains. Two messengers from Stone Calf have arrived asking for peace. Word has been sent to him that he can surrender unconditionally, and a demand was made for the white women. W. D. WHIPPLE, A. A. G.

The Committees on Vicksburg and Alabama Affairs left for their destinations this morning. That on New-Orleans affairs will leave to-morrow morning.

THE DARIEN SURVEYING EXPEDITION.

Lieut. Frederick Collins, Commanding the United States Darien Surveying Expedition, leaves Washington to-morrow night for New-York, to muster his forces and equip them for the expedition. He will sail from New-York in the first Pacific Mail steamer in January, for Aspinwall; thence he will proceed in the United States steamer Canandaigua to the Atrato.

FINANCIAL NOTES.

The receipts of fractional currency for the week ending to-day were $465,500; shipments of United States notes, $2,413,610; national bank notes received for redemption during the week, $3,010,802; bonds held by the Treasurer as security for the national bank circulation, $385,349,750, and for public deposits, $16,387,200; outstanding national bank notes, $347,106,221.

TREASURY BALANCES.

The balances in the Treasury at the close of business to-day were: Currency, $13,609,104; special deposit of legal tenders for the redemption of certificates of deposit, $41,430,000; coin, (including $21,378,400 in coin certificates,) $76,743,245; outstanding legal tenders, $382,000,000.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 26.—Last evening as a young woman named Margaret Howard was walking beside the Eastern Railroad track, near Lynn, Mass., the express train from Bangor struck and probably fatally injured her.

William A. Lamson, of Boston, was run over and instantly killed by an express train on the Boston and Maine Railroad, at Melrose, on Friday night.

THE INFANT ASYLUM.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

Will you continue to be patient and generous and permit me to acknowledge the following:

An excellent gift from "Little Nell, No. 88 Fifth avenue," of thirty-two worsted balls, with delightful rattles inside; a beautiful doll, toys, and some little clothes from Georgie and Mary Brewster, No. 11 Park avenue; a large doll, balls, toys, and books from little Lilian Spring; books, and a double Jack-in-the-box and paper furniture from little Alice W. Wier, ten years old; a box by United States Express Company from Suffern, N. Y., containing dolls, toys, and books from Harry and Barty Groesbeck and J. H. Sterling; a doll from Mrs. Laight; eleven dolls, admirably dressed in flannel gymnasium costume, for the hospital for sick children, eleven French tops and two dozen wooten stockings from Mrs. Joseph Moore, Brevoort House; dressed dolls, a number of tiny tin kettles and pails, and $2 50 in money from sixteen young ladies of a school.

The last thing that came on Christmas Day quite overcame me. A little boy rang the bell and told the servant that he had read about the poor children in THE TIMES, and he had *made five dolls for them himself.* They were cut out of brown pasteboard and painted. The arms and legs were tied on to the bodies, and a liberal use of ink had given the faces a savage and war-like expression.

The money received has been expended for little chairs—an article inestimably dear to the infant heart.

Some of the toys were accompanied with permission to give them as I think best. I shall endeavor to make a worthy distribution.

With hearty gratitude to all, and especially to you, without whose kindness in printing our little petitions nothing would have come of this "bread cast upon the waters," believe me,

Very sincerely, Mrs. BARROW.

CHRISTMAS DAY, Friday, Dec. 25, 1874.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

HOW CHRISTMAS IS KEPT AT THE CAPITAL.

THE FESTIVAL ESPECIALLY SACRED WITH THE INHABITANTS OF THE DISTRICT—FESTIVITIES ON CHRISTMAS EVE—THE ABSENCE OF CONGRESSMEN AND ITS ADVANTAGES—GENERAL GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Dec. 25, 1874.

Christmas is emphatically the favorite holiday here. Of course the birthday of the *Pater Patriæ* is honored in this city which he founded and which bears his name. The numerous New-Englanders religiously keep Thanksgiving and Forefathers' Day; patriotism finds noisy vent on the Fourth of July; and the descendants of New-York Knickbockers vie with the natives of *la belle France* in the festive observance of New Year's Day. But Christmas has precedence in the hearts of the residents of this District, especially those who can trace their descent either from the Catholics of Maryland or the Cavaliers of Virginia. When Yule logs no longer blazed upon the home hearths of Old England, and mince pies were regarded as an idolatrous abomination by Cromwell's fanatical followers the Nativity was loyally celebrated on the banks of the Potomac, carols were chanted, and the spiced concoctions in wassail-bowls were quaffed to the toast: "May the King enjoy his own again."

Groups of masked young gentlemen still go about on Christmas Eve, taking musicians with them, and enjoying at each house which they visit a dance or two with the young ladies assembled there in expectation of their coming. Later in the night the air is vocal with the carols earnestly, if not musically, chanted by the colored people. And, as morning dawns, there are the noisy American additions to the British observance of Christmas—the blowing of tin horns and the discharge of fire-arms—recalling to us old New-Yorkers here the callithumpian fusilades of New Year's night, when Jacob Hays was High Constable. With breakfast come the servitors and retainers of the African persuasion for "Christmas gifts," while the little people (God bless them all) rejoice over the liberal donations left for them by Kris Kringle. The churches, decked with evergreen, have special services, with the best available musical talent, and there—alike in the White House and in the laborer's hovel—is Christmas cheer, in which even dyspeptics indulge, for "it comes but once a year."

The absence of the Congressmen, with the exception of those domiciliated here, makes the Christmas holidays more enjoyable to the residents, especially those occupying high stations in the public service. Pleasant dinner-parties can be given, and sociable evening receptions enjoyed, without having to invite the expectorating Representative from the Sixth District of Nebraska; the ill-mannered Senator from Colorado; or the Chairman of the Committee on Perquisites, who always clamors for more champagne until he gets fuddled. Mr. Secretary Fish can now breakfast without being called into his parlor to receive a request that the Consulship at Timbuctoo be given to the bankrupt cousin of a Senator; Mr. Secretary Bristow is not kept from his waiting dinner to hear one hundred new reasons why Mullett should be retained; and Mr. Secretary Belknap can play with his lovely babe without being bored by importunate clamorers for cadetships. Hail to Christmas, for it is a season of general enjoyment to all.

WASHINGTON BOARDING-HOUSES.

No sooner do Congressional inmates of boarding-houses here leave for the cars, than the families of their landlords, who have been stowed away in garrets and in basements, resume possession of the parlor, which they enjoy during the holidays. These boarding-house parlors, by the way, are generally historically furnished. The thread-bare carpet perhaps saw its best days at the British Legation; the rickety mahogany chairs, with frayed hair-cloth seats, once belonged to the Spanish Minister, and the faded damask curtains were familiar to those who used to visit the saloons of the Muscovite Envoy Plenipotentiary. An uncomfortable sofa was doubtless purchased at a sale of condemned furniture at the White House, and an escritoire must have been smuggled from a committee-room at the Capitol. Maps and charts for the adornment of the walls are procured from the departments, while the Congressional Library supplies books for the shelves, in scarlet and gold bindings. The landladies are an impecunious set, generally descended from the first families of Maryland, and full of regrets over the failure of the Confederate cause. Their grown sons must be provided with clerkships, and the younger ones are to be pages at the Capitol, while their daughters are to be kept in place as clerks in a department or as book-sewers at the Government Printing Office. Of course, they supply their friends with the stationery of their boarders, and some of them pay no gas-bills, threatening the company with a Congressional investigation by the occupants of their rooms if any charge is made. In short, the graphic descriptions by Dickens of a London lodging-house keeper can be easily applied here, except that Congressional lodgers never have stores of tea and sugar to be abstracted from, as they go to adjacent hotels for their meals. But private supplies of whisky evaporate rapidly.

THE JAPANESE LEGATION.

The new Minister Plenipotentiary from Niphon, "Mr." Yoshida, is getting installed in the Reeside House, at the corner of M and Twenty-fourth streets. Educated at Rutgers College, New-Jersey, and for some years a resident in Old and New England, he speaks English fluently, and will not, consequently, be humbugged as his predecessors, Mori and Yano, have been. His wife is about three and twenty years of age, slender, almond-eyed, and graceful, with a wealth of hair, very black and coarse. She brought a wardrobe made by an English *modiste* at Yeddo, with rolls of brocades, silks, and crapes, which have excited much admiration among those who have seen them. These are to be made up as wanted, *à la mode*, and a suit of *cafe-au-lait* heavy silk is now being made here, with black velvet trimming, to be worn at the President's New Year's reception, with a black velvet bonnet, the plume of which will match the color of the silk. Among the Japanese sojourners in this country at the expense of their Government are two young women and a girl, who are being educated to return and instruct their country-women. The young women are at New-Haven, and the girl is at Georgetown, but they have all been here to pay their respects to the new representative of the Mikado. There are also some twenty or more young men, sent here by the Japanese Government to learn mechanical trades or to receive an education. They learn our language readily, and some of the younger of them have forgotten their own. Meanwhile, Gen. Horace Capron, who resigned the position of Commissioner of Agriculture here to go to Japan and establish experimental farms, has gotten into difficulties with the Japanese Government and lost his position. Some of the other Americans who entered the Japanese service have been equally unsuccessful.

A STATUE OF HARRY CLAY.

Government has erected here statues of Washington, Jackson, Scott, Lincoln, and Farragut, and now Gov. McCormick, the delegate from Arizona, has introduced a bill to erect a statue of Zachary Taylor. A movement is to be inaugurated in a short time to add to these, by individual subscriptions, a statue of Henry Clay. Where can such an eligible site be found in the Republic as the metropolis, which was the theatre of his great achievements and the place of his death? The Great Commoner was not only the pride of the House of Representatives as the most distinguished Speaker it ever had, of the Senate as its great orator, and in the Cabinet as the ablest counselor of the pure and able administration of John Quincy Adams, but here in Washington he was always at home among his friends. Independently of the brilliancy of his intellect, they were attracted to him by his sympathy in their welfare, by the frankness of his heart, and by his eminent social qualities, always welcome here. Of course the old-line Whigs of New York who still live will contribute liberally toward this statue.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

A company of amateur comedians is being organized to play for the benefit of the Centennial Exhibition fund. The best exhibition of this kind ever given here was at the British Legation, during the war for the suppression of the rebellion, with Dr. Russell, of the London *Times*, and George Augustus Sala as the leading spirits. A daughter of one of the Judges of the Court of Claims is one of the most charming *comediennes* imaginable, and a young diplomat has displayed a great deal of cleverness as a singer and as an actor. There are also some good vocal and instrumental musicians in society, so that we may hope for an interesting evening's entertainment. The large ball-room at Senator Stewart's villa is mentioned as the probable location of these amateur performers.

DINNERS AND DANCES.

Pleasant family dinner parties and parlor dances are now the order of the day, and very enjoyable they are. Almost the only stranger within our gates has been the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, who is, I believe, one of the Lords of the British Admiralty. He has received much attention from our naval people, and has been taken to see the Annapolis Naval School, the navy-yard here, and other public buildings, by Capt. William Gore Jones, R. N., the naval attaché of the British Legation. There are rumors of a visit from the Marquis of Lorne and his royal wife, who will here be on a perfect equality, but I cannot learn that they are really coming. Meanwhile the german is industriously danced by the various coteries, and at the hospitable home of a leading banker there was a Christmas night dance, at which old-fashioned contra-dances and reels constituted the programme.

HYMENEAL FESTIVITIES.

A round of dinners is to be given to Senator Jones, of Nevada, who is expected here soon with his bride, and the dozen or more of our belles, (each one of whom had "great expectations" last Winter,) who had hoped to be the bride of the Senator, are very anxious to see their fortunate rival. Other entertainments will be given in honor of the bride of Ex-Assistant Secretary William E. Chandler, who was the daughter of Senator John P. Hale, of New-Hampshire, and who used to be a great favorite in society when her father was in Congress.

With the reassembling of Congress the season will commence, but it will be necessarily brief, as on the 10th of February the matin bells will summon the faithful to Lenten devotions.

THE PACIFIC MAIL INVESTIGATION.

MEETING OF THE SUBCOMMITTEE OF THE COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS—THE TAKING OF EVIDENCE TO BE COMMENCED TO-MORROW.

The subcommittee of the Congressional Committee on Ways and Means, which adjourned from Washington to New-York to continue the investigation into the affairs of the Pacific Mail Company, met yesterday morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The committee consists of Hon. H. C. Burchard, Hon. Henry L. Dawes, Hon. M. Kasson, Hon. J. B. Beck, Hon. John A. Niblack, and Hon. Fernando Wood. The meeting was brief and private, and was merely held to agree upon arrangements for the committee's future proceedings. The committee is accompanied by the Sergeant at Arms of the House of Representatives, who will compel the attendance of witnesses. He yesterday received from the Chairman a large number of subpœnas for persons whose testimony is required, all of which he duly served last evening. The list includes the name of every person who has had any important connection with Pacific Mail affairs since the organization of the company. The examination of those witnesses will commence regularly at 10:30 o'clock to-morrow morning, and will be continued every day from that hour until 4 in the afternoon while the investigation lasts. The press will be admitted to the sittings of the committee to-morrow and every day thereafter. The books of the company will be taken in hand as well as the accounts of Irwin with the various banks. "As far as we can legally do it," said a member of the committee to a TIMES reporter yesterday, "we shall allow no obstacle to stand in the way of our finding out where that $750,000 went to that Irwin is supposed to have disposed of in Washington for corrupt purposes. It is due to ourselves that we shall lay bare whatever secrets there are concealed about that business, no matter who suffers. No Congressman can afford to have the fact known that that money was spent on the influencing of legislation unless the additional facts are equally well known as to who got it, and when and how it was disbursed."

KINGS COUNTY SURROGATE'S COURT.

The following is a record of the business transacted in the Kings County Surrogate's Court during the past week:

Wills Proved—James T. Holahan, Andrew Beck, Charles Bridges, John J. Cronin, Chas. Lohnmann, Catherine McIntyre, Henry Witt, and Catharine Dengel, all of the City of Brooklyn.

Letters of administration were granted on the estates of the following named deceased persons, viz.: Catharine Remsen, of the town of New-Lotts; Victor Vooris, of the town of Flatlands; Wm. Lamp, Charles Lohnmann, Thomas O'Brien, Elias Carey, Thomas Elton, John Henry Ward, Wm. H. Ferris, Ellen Cochran, Martha Domar, Joseph Love, and S. Frankee Clarke, all of the City of Brooklyn.

Letters of guardianship of the person and estate of Lizzie J. Ward were granted to Nancy W. Ward, her grandmother; of Alfred J. Moses to Jonathan Moore; of Sarah Jane Cook to Thomas Cook; of Lyman B. Rice to William Rice, all of the City of Brooklyn.

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Extensive preparations have been made in Brooklyn and this City for the reception of the delegates to the Subsidiary High Court Convention of the Ancient Order of Foresters, which is to be held in the former city, commencing on Tuesday, Dec. 29, at noon. The convention is called for the purpose of organizing a Subsidiary High Court for the United States, and is to be a branch of the High Court of England, which represents a capital of over $8,000,000, and 5,000 courts, and a membership of nearly 500,000, including Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Knights of the Realm, and 115 members of the House of Commons. At present the order is established in Great Britain and Ireland, United States, Canada, Vancouver's Island, Peru, West Indies, Australia, Turkey, Tasmania, New-Zealand, &c.

THE REPUBLICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the Republican Central Committee was held last evening at Republican Hall, corner of Broadway and Thirty-third street, Col. Joel W. Mason presiding. There was no business before the meeting, and an adjournment was moved, when Mr. White called attention to the fact that as this was the last meeting of the year, they could not disperse without a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Secretaries for their efficiency and uniform courtesy in the discharge of their duties. He proposed a resolution to that effect, which was unanimously adopted.

The Chairman, in response, observed that though but a short period of time their presiding officer, he had endeavored always to discharge his duties to the best of his abilities, and he was pleased that he had given satisfaction to the committee. The meeting then adjourned.

CATTLE THIEVES DISAPPOINTED.

Late on Friday night several cattle thieves visited the farm-yard of Mr. Morriston Moran, about three miles from Seaport, Long Island, and attempted to drive off stock housed in the barn. The noise of their movements awakened John McCarthy, the Superintendent, who hastily seized a gun, rushed into the yard, and commanded the marauders to surrender. They declined the offer, however, and escaped. A shot from McCarthy's gun must have taken effect on one of the thieves, judging from the groans which followed the discharge of the weapon.

RECORD OF AMUSEMENTS.

MUSICAL.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The season of Italian Opera, in Boston, has terminated, and this City is to be favored for a week with the company of Mr. Strakosch's artists. To-morrow Mlle. Albani will appear in "Lohengrin," at the Academy of Music, and Wednesday, the lady will sing in "Don Giovanni," for the first time in this country. Monday's recital is to be graced with the presence of King Kalakhua. As no operatic performances will be given after these until the month of March, it is hoped the few opportunities thus afforded of hearing Mr. Strakosch's powerful troupe will not be overlooked. Thursday evening it is proposed to give "Norma," in Brooklyn.

MR. THOMAS' MATINEE.

An excellent programme was offered at Mr. Thomas' matinée concert, which was largely attended, at Steinway Hall yesterday. Nothing new except Rubinstein's "Ouverture Triomphale" was recited, but the music Mr. Thomas' forces interpret is of such a character that it can with pleasure and profit be listened to time and again, while its performance by his splendid band takes on fresh excellences at every repetition of their work. We have never heard Raff's "Lenore" symphony rendered with such wonderful sentiment and precision as were noticeable yesterday. Never was the delicious second movement invested, to our thinking, with an equal beauty of tone, and never was the shading of the *marsch-tempo* more skillfully managed. Loud applause followed each of the divisions of the composition, which ought to have been placed at the close of the programme, for nothing could have left a stronger impression. The orchestral selections commenced with Bach's characteristic suite in B minor; included further on Beethoven's graceful romance in G, played by the first violins; and terminated with the "Ouverture Triomphale," which is simply a clever bit of scoring of Russian airs, with a peroration more noisy than effective. The soloists of the entertainment were Mr. Henry C. Timm and a clever lad, his pupil, Master Felix M. Schelling, and Miss Cranch. The gentlemen executed on two pianos an exacting but old-fashioned and formal duet by Moscheles, known as "Hommage à Handel," and Miss Cranch sang "Che farò" and Handel's "Awake, Saturnia." Miss Cranch is a young lady of promise, but we apprehend that through want of feeling no less than through want of breadth in style, she will never cope successfully with the classics.

ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE.

Tuesday evening the Soldene English Opera Bouffe Troupe will produce an English version of the very newest of operas bouffes, "Madame l'Archiduc," by Offenbach. Five performances of this work will bring to a close the sojourn of the company at the Lyceum Theatre. "Madame l'Archiduc" will, however, be set with quite as much liberality as if it were intended to have a long run. It is provided with an amusing story, and the music is said to be melodious and bright. The incidents it rehearses are supposed to have occurred within the imaginary domain of the *Archduke Ernesto Quarto*. The story opens with the marriage of *Giletti* and *Marietta*, servants in an Italian country inn. They are about to start on their bridal tour when a troop of the Duke's dragoons, led by a fascinating little Captain, enter in search of a certain Count and Countess accused of conspiracy against the State. *Giletti* and *Marietta* are arrested in the belief that they are the Count and Countess, and are conveyed to the château of the latter, where they are visited by the *Archduke*, who immediately falls in love with *Marietta*. The *Duke* prides himself upon being an original, and insists upon doing everything in a way absolutely unprecedented. So when *Marietta* expresses a wish to be *Archduchess*, he entertains the idea as a very original one, and proceeds to invest her with all the attributes of his sovereignty. The peasant girl thus suddenly promoted, wields her sceptre with alarming freedom. She dismisses the grave and reverend ministers, appoints four eccentric conspirators to their places, sets at liberty her imprisoned husband, makes him prince consort, and pays him a half million crowns out of the ducal treasury. The *Archduke*, however, manages to get the husband out of the way by sending him as Ambassador to the Court of Naples. Then follow all sorts of complications, from which, we are glad to learn, *Marietta's* reputation comes forth unscathed, and the *Archduke*, baffled in his plans, frees *Marietta* of her ducal robes and allows her to resume her bridal tour with *Giletti*. To-morrow Miss Soldene and the company are to sing "Géneviève" and one act of "Madame Angot."

BRIEF MENTION.

Mme. Ilma di Murska sings at the Stadt Theatre this evening....The concert which was to have occurred at the Academy to-night has been postponed....Miss Heilbron gives her last matinée but one at Steinway Hall Thursday next.

DRAMATIC.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

The unexampled success which has hitherto attended "The Shaughraun" has received a further impulse from the advent of the holidays. Everybody goes to Wallack's, but everybody cannot obtain admission, and at present there are a great many who are waiting for their turn. A fine play, a superb setting, and an excellent cast are the claims which Mr. Wallack lays before the public, and it will be admitted that they are tolerable passports to success.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

"The Two Orphans" has now got beyond that stage of delay and imperfection incidental to the earlier representations of a drama, and so its merits may be far better judged than on the first night of its performance. Instead of occupying the stage from 8 until after 1 o'clock, it is now concluded by 11:15, and we venture to think that visitors to the Union Square Theatre will hardly be disposed to leave until the curtain falls on the final tableau. The severely critical people who take their stand on some high-art pedestal, and who are indisposed to regard with favor anything which lies beyond their own proper domain, would do well to devote their attention to this drama for a brief space, and see if they may not discover some good in that with which they have no sympathy. The classical lens which they are accustomed to turn on everything, may not be a good glass with which to regard prismatic coloring, but they should at all events remember that everyone does not look through the same medium as they. This would at all events beget toleration, a very desirable commodity when one would arrive at an impartial judgment. "The Two Orphans" is described as a romantic drama. This it is, no doubt, but it is entitled to another description as well. It is, in fact, melodramatic. There is, however, a broad distinction to be drawn between the melodrama, which it represents, and that which is ordinarily understood by the term. It is the melodrama of refinement, of deep pathos, of keen anguish, of bitter suffering, of brave contention between love and duty as against that other melodrama of brawl and bloodshed, of tawdry sentiment, of blatant defiances and vigorous vulgarity. The piece is one of surpassing power, of strong situations, of continuous action, and of marvelously effective tableaux. Gloomy as to its theme it is, no doubt, but the gloom is that from which pathos springs, and which is of more potent interest than gayety. The story of the drama has been already told, and so it needs no repetition now. It is a story which, in all its aspects, is presented with amazing force. It has no weak developments or extraneous garniture. Everything is necessary, is pre-eminently useful, and is made to contribute to the remarkable strength of the drama. Each portion of it fits precisely to some other, and a continuous link which is free of any weakness binds all the characters together. Not one of them is independent of the other, and not one could be set aside without detriment to that completeness which is the notable feature of the play. It presents a picture without weaknesses or blemishes, and we, like the audiences who bestow on it their unstinted applause, would enjoy that picture without inquiring too closely how it is produced. We would not get at the heart of its mystery; we would not analyze its stage carpentry and say that this is trick and that contrivance. We would not care to have a branch less on the trees nor a light less or more in the illuminated garden scene at Bel-Air, nor would we abate one jot of the snow-flakes at the porch of the church in the Place St. Sulpice, where the poor blind girl sits shivering in the Winter cold—an unwilling mendicant. We prefer to take the play in its fullness and completeness rather than in its details. It might be interesting to the playwright to study its remarkable structure in all its varied bearings, but the auditor will do better to accept the general result, or at any rate to devote his consideration to the several parts into which the play is divided. So, without going too closely into the process of analytical criticism, will he find admiration for this scene and applause for that situation, sympathy with this character, or antagonism to that other, and probably emulous pity will outrun his other feelings and link his hopes and anticipations with the fortunes of the orphans. As our readers are aware, the drama is divided into seven tableaux. There is also a division into four acts, but for all practical purposes each tableau may be regarded as an act in itself. The drop descends between them, the orchestra furnishes music in the interval, and the general structure of each, terminating, of course, with a strong situation, is of that order and achieves such results as the acts of plays usually aim at, even if they do not attain them. Every one of these tableaux is wrought out with the finest effect. Seemingly, the most popular is the second, which presents the "illuminated terrace and garden at Bel-Air, near Paris." There is good reason for this, doubtless. The scene *per se* is so brilliant; the brave costumes of the guests give it so much splendor; the succor of the abducted girl by the *Chevalier de Vaudrey* is so generously undertaken and so gallantly accomplished, and all this is arranged with such skill, that we do not wonder the applause of the audience is bestowed in lavish fashion. For our part, however, we prefer the sixth tableau, which represents "the court-yard of the prison of La Salpetrière." The way in which the interest is suspended until the culmination of the scene is perfectly thrilling. Here is *Henriette*, one of the orphans, about to be exiled to Cayenne. She is in agony, not so much on her own account as that it will shut out all opportunity of finding her poor blind sister. The outcast whom she had one day befriended forces her to take the pardon which she had that day obtained, resolving to sacrifice herself in her stead. The doctor of the prison stands by; the guard of soldiers is in attendance to receive the prisoners who must go into exile; the officer of the guard is there to have them identified by *Sister Geneviève*, Matron of La Salpetrière. The Sister enters in her nun's costume, ascetic yet benign. But a short time before she had said that no cause, however deserving it might be, would justify a departure from the truth; and now, as the names are called over, and as she identifies each with a slow affirmative, the interest is strung to the highest tension. There is one prisoner wanted to complete the list, and *Henriette's* name is called. *Marianne*, the outcast, steps forward, and, throwing herself on her knees before the Sister, appears to beg her blessing while she urges her to identify her as *Henriette*. Then commences the fierce contention between duty and charity—between the severe religion that will not lie that good may come, and the fair humanity that would shield the innocent though one's own moral lustre be tarnished in the act. After a brief agony of doubt and hesitation, slowly comes the reluctant affirmative, and *Henriette* is saved. "My first lie, Doctor," mutters the nun, in agonized and contrite tones, and the Doctor replies, pointing to heaven, "It will be recorded to your credit there." Hardly anything could approach nearer to an acted illustration of Sterne's celebrated passage in "Tristram Shandy," in which he describes the accusing angel that carried Uncle Toby's oath to Heaven's chancery, blushing as he handed it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropping a tear upon the word and blotting it out forever. If anything could realize the idea, this scene appears to do so, of one of the gentle frailties of humanity knocking at Heaven's portals, and finding entrance when virtue itself might stand abashed. But these are only a few of the features of a play which needs only to be seen to be appreciated and commended. For the acting, it is quite worthy of the drama. In some respects it reaches a very high standard, and in the most insignificant rôles it never falls to an approach to a low one. The orphans are represented by Miss Kate Claxton and Miss Kitty Blanchard as *Louise* and *Henriette* respectively. Miss Claxton gives a perfect portraiture of the blind girl, replete with pathos and intensity, and Miss Blanchard's representation would fulfill every requirement if it had something more of force and power. Miss Fanny Morant plays with her customary finish, Miss Eytinge gives her aid in the rather small part of *Marianne*, the outcast, and *Sister Geneviève*, which falls to Miss Ida Vernon, is one of the most perfectly depicted characters of the drama. The repulsive rôle of *La Frochard* is filled with great ability by Mrs. Marie Wilkins, and it is a very marked tribute to her ability to observe how thoroughly the character which she represents evokes the adverse feelings of the audience. In the distributions of characters among the gentlemen of the company, the judgment of the management is obvious. The intense earnestness of Mr. Mackay, the dashing bearing and gentlemanly style of Mr. Thorne, Mr. McKee Rankin's forcible and effective acting, Mr. Parselle's dignity and vigor, and Mr. Stuart Robson's humor are all well provided for. In fine, the drama is of great strength and absorbing interest, it is excellently acted, is put on the stage with unusual elaboration, and should of a certainty have a long and successful run.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

Mr. Gilbert's charming comedy "Pygmalion and Galatea" will occupy the stage of Mr. Daly's theatre to-morrow evening. The poetic coloring of this beautiful piece will be faithfully preserved in the representation which Mr. Daly will give it, and all the accessories will be in harmony with the author's treatment of the subject. Mr. James Roberts has been engaged for some time past on the scenery, and Mme. Pinchette will furnish new costumes. The illusion of the dissolving statue is in charge of Mr. Tobin, who was formerly connected with the Colosseum. Miss Carlotta Leclerq, who has been specially engaged for the present series of comedy performances, will appear as *Galatea*, and the other characters will be undertaken by the members of Mr. Daly's company, Mr. Harkins filling the rôle of *Pygmalion*. Gilbert's "Palace of Truth" is in course of rehearsal at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and a Shakespearean revival is promised.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

"Little Em'ly," Mr. Halliday's familiar dramatic version of "David Copperfield," will be played at Booth's to-morrow evening. Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer have bestowed every attention on the preparation of this drama, and it is their intention to give it a magnificent setting, and put it on the stage in an entirely creditable manner. Messrs. Voegtlin and Marston have been engaged for some time on the scenery, and have produced four principal views. These are "The Ark on the Sands," "The Illuminated Cathedral," "The Storm Scene," and "The Shipwreck," which are to be supplied with ingenious mechanical adjuncts for the purpose of augmenting the effect. The circumstance that Mr. George Fawcet Rowe will appear in his famous impersonation of *Wilkins Micawber*, if it is not novel, is at least interesting. Although the part has been played by him four hundred nights at the Olympic in London, and so frequently here, in what may be described as a detached form, we presume that Mr. Rowe has not grown tired of repeating it, and that he will be received with the former favor. "Little Em'ly" will probably prove one of the most attractive of the holiday entertainments.

BARNUM'S HIPPODROME.

The elaborate programme which Mr. Barnum offers for the holidays can hardly fail to secure the abundant patronage and loyal support of the public. Mr. Barnum had 26,000 visitors on Christmas Day, and this fact in itself is a potent illustration of his ability to gain the popular voice. The secret probably lies in the excellence of his entertainment. No spectacle is so gorgeous or costly as to be beyond his resources, and he will ransack the North or the South, the Orient or the Occident, for his treasures with equal complacency and self-satisfaction. He has a knack of never failing in any of those gigantic enteprises which he undertakes, and so when he establishes Chinese fêtes, gathers his attractions from legend or mythology, or imports wild animals from deserts and jungles, the public reliance is that he will do precisely what he promises. His latest success has been the magnificent spectacle which illustrates the familiar story of "Blue Beard," and this is supplemented by all the varied attractions at his command. King Kalakaua has accepted an invitation from Mr. Barnum to visit the Hippodrome, and will attend with his suite on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

At the Park Theatre "The Gilded Age" will enter to-morrow evening on the last week but one of its performance. It will be followed on the 9th of January by a new French opera bouffe troupe....The last week of "The Black Crook" at the Grand Opera-house is announced. It will then be transferred to Ford's Theatre, Washington. Matinées are announced for New Year's Day and Saturday....The Bowery will produce this evening a spectacular pantomime entitled "The Three Dwarfs," and the drama "Waiting for the Verdict"....Mr. Maccabe's capital monologue entertainment continues to attract large audiences to Robinson Hall....Mr. Boucicault's drama "After Dark," the melodrama "Miriam's Crime," and the spectacle of "The Forty Thieves" are the attractions at Wood's Museum for the week. "The Forty Thieves" will be produced on New Year's Day....A new serio-comic drama of a local character, entitled "Up Town and Down Town," will be offered at the Olympic, supplemented by an abundant variety troupe....Niblo's is still occupied by the "Jack and Jill" pantomime troupe, and probably will be for some time to come....The houses devoted to minstrelsy have full programmes. The San Francisco Minstrels offer a new entertainment for the week....Mrs. Rousby appears at the Lyceum on the evening of Jan. 4, in Tom Taylor's historical drama "Twixt Axe and Crown."

LOUISIANA.

THE OFFICIAL VOTE OF THE LATE ELECTION—THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS CARRIED.

NEW-ORLEANS, La., Dec. 26.—The final compilations of the official returns of the late election, which are to be promulgated to-morrow, show the total vote, with the polls and parishes thrown out, as mentioned in the report of the Returning Board, to be as follows:

For State Treasurer, Dubuclet, 69,544; Moncure, 68,586; majority for Dubuclet, Republican, 958.

The five constitutional amendments recommended by Gov. Kellogg and adopted by his Legislature are all carried, according to the count of both parties. The vote, as returned by the board, is as follows:

First constitutional amendment, indorsing the Funding bill and the consolidated bonds issued thereunder: For approval, 69,419; against, 60,070; majority for approval, 9,349.

Second constitutional amendment, reducing and limiting the State debt to $15,000,000, and limiting taxation: For approval, 70,824; against, 59,634; majority for approval, 11,190.

Third constitutional amendment, devoting the annual revenues of the State to the expenses of the same year, and prohibiting the issue of warrants in excess of the revenue. For approval, 70,499; against, 59,995; majority for approval, 10,504.

The fourth constitutional amendment, limiting the debt of the City of New-Orleans, and prohibiting any further increase thereof. For approval, 69,750; against, 59,995; majority for approval, 9,755.

The fifth constitutional amendment, changing the day for the State election to the day named by the General Government for the Presidential election. For approval, 67,234; against, 59,528; majority for approval, 7,706.

Counting the votes of all the parishes and polls thrown out as against these amendments, each one will still be adopted by several thousand majority.

DISAPPOINTED IOWA.

HAVING TWICE FAILED IN THE EAST, IT IS SUGGESTED SHE SHOULD SEEK A BISHOP IN THE WEST.

From the Des Moines (Iowa) Register, Dec. 24.

Having now laid its honors at the feet of two Eastern men, and both having refused them, it would seem that the Episcopal See of Iowa would no further seek to find its Bishop in the East. The West has plenty of men of culture, of strength, of pulpit and executive capacity both, and of all other requisite qualifications for the exalted place. The high honor loses and is cheapened by seeking an acceptance vainly. The Church in Iowa would now have had a Bishop had it chosen a man whose sympathies were Western, and whose ambition to do his Master's work was unselfish and pure. The New-York Potter toyed with the Convention, and trapped it into tendering him its Bishopric—only to refuse it, and to have the name that he was one man who had put away a crown. Dr. Huntington, it would seem, also wanted to be wooed, not to be won, but simply to be honored. Now he remembers he has a church to build for the parish he is in, and so he cannot come to Iowa where there are hundreds of churches to be built, and a field wider than a thousand Worcesters to be cared for. His excuse is so trivial that his candidacy seems to have been utterly inexcusable, and the conduct of those who urged his selection scarcely better.

Another attempt at securing a Bishop will not be made, it is said, till May next. Meantime it is to be hoped that the Iowa Episcopalians will conclude, both from their own convictions and from the severe lessons taught them by a Potter and a Huntington, that it is at once unnecessary and hopeless to try to import to the far West any of the great lights of the far East. The Iowa Bishopric is of itself so much of an honor, and embraces within its scope an opportunity for such a measureless work of good, that there is no man in the Church who would belittle himself or dwarf his services to his church or his God, by accepting it. Still, it is clear that there are Pastors of single churches in the East who prefer a luxurious salary and a seductive present to a field of greater usefulness now, and more illustrious renown hereafter. That is their privilege. But now that the Church in Iowa has found it out that this is so, it would look to outside sinners that next time it will make its choice among Western men, and thus secure a Bishop none the less able, and all the more earnest, honest, and useful.

LIVINGSTONE'S PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY.

The principal feature of his journal is the unceasing protest against slavery which Dr. Livingstone raises. Scarcely has he landed at Zanzibar—which, he says, ought to be called "Stinkibar," on account of the grossness of the stenches which dominate it—than he begins upon this most unhappy subject. Scarcely a chapter in the whole of these two large volumes is free from some further references to it. Nor, on the whole, is it possible to wonder at Livingstone's indignation. He was perpetually meeting with caravans of slaves, and he had abundant opportunities of seeing the horrible and atrocious cruelties which accompany the accursed traffic. It is true that, as he tells us at the outset of the journal, "the Arabs are said to treat their slaves kindly," but this fact does not mitigate the horrors of the trade. They treat their slaves kindly enough, it may be; but the sufferings of the unhappy wretches on their journey down from Lake Nyassa and the Shire River can hardly be exaggerated. It is, it would seem, by no means an uncommon event for the owner of a string of slaves to murder one *pour encourager les autres*; that is to say, being interpreted the slave-dealer, finding that one of his company is exhausted and unable to go further on his journey toward the coast, shoots or stabs him, in order that the rest may be stimulated to greater exertions. Sometimes an even worse fate befalls the unhappy wretches. They have fallen into the hands of an improvident master, or of one who is careless of his food. Half-way through the journey the food falls short; the slaves begin to die, and the chances of their reaching the coast in condition for sale become exceedingly slender. Some, perhaps, are killed off, but presently the food becomes so small in quantity that to give it to the slaves would be to risk the precious life of the owners. Thereupon the latter make one last effort—they simply take the food and leave the slaves to shift for themselves. If they were able to move this might not be an altogether deplorable fate, but as they are not abandoned until they are exhausted and are left with the "slave stick"—a heavy piece of wood notched and fastened to the neck—still upon them, they have very little chance of escaping from the wild beasts whom the night sends to put them out of their misery. It will be to the eternal honor of Livingstone's memory that he did more than any other human being to abolish the infamous and degrading traffic. Though he has passed from the scenes of his labors, his words follow him, and ere long we may anticipate a suppression of this atrocious trade through the closing of the market for the supply of which it is kept up.

"That is Splendid!"

Said a patient, after having a tooth drawn with laughing-gas at Dr. Colton's, in the Cooper Institute.—*Advertisement.*

Everdell's, No. 302 Broadway, Wedding and Ball Cards, Orders of Dancing, Elegant Note Paper, Crests, Monograms. Established 1840.

For a first-class Dress or Business Hat, go direct to the manufacturer, ESPENSCHEID, No. 118 Nassau st.

Everdell's, No. 302 Broadway, Elegant Visiting Cards for New-Year's calls. Send your orders early to prevent disappointment.

Pains in the Chest, produced by severe cold, invariably succumb to CAMPHORINE. Price, 25 cents.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, &c. Try it.

Lundborg's Perfumes are like Natural flowers and bouquets.

For the New-Year's Table.

Ladies about making their selections must be sure to call at the Old Gilmor Bakery, No. 205 Greenwich st., between Vesey and Fulton sts., where they will find one of the largest and best assortments of rich CONFECTIONERY and CAKES prepared as usual, expressly for the festival season. This house has had an experience of over forty years. Old New-Yorkers well know of the great superiority of the plum, citron, almond, pound, and hickory-nut cake made at this establishment; indeed, it would be hard to surpass it, either in exquisite flavor, richness, or elegance of ornamentation. Those who want the very best of crackers and cakes at the most reasonable prices will be sure to visit Gilmor's. The house delivers in all parts of this city, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, free of charge. Prices to suit the times.

N. B.—Handsomely ornamented cakes from $1 up.

JOHN D. GILMOR & CO., No. 205 Greenwich st.

Dew of the Alps.—Who is there that does not desire to be always exempt from indigestion, to have a good appetite, a painless stomach, a clear head, a regular pulse, and a healthy complexion.

If this meets the eye of any who are not thus blessed, let them try the DEW OF THE ALPS.

The proprietors will guarantee that this delightful tonic will restore any stomach, however weak, to a healthy condition, that it will bring the truant appetite, and give permanent vigor to the whole system.

The public and emaciated suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion in any form are advised, for the sake of their own bodily and mental comfort, to try it. For sale by all druggists, grocers, saloons, and fruit stores.

Our American Belles—our American Belles—
How sweet is the story their beauty tells—
They are wise belles, too, for it is their wont
To use every day their SOZODONT,
Which sweetens breath and keeps teeth well.
No wonder we're proud of our American Belles.

Hair Dye.—W. A. Batchelor's Hair Dye is splendid; best in the world. Never fails. Established thirty-seven years. Sold by druggists everywhere. Sold and properly applied at BATCHELOR'S celebrated Wig and Toupée Factory, No. 16 Bond st., New-York.

Dyeing and Cleaning.—The Empire Dyeing and Cleaning Co. call for and deliver goods. Work surpassed by none. Offices: 936 Broadway, near 22d st.; 196 6th av., near 14th st.; 276 8th av., near 24th st.

Dunville's Old Irish Whisky is recommended by the medical profession as superior to French Brandy. In casks or cases. United States Branch, 51 Broad st.

Wm. Everdell's Sons, No. 104 Fulton st. Established 1815. Printers. No branch offices.

Lundborg's California Water. For the toilet and bath. Fragrant and refreshing. An elegant substitute for bay rum. Purifies the air of the house. Try it.

MARRIED.

CORSA—McLEOD.—On Wednesday, Dec. 23, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. B. DuBoise, JOHN D. CORSA to ANNIE E. McLEOD, both of High Bridge, N. Y. No cards.

FARLEY—BRANDER.—On Thursday evening, Dec. 24, 1874, at Trinity Church, New-York City, by Rev. Frederick Ogelby, D. D., HARRY GEST FARLEY, of Dubuque, Iowa, to EMMA J. FEISS, eldest daughter of Charles R. Brander, of New-York City.

☞Dubuque (Iowa) and St. Paul papers please copy.

DIED.

DRYER.—On Saturday evening, Dec. 26, CAROLINE DRYER, mother of B. A. Dryer.

The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of B. A. Dryer, No. 347 West 55th st., Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

☞New-Orleans and Hamburg (Germany) papers will please copy.

GLOVER.—On Christmas Day, after a short illness, of pneumonia, DAVID TUTHILL GLOVER, of Schralenburg, N. J., formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the 60th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the residence of his brother-in-law, Matson S. Arnow, Esq., Westchester, N. Y., on Monday, Dec. 28, at 2 o'clock P. M. Carriages will be in waiting at the Westchester Depot on the arrival of the train connecting with the Morrisania boat leaving Pier No. 21 East River at 12 o'clock M.

☞Pittsfield (Ill.) papers please copy.

GRIFFEN.—At Harlem, on Friday, Dec. 25, 1874, GEORGE WASHINGTON GRIFFEN, in the seventieth year of his age.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the Reformed Dutch Church, corner of 3d av. and 131st st., Harlem, on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 27, 1874, at 1:30 o'clock.

HALLOCK.—At Mount Vernon, on Thursday, Dec. 24, Mrs. ANN, widow of James Hallock, in the 82d year of her age.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from the residence of her son, S. Hallock, Mount Vernon, N. Y., at 1 o'clock, Monday, Dec. 28. Trains leave 42d st. at 12 o'clock noon.

JENNINGS.—On Thursday, Dec. 24, Z. T., son of Wm. T. and Mary S. Jennings, aged 27.

Relatives and friends of the family, also members of Companies A and K, Twenty-second Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from No. 142 West 45th st., this day, (Sunday,) at 1 P. M.

K COMPANY, TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

COMPANY ORDER.—This command are hereby directed to assemble at the armory on Sunday, Dec. 27, at 12:30 P. M., in citizens' dress, with fatigue cap, to attend the funeral of our late comrade in arms, Corporal Z. T. JENNINGS. By order of

Capt. S. ELLIS BRIGGS.

M. J. BERRIAN, First Sergeant.

LOWDEN.—On Christmas morning, JOSEPHINE E. LOWDEN, in the 36th year of her age.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend her funeral from the residence of her father, Robert Lowden, Flushing, Long Island, on Monday, Dec. 28, at 12 o'clock. Carriages will be in waiting on the arrival of the 11 o'clock train from Hunter's Point.

MOORE.—On Christmas morning, at the residence of her son-in-law, Marcus F. Hodges, MARIA S., widow of James S. Moore.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from the Anthon Memorial Church, 48th st., between 6th and 7th avs., Monday morning, 28th inst., at 11 o'clock, without further notice.

PATTEN.—At Yonkers, on Saturday, Dec. 26, at the residence of his son-in-law, Hon. Joseph Masten, CYRUS PATTEN, in the 77th year of his age.

Funeral services at his late residence on Tuesday, 29th inst., at 10:30 A. M. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend. Carriages will be waiting the arrival of the trains, 8:25 from 30th st., and 9:10 from 42d st.

☞Newburg papers please copy.

WEED.—On Saturday, Dec. 26, of inflammation of the brain, RICHARD ERNEST, youngest child of Edward H. and Mary B. Weed, aged 3 years, 6 months, and 19 days.

Funeral from his parents' residence, No. 130 Livingston av., on Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 11 o'clock A. M.

WILBOUR.—At Bergen Point, N. J., on Saturday, the 26th, MARY A. WILBOUR, aged 69 years.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend her funeral, on Monday, the 28th, at 12 M., from the residence of her son, Cornelius Wilbour, Avenue S, Bergen Point.

WILDE.—On Saturday, Dec. 26, at his residence, No. 153 West 21st st., JOHN S. WILDE.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AS A FAMILY LINIMENT, THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA is invaluable. Immediate relief follows its use in all cases of pain in the stomach, bowels, or side; rheumatism, colic, colds, sprains, and bruises. For internal and external use.

TO CLEANSE AND WHITEN THE TEETH; to remove tartar from the teeth; to sweeten the breath and preserve the teeth; to make the gums hard and healthy, use BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE. 25 cents a bottle.

CHILDREN HAVING WORMS REQUIRE immediate attention. BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS, or WORM LOZENGES give the best possible effect. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a box.

PRIVATE LIBRARY.

Now on exhibition at the Clinton Hall Art Rooms, a large collection of books, comprising a very choice selection of RARE AND VALUABLE EARLY-PRINTED WORKS, many black-letter books, early American histories; also, many modern standard and illustrated works, to be sold by auction, MONDAY, Dec. 28, and following evenings, at 7:30 o'clock.

The Messrs. LEAVITT, Auctioneers.

BARTLETT'S LATEST IMPROVEMENT IN street-lamps—No more painted or enameled iron, but silvered or solid French porcelain reflectors, whichever preferred; nothing for the cost so improves a street or dwelling. General depot No. 569 Broadway, New-York.

R. STUART WILLIS, ATTORNEY AND Counselor at Law, Notary Public, No. 182 Broadway, Room No. 4 New-York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"HOW TO GROW."—IF YOU WOULD GROW in strength, stature, vigor, and attain a symmetrical and handsome figure, read THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH, best of all health monthlies, at $2 a year.

If you would grow in intellect, memory, and in morals, including the human graces, and learn how to read men by their faces, take the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, first-class, at $3. Both sent a year, post paid, at $5, by S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New-York.

"OBSERVATIONS ON DISEASES OF WOMEN," by Dr. SPRENG, late member New-York Academy of Medicine. Mailed for 10 cents. Address 201 West 22d st. "This pamphlet should be read by everybody."

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

AT NO. 1,195 BROADWAY, NEAR 29TH st., Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, gives his closing lectures of the term for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at 10:30 A. M. (subject—"The Power of Virtue,") and 7:30 P. M. (subject—"What do We Owe to God; What does God Owe to us?") Children's Lyceum, 2:30 P. M.

ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, Harvard Rooms, Reservoir square.—Rev. Dr. Lord reviewed by Mr. Wolff, Sunday at 7:30 o'clock. Dr. R. T. Hallock speaks at 10:30 A. M. Conference at 2. All invited.

ALLEN STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Free seats.—Morning preaching. Missionary anniversary in the evening; singing by the children. Rev. George O. Phelps, Pastor.

AT THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN, (Clermont av., near Atlantic st.)—Rev. H. R. Nye will review Dr. Fulton's lecture on Universalism. Service at 7:30 o'clock. All invited.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH, ELM PLACE, BROOKLYN.—Subjects: "What is Time," at 11 A. M.; "What is Eternity," at 7:30 P. M. On these, Dr. Porteous will dilate.

ANTHON MEMORIAL CHURCH, 48TH ST., west of 6th av., Rev. R. Heber Newton, Rector.—Usual services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY,
MADISON AV. AND 42D ST.
Hours of service—10:30 A. M., 3:30 and 7:30 P. M.
Rev. James De Koven, D. D., of Wisconsin, will preach in the morning; Rev. Theodore Irving, LL. D., in the afternoon; Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., in the evening.

FIRST REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
Madison av. and 47th st.
Rev. WM. T. SABINE, Rector.
Sunday-school at 9 A. M.
Morning service at 10:30; evening services at 7:30 o'clock. The Rector will preach.
Children's Church at 3 P. M.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHRISTMAS TREE.
Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR,
57th st., near 8th av.
JAMES M. PULLMAN, Pastor.
Sunday Morning, at 11,
"A CHRISTMAS SERMON."
Evening, at 7:45,
Interpretation of Mark, xvi., 16:
"He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

THE PEOPLE'S SERVICE
IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY,
MADISON AV. AND 42D ST.,
ON SUNDAY, AT 7:30 P. M.
Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR., will preach.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCHES OF NEW-YORK and vicinity.—(1.) Church of the Divine Paternity, 5th av., corner of 45th st., Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., Pastor; Sunday services, 10:45 A. M., 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 9:15 A. M.; prayer and Conference meeting every Friday night. (2.) Bleecker Street Church, Bleecker st., corner of Downing, Rev. E. C. Sweetser, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:45 A. M., 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 9:15 A. M.; prayer and Conference meeting every Tuesday night. (3.) Church of our Savior, 57th st., near 8th av., Rev. J. M. Pullman, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:45 A. M., 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 9:15 A. M.; prayer and Conference meeting every Friday evening. (4.) Harlem Mission, 127th st., between 3d and 4th avs., Rev. Charles Fluhrer, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:45 A. M., 7:45 P. M.; Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. (5.) Plimpton Hall, corner of Stuyvesant and 9th sts.; Sunday service, 10:45 A. M.; Sunday-school, 9:15 A. M. (6.) Mission and Industrial School, Brevoort Hall, 54th st., near 3d av.; Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

Young Men's New-York Universalist Association, Rooms, Broadway and 33d st.; open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

BROOKLYN CHURCHES.—(1.) Church of Our Father, Clermont av., near Atlantic st., Rev. H. R. Nye, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:30 A. M., 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.; prayer and Conference meeting every Friday night. (2.) All Souls' Church, South 9th st., E. D., Rev. A. Gunnison, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:30 A. M., 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.; teachers' and Bible-class meeting every Friday night; Conference and prayer meeting every Wednesday night. (3.) Church of the Reconciliation, Greenpoint, Rev. J. V. Wilson, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:40 A. M., 7:30 P. M.; Conference and prayer meeting every Thursday night; Sunday-school at 2 P. M. (4.) Centenary Sunday-school, Nostrand av., near DeKalb, at 2:30 P. M.

JERSEY CITY N. J.—First Universalist Church, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:30 A. M., 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school at 12 M.; prayer and Conference meeting every week.

NEWARK, N. J.—Church of the Redeemer, Rev. J. B. Forrester, D. D.; Sunday services, 10:30 A. M., 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.; Conference and prayer meeting every week.

DO UNIVERSALISTS BELIEVE in the biblical doctrine of regeneration? Certainly they do. They are sometimes charged with denying it, but the charge is an utterly baseless one. There are no Christians who believe more firmly that "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," nor are there any who say so more distinctly. Universalists do not believe that men can be saved without conversion; on the contrary, they believe that such a proposition involves a contradiction of terms. So long as men continue in sin they cannot be saved, because sin itself is the thing from which they need salvation. (Matthew, i. 21.) There can be no salvation without repentance, obedience, faith, and love. Universalists believe in the final salvation of all mankind only because they believe that finally all souls will have obeyed the conditions of salvation; not that all men will be saved "any way," but that all men will be saved in the way that God has provided. "I am the way," said Jesus Christ. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." (John, xiv., 6.)

Reader, if you expect to be saved without renouncing your sins, you make a very sad mistake. Human ordinances will not save you. You may have the best creed in the world, and be ever so zealous in churchly observances, but unless you have the Spirit of Christ you are none of His. (Rom., viii., 9.) Sooner or later, in this world or the world to come, you must forsake your evil thoughts and ways, and follow after righteousness. The longer you postpone it, the worse it will be for you. The sooner you accept the Saviour, not only in name, but in deed and in truth, the sooner you will be in heaven, because heaven itself will be in you.

AT THE THIRD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,
Corner of Bleecker and Downing sts.,
THE PASTOR, REV. E. C. SWEETSER,
Will preach TO-DAY, at 10:45 and 7:30 o'clock.
Morning Subject—"What is your Life?"
Evening Subject—"The New Birth."
The public is cordially invited.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH.—CORNER 4TH AV. and 20th st. Sunday, Dec. 27, Rev. Dr. Bellows will preach at 11 A. M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M.

CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES, MADISON av., corner 45th st., Rev. George H. Hepworth.—Morning subject—"Taking Account of Moral Stock." In the evening Mr. Hepworth will, by special request, repeat last Sunday morning's sermon. Sunday-school and Bible classes at 3. Grand tableau entertainment Tuesday evening.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES, CORNER 28th st. and 9th av., Rev. J. P. Lundy, D. D. Rector.—Sunday services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 9 A. M. Course of Sunday evening lectures on the "Churches of the Apocalypse." Free seats on application to the Sexton.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, 23D ST., BETWEEN 5th and 6th avs.—Rev. R. S. MacArthur, Pastor, preaches Sunday morning. Subject: "Christmas Thoughts." Evening. "This Year Also." The ordinance of Scriptural baptism will be administered. Strangers always welcome.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, CORNER PARK av. and 34th st.—The Pastor, Rev. W. R. Alger, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject—"The Uses and Abuses of Looking Back,"—a sermon for the closing year."

CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH, 7TH AV., BETWEEN 13th and 14th sts., Rev. F. Bottome, D. D., Pastor.—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Strangers always welcome.

CHURCH IN 42D ST., BETWEEN 5TH AND 6th avs.—The West Presbyterian.—Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30 and evening at 7:30 o'clock, by the Pastor, Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D. D.

CHRIST CHURCH, 5TH AV.—MORNING—Prayer; sermon, "What is That to Thee?" 11 A. M. Evening—Prayer; sermon, "The Fullness of Time," 7:30. Dr. Thompson officiates.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, PARK AV., corner 34th st.—Rev. William R. Alger will preach this morning at 11, and at 7:30 in the evening. Sunday-school 3 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE ATONEMENT, MADISON av., corner 28th st., Rev. C. C. Tiffany, Rector.—Sunday-school at 9 A. M. Divine services, morning at 10:30; evening at 7:30. All cordially invited.

CHURCH OF THE HEAVENLY REST.—(5th av., above 45th st.) Services on Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

FREE TABERNACLE M. E. CHURCH, 34TH st., between 7th and 8th avs., Rev. L. H. King, D. D., Pastor.—Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Young people's prayer-meeting at 6 P. M. Seats free. All are welcome.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER 39TH st. and Park av.—Preaching by Rev. T. D. Anderson, D. D., at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Cordial invitation.

JANE STREET M. E. CHURCH.—PREACHING on Sunday at 10:30 A. M. by Rev. R. P. Christopher, of Brooklyn; at 7:30 P. M. by Rev. W. D. Thompson, Pastor of Allen Street M. E. Church, this City. Sunday-school at 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. Prayer meeting at 6 P. M. Watch-night service on Thursday evening, commencing at 9 o'clock, with a love feast. Welcome all.

LYRIC HALL, 6TH AV., BELOW 42D ST.—O. B. Frothingham, Preacher to the Independent Society, will speak on Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Subject—"The Heart of the Christ."

MYSTERIES UNFOLDED.—SAMUEL SHEFfield Snow, messenger of the coming King of Glory, will preach on the mysteries of the kingdom, in the University, Washington square, on Sunday at 3 P. M. Seats free, and all true friends of Christ welcome.

REV. J. HYATT SMITH WILL PREACH THE anniversary sermon of the Free Baptist Sunday-school, in the Church of the Disciples of Christ, 28th st., near Broadway, at 10:30 Sunday morning. All invited.

REV. J. F. McCLELLAND, PASTOR ST. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church, 41st st., near 6th av.—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject for morning—"City Evangelization." All are welcome.

REV. J. W. BARNHART WILL PREACH IN Old Forsyth Street M. E. Church, near Division st., at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath-school at 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. Seats free. All invited.

REV. H. W. KNAPP WILL PREACH IN THE First Mission Baptist Church, in Laight st., Sunday morning at 10:30, and in the evening at 7:30. All seats free. Come and welcome.

REV. PROF. GARDNER WILL PREACH IN the Morning Star Sunday-school Chapel, No. 165 West 26th st., at 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 2:30. Preaching every Sunday evening.

REV. JOHN DOWLING, D. D., WILL PREACH on Sunday at 10:30 A. M. at Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's Tabernacle, Schermerhorn st., Brooklyn.

ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH, 40TH ST., BETWEEN 5th and 6th avs., Rev. Dr. Ewer, Rector.—Services: celebration at 7:30 A. M.; morning prayer, 9; litany and celebration, (choral,) 10:30 o'clock. Children's service at 3 P. M. Evening prayer, (choral,) at 7:30 o'clock. The Rector will preach. The Christmas festival of the Schools of the Parish, will take place in the Church, on Monday evening at 6 o'clock. Public invited.

ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 46th st., north side, between 5th and 6th avs.—Rev. Dr. Price, Rector; Rev. A. B. Hart, Associate. Services on Sundays at 10:30 A. M. and 3:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. Strangers cordially welcomed.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH, 18TH ST., NEAR 5TH av.—Free seats.—Sunday services at 7 and 10:30 A. M., 4 and 7:30 P. M., and for deaf mutes at 2:45 P. M. Other days at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.

THE PHILLIPS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Madison av. and 73d st.—The Pastor, Dr. Alexander, will preach this morning at 11 o'clock, and President McCosh, of Princeton College, in the evening, at 7:45 o'clock.

THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY HAS removed to 50th st., east of 3d av. Sunday services 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday-school 9:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.

ZION CHURCH, MADISON AV., CORNER 38TH st.—Rev. John N. Galleher, Rector.—Services 10:30 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

STRASBURG AS IT IS.

THE FRENCH CITY UNDER GERMAN RULE.

A CHANGED PICTURE—TEUTONIC INFLUENCE—INCREASED EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES—INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY.

From a Special Correspondent.

STRASBURG, Thursday, Nov. 26, 1874.

People who go to see Strasburg nowadays look upon the city with an eye single to her recent history. *Pâtés de foies gras* and the magnificent cathedral rank in the visitor's mind after shot-marks, ruined buildings, and evidences of German tyranny. Your curiosity in respect of these things is anticipated and provided for. The photographers exhibit pictures of smoky fragments of wall, and of the crocs on the cathedral spire in the attitude of the flying Mercury. The guides who approach you as you are gazing at the bewildering net-work of stone which faces you at the end of the Rue Mercière do not seek to dazzle you with their architectural knowledge, but begin forthwith to point out to you cannon-balls still sticking in walls and roofs of the surrounding houses. You may look as obstinately as you please at that west façade; they know your real weakness, and if they cannot make you turn to the houses, will point out the marks of shot and shell on the object of your regard. They have an ally within you. Notwithstanding your interest in Erwin, of Steinbach, and John Hiltz, of Cologne, in Schöffer and Gutenberg, in these early Protestants who here put something more of the sweetness of charity into their reforming zeal than was perhaps possible for the leaders, you cannot resist the constant appeal made to your sympathy by evidences of recent affliction. The city wears a melancholy air, most touching to anyone neither naturally insensible nor hardened into brutality by admiration for the Prussian "short method with the unconverted." Admirers of the method may find Strasburg a cheerful residence, as the means it employs are still in full working here and are quite as uncompromising and effectual as in Schleswig-Holstein, or with the recalcitrant Bishops. But for the ordinary observer Strasburg is anything but enlivening.

Time was when the intelligent traveler, carrying with him his own stock of ideas and interests, found here a tranquil old city, where his historical, archæological, or æsthetic needs were ministered to without other disturbances than such as arise from a *bougie* too many in the hotel bill, or from a polyglot German head waiter, a shade more exasperating than usual. Even the vacant-headed tourist, who does not know a gargoyle from a gable, and who had merely stopped over one train to see the highest spire in the world, had a fillip, rather pleasant than otherwise, given to his interest by a continual suggestion of *pâté de foie gras*. But the Germans have changed all that. The cathedral, many picturesque old houses, the Alsatian costumes, many of the French ways and aspects, and the immortal *pâté*, still remain, but both cathedral and town are sadly marked with scars, and everything is undergoing an energetic process of Germanization. It may be feared that at no distant day even the *pâté* will take on a smack of their new nationality—perhaps in the shape of an addition of raw ham or decomposed cabbage. It will be well if this change is not ordered from Berlin; the new Government descends to the regulation of details scarcely more important. The names of the streets, for instance, were left for some time as they were found—then German translations were added to the French names on all the corners, and recently the latter have all been taken down, even where the alteration was so trivial as that from Place Kléber to Kleber Platz. Such slight metamorphoses must be peculiarly vexatious to the Alsatians; they seem a merely wanton exercise of the conqueror's power not to be defended upon the score either of necessity or convenience. Many measures, disagreeable in themselves, are seen to be wise enough as soon as you admit that Alsace is to be made over into a German province. We met numbers of young soldiers, fruits of the last conscription, on their way to Posen, where they may learn the useful lesson that Prussia has already taught the Poles as to her ability to keep the provinces upon which she has once laid violent hands. Alsace, on the other hand, is garrisoned by strangers from Brandenburg, from Westphalia, from Baden. No possible concert to be feared between citizens and soldiery.

The sum of all changes may be briefly stated: Strasburg was five years ago a French town with a very German aspect; to-day it is a German town looking like a French one. Then Paris people laughed easily at Alsatian French; it is now held in better esteem in that quarter, while the new masters, already used to possession, have their laugh at Alsatian German. Then the people of Strasburg thought their situation good enough, in spite of an occasional joke at the expense of their pronunciation; now, in the face of German assurances that Strasburg is happier than ever, the city wears a face of grief easily read, even by the passing stranger. "You are our brothers," say the Germans, "beloved members of our father's family; though torn from our embrace nearly two hundred years ago, you have never forgotten the ways and the language of your father's house. As soon as you shall have recovered from the shock of change, how deep will be your delight at finding yourself again in the bosom of your family. Your morals are perhaps a little tainted by your long association with those light-minded French, but we will renew your purity and reconvert you into steady-going, money-making Teutons."

Considering that the town was taken after seven weeks of siege, that during the bombardment some 1,300 non-combatants were killed by the brotherly guns—and that, too, when the place might have been taken without the firing of a shot—and that since its capture family affection has been stimulated, so to speak, at the point of the bayonet, the German love-making reads very much like a speech out of *Æsop's Fables*, and might do for a fox to talk to the Strasburg geese. Its persuasiveness has not prevented such of the well-to-do classes as were able to get away from breaking up their old homes in Alsace and seeking new ones in France. Strasburg has been left to the Germans, and to such of the old inhabitants as were compelled by business or poverty to remain. This state of things, while it augments the forlornness of the present aspect, no doubt hastens the time when Alsace shall have become German in heart as well as in name.

Still, there are those who cannot, or do not, leave Alsace, and who declare that they now remain, as they will always, Frenchmen. Fidelity to a lost cause may be a mistake, but it is one of the lovable errors, always dear to poets, novelists, and painters, and to all people whose hearts are reached through their imaginations. A proscribed royalist, a Jacobite drinking to "the King over the Water," and one day, no doubt, the dispossessed planter, who remains in exile rather than live among carpet-baggers; to these add the Alsatian who refuses to be Teutonized—they are all wrong, but they all get our sympathy. The German Government is, however, exempt from this human weakness. It was only the other day that the Alsatian Deputies in Berlin were pleading the cause of certain unconverted Alsatians. "If they consider themselves Frenchmen, let them carry their grievance against us to their own Government; the case can be only diplomatically treated," was the reply. The German Government was perfectly logical; and, besides, showed the Alsatian Deputies plainly that their sympathies were henceforth to be with their German, not with their French, fellow-citizens. There are to be no half-way Germans. So much the worse for those who will not be Germans at all.

Meanwhile, some of the measures of conversion have been dictated by sound wisdom, and seem to be working admirably. I borrow a few facts relative to public education, from the *Elsässische Korrespondent*. The information is official, but some of the facts speak for themselves.

The schools for higher and secondary education are flourishing under the new management. The lately-established practical school (*real schule*) was opened with more than two hundred pupils. The long well-known Protestant Gymnasium and the Imperial Lyceum are rapidly increasing in prosperity. The gymnasium numbers, for the current scholastic year, 360 pupils and thirty-three professors, a number of pupils considerably in excess of that of last year. It is noteworthy that twenty of the professors are old Alsatians, as against thirteen newly imported. The Lyceum was opened at Easter in 1871, with twenty-five pupils and five teachers. At present the pupils number 600, with thirty-three professors. The official report maintains that an energetic reaction in favor of these schools has lately taken effect in the middle classes, not only in Strasburg, but throughout Alsace, and that everywhere the schools are reaping the benefit in a full attendance.

As to elementary instruction, the report claims an equal success, although, it must be confessed, not making so convincing a show of figures in support of its statements. The opposition of the lay brethren conducting schools for the poor, and of a large portion of the Catholic population in general, has not yet been overcome; but German zeal likes nothing better than vanquishing an adversary, and all the world can guess how the present task is likely to be performed. "These only can judge this knotty question," says the report already quoted, "who have attentively remarked these changes during consecutive years, and who know that on this ground more than upon any other there has been but one principle, that of making the population feel, not the iron hand of the conqueror, but the amenity of the beneficent reorganizer, immovable, however, in his convictions, and marching with a firm step toward the end he means to reach."

In the last lines you have the key-note to the system. The work is to be done as well as possible, but, however disagreeable it may be, there is to be no flinching about it. Unfortunately the amenity which looks so fine to Prussian eyes is invisible to others, while all the world can see the firm march which makes a joy of crushing every obstacle in its way. The Prussian has been endowed by Providence with a peculiar knack in making himself odious. Of course, there are fine natures among every people, and all the virtues are no doubt enshrined in individual Prussian breasts. But none the less the race is hated cordially by all the rest of Germany, and it shows itself ingeniously disagreeable to all with whom it may be at variance. For instance, there is no story to the prejudice of France or Frenchmen, no matter how silly or palpably slanderous, that is not greedily copied into the wretched little sheets that pass for newspapers even in good-sized German cities. Scarcely larger than a sheet of foolscap, and provided with current information in direct ratio to their size—they may be called the little dogs of the press—the whole pack run out every day snapping and barking at the heels of France or of the Pope. These inclinations are not sufficiently curbed, even here in Alsace. It can be readily understood that many a well-directed effort at conciliation is thwarted by the idle insolence of an official or of a newspaper article. It is not easy for the Germans to gain credit for good intentions among the conquered people, while every added pain they inflict is sure to be noted and remembered. One journal at least, however, so far as I can judge from short acquaintance, may be credited with kindly intentions. A copy of it lies before me with the double title, *Elsässer Journal und Niederrheinischer Kurier-Journal d'Alsace et Courrier du Bas-Rhin*. The page has six columns, three of which are in German and three in French, with a French feuilleton at the bottom of the first page. The matter, with trifling exceptions, is the same in both languages. The tone is, of course, German, and given from Berlin, and, as might be expected, a sensitive Alsatian may occasionally find irritating things in its columns. But the intention, evidenced in the very fact of the bilingual text, is fairly carried out in the columns, and the paper may be classed, with the university and the schools, as one of the humaner means of attaining the end the German "means to reach."

Another force helping toward this end is the reviving industrial activity of Alsace. In 1872, Alsace and Lorraine were represented at the Leipsig Michaelmas Fair by 1,102 quintals of products of all sorts; in 1873, by 2,405 quintals, and in 1874, in spite of the dullness of trade, by 2,905 quintals. A correspondent of the *Strasburger Handelsblatt* says of these products:

"The madapolams (shirtings) were notably in great demand. The supplies of this article were rapidly exhausted, and important orders given for the approaching Spring season. Alsatian furniture stuffs excited also great attention and favor. These are distinguished for extreme beauty and taste, and, since the reannexation of Alsace, have found wide sale in Germany, especially for objects of luxury, such as curtains and poitières. Silks—such as ribbons of good quality and fast colors—are procured in large quantities by the wholesale dealers of Leipsig from Sulz, Guebwiller, &c. No fault is found with the prices, since the Crefeld goods cannot compete with them, and I can assure you that, in the case of such goods, the agents of Alsatian manufactories cannot fail to do a good business."

All of this indicates that the wheels of society are beginning again to move with smoothness. So many French people have gone away, so many Germans have come in, that the task of setting things to rights is, no doubt, much simplified. There are still a great many who detest the new order, and who lose no opportunity of showing their opposition, but the greater number endures an evil which it sees no means of curing. Endurance will some day end in acquiescence. The great mass of the people is really indifferent as to whether the rulers be French or German. The history of Europe has given the peasants and artisans one or two deductions from facts. They bear the burden of conflict when the great folks—the Kings and Princes—struggle. Their farms have been overrun, their cottages burned, their sons taken as food for powder, their work interrupted, their wages stopped. The quarrel is never theirs, and when peace comes, under the same or different rulers, they go on as they always have done, until the next struggle renews the old troubles, with similar fruitlessness. And so, with the peasant, the best Government is that which leaves him most alone and taxes him least. The artisan has aims quite aside from those of any Government now in existence. These, and many also, no doubt, among the middle class, are probably as well satisfied with German rule as they would be with any French one that could be named. In the book shops one sees as many French books as German; but among the former, even in the most respectable shops, are so many copies of *La Lanterne* that you are tempted to think that, if France is longed for at all, it must be the France of M Henri Rochefort, whatever that may be.

And then whether they like German rule or not, those who have their bread to earn soon learn to accept the inevitable and make the best of it. Their philosophy was exemplified in the watchman on the cathedral tower, who saluted me in French on reaching the platform: "Do you speak French or German, Sir?" "Oh, it's quite the same to me which I speak." "So it is to me," said he with a laugh as big as his burly frame, that somehow was managed so as to point at the recent change in his nationality. He was, however, a jolly man by nature, and a sensible man, and I could not, even by exhibiting my dislike of the Germans, make him quarrel with his bread and butter. "There beyond those trees you see, only it's rather misty to-day, the Vosges Mountains. You have only to cross those and you are in France. On this side you see the Rhine. There is the frontier of Alsace, and over beyond it was Germany, but now—now we're annexed!". He shrugged his shoulders, but he would not say he did not like the change. He was at his post during the entire siege, and when I asked him if his German brethern did not make it very uncomfortable for him at that time, he laughed and pointed out the gaps made in the tower by shot and shell. They were above, below, on all sides of him, but still he would say nothing against the masters. His reticence I do not find everywhere imitated. A guide who complained freely to a young friend of mine, finally brought out with an air of great mystery, a lot of caricatures. They were however rather amicable than otherwise, and made as much against existing affairs in France as against Germany, evidence enough of their Gallic origin. One of them, a folded paper, represented, very neatly, Napoleon III. with the laurel crown, as on some of the imperial postage stamps. Unfolded the picture resolved itself into four hogs, grubbing after the fashion of their kind—typical, as nearly as I make out, of the different forces now striving for supremacy in France.

It is, perhaps, idle to speculate as to the future of Alsace-Lorraine, but, if there are degrees in idleness, I cannot help thinking that those are most needlessly idle who prophesy the return of the captured provinces to France. If my own sympathy with a cruelly-injured people could determine the decrees of fate, there would not be a German soldier left in Alsace-Lorraine three days after this writing. But the wrong has been done, and the future certainly seems to belong to the Germans. It is not the first time that Strasburg has been violently transferred from one power to another; the injury inflicted now is not more serious than it was then, and probably will be not longer remembered. The memory of wrong in the present case will be shorter, because, after all is said, the fact remains that Strasburg is, and always has been, a German town. Two centuries of French rule—Louis XIV. took the town in 1681—have not made the common people speak French; have not taken the German thickness out of even educated

---

Somerindyck Orphan Asylum to sub-let the property they hold from the city, after which they adjourned.

THE LIQUOR-DEALERS.

VIGOROUS ACTION OF THE EXCISE BOARD AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE—THE LAW SUSTAINED.

The liquor-dealers still continue to take out licenses in response to the vigorous action of District Attorney Rollins, who during the past week has had several hundred of the unlicensed saloon-keepers notified of the consequences of resisting the law, and although no business was transacted by the Excise Department on Christmas Day, the statistics of the five days on which the office was open show scarcely any perceptible falling off in the number of applications for licenses, as compared with the number received during the week. True, the Liquor-Dealer's Protective Association has reorganized its scattered forces, elected a new board of officers, and repeated its ultimatum to resist, as far as possible, what is deemed the exorbitant demands of the Excise authorities; but this action instead of intimidating the latter, has only had the effect of exciting them to prosecuting all delinquents with increased energy. During the present week five hundred additional notices of cases of violation will be served upon the counsel of the board for action.

The following is a detailed statement of the business transacted by the Excise Department during the week ended yesterday: Monday, Dec. 21, thirty-two applications, amount deposited $1,890; Tuesday, thirty-six applications, amount, $1,870; Wednesday, thirty-eight applications, amount, $2,930; Thursday, sixteen applications, amount, $1,280; total number of applications, 169, total amount deposited, $10,510. The total number of applications received from May 1 to date, was 3,562, and the total amount, $243,497 88. It is expected that a sum of over $90,000, resulting from the recent action of the board and District Attorney Rollins, will be turned into the charity fund before New-Year's Day. The officers of the Liquor-Dealers' Association are making desperate efforts to inspire the dealers with confidence, but the latter have lost all faith in the organization, and are hourly submitting to the law.

THE CHAIN GANG.

The following are the names, crimes, and sentences of the convicts removed from the Tombs to Sing Sing, during the past week, by Deputy Sheriffs Daly and Coughlin: Philomena Kofferstick, petit larceny from person, five years; George Anderson, burglary, nine years; Joseph Craig, grand larceny, ten years; James Brown, grand larceny, ten years; Chancey Edwards, grand larceny, two years and six months; George Laddecke, grand larceny, two years and six months; Mezekiah Springer, grand larceny, two years and six months; William Rigby, petit larceny from person, two years and six months; Adolph Walters, forgery, one year and six months; Allen Blanchard, grand larceny, two years and six months; George Christopher, grand larceny, two years and six months; James Christie, burglary, two years; James McBride, petit larceny, five years; Antonio Sala, assault with dangerous weapon, two years; Jacob Jacobson, assault with dangerous weapon, two years and six months; John Parkinson, violation of the Election law, one year and six months; William Russell, violation of the Election law, one year and six months; James Reiley, assault with deadly weapon, two years; James Murphy, grand larceny, two years and six months; Michael Hughes, grand larceny, two years and six months; Robert Miller, grand larceny, two years and six months; William Shannon, grand larceny, one year; Charles Wilson, violation of the Election law, one year and six months; John Connors, violation of the Election law, one year and six months; Lewis Whittaker, grand larceny, two years and six months; James Harvey, grand larceny, two years and six months; Michael Hickey, grand larceny, two years and six months; Henry Petty, grand larceny, two years and six months.

AN IMPRISONED RABBI RELEASED.

Moses Dimant, a Jewish Rabbi, was committed by Police Justice Wandell for abandoning his wife Liebe. The wife was present, but her testimony was not redneed to writing. Defendant admitted that he had not contributed to his wife's support, and the Justice, hearing from a third party that the man was poor, ordered him to pay $4 a week, and be committed until he furnished $300 bail. The wife took out a habeas corpus for the husband's release, through Philip Levi, on the ground that she did not want to compel him to support her or be put in prison; that he is poor, and a Rabbi out of employment, and that there was no testimony taken in writing, and no record of conviction filed with the County Clerk. The case was argued before Judge Donohue, the counsel for the Commissioners of Emigration opposing. The court decided to-day that the Supreme Court can review abandonment cases on the question of jurisdiction by the Magistrate, and on the facts, and discharged the prisoner on the ground that the Magistrate had no jurisdiction.

A MAN WHO DEFRAUDED HIS TAILOR.

On the 2d inst. Mr. Louis Jerome, alias Henry Lee, called at the tailoring establishment of Joseph P. Westman, No. 89 Christopher street, and ordered a frock coat and overcoat, for which he agreed to pay $89. He directed the clothes to be sent to the Astor House, which was done. Mr. Jerome put them both on, and appeared much pleased with the fit, and stepped into an adjoining room to procure his brother's opinion on them, but forgot to return. He was subsequently found displaying the coats on Broadway, and Justice Smith, at Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday committed him in $1,000 bail for trial.

DRY GOODS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

SANTA CLAUS'

LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.

OFFICE OF R. H. MACY & CO., 14TH ST. AND 6TH AV., NEW-YORK, Dec. 27, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

For the Seventeenth Season I have to thank you for the hearty support extended to my agents, the MESSRS.

R. H. MACY & CO.

So unparalleled has been their success in the sale of my goods that I feel bound to make their

Grand Central ESTABLISHMENT

My PERMANENT HEAD-QUARTERS for the future; therefore, you will always find whatever you may require in my line with them.

They have at present but a small balance of my imported Toys on hand, and to make up in price what they lack in quantity, they have decided that in addition to their LARGE MARK DOWN, THEY will, for the week ending Jan. 2, 1875, make a

DISCOUNT OF 20 PER CENT.

on all bills of imported Toys which exceed one dollar.

THIS DISCOUNT is for one week only.

Wishing you the merriest of Merry Christmases and the happiest of Happy New Years, I remain as ever,

Your old friend,

ST. NICHOLAS.

1875 1875 1875

LOUISIANA.

PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE RECENT ELECTION.

THE MIXED SCHOOL WARFARE—COLORED GIRLS SEEKING ADMISSION TO THE HIGH SCHOOL—EXPULSION OF COLORED SCHOLARS BY "YOUTHFUL REGULATORS"—THE LEVEE QUESTION—COLLAPSE OF THE "SEVEN WISE MEN."

From an Occasional Correspondent.

NEW-ORLEANS, Friday, Dec. 18, 1874.

The Returning Board, engaged in canvassing the result of the late State election, are "making haste slowly." The contest for the State Treasurership has not yet been decided, and will not be announced until the "fraud and intimidation parishes" are disposed of, which, it is said, will occupy the board until the meeting of the Legislature in January. Meantime, the outside White League politicians, aided and assisted by the *Bulletin* and *Picayune*, are endeavoring to force the Returning Board into a determination of the result in accordance with their predetermined desires; but this body of respectable citizens, having a responsible duty to discharge, will not be awed into submission by the Tammany Hallites of this city. To-day the announcement was made of the election of thirty-six members of the Legislature, of whom twenty-two are Republican and fourteen Democratic or Conservative. Adding these to the Representatives said to be elected in the parishes returns from which have already been promulgated, would make a total of thirty-three out of fifty-seven parishes, of thirty-five Republicans to thirty-seven Democrats or Conservatives. The returns from the Parish of De Soto will not be canvassed at all by the board, on the ground that no proper certificates of result have ever been forwarded by the officers under whose supervision the election was held. It is also probable that the Parish of Carroll will be rejected, for the reason that the election was not fairly and honestly conducted. The charges of fraud and intimidation in some twenty or more of the parishes lying in the northern and north-western part of this State, must necessarily occupy the time of the Returning Board for several days, as the contesting parties are still engaged in getting up affidavits and procuring evidence in support of, or in opposition to, those charges, and the board seem disposed to afford the largest latitude to both parties. The probabilities are that the Legislature, as returned by the board, will be about evenly divided, though the Democratic papers claim that they have a large preponderance in the Lower House. Trouble may arise in the organization of the Legislature by parties who seem determined not to submit to the decision of the Returning Board, and threaten to resort to force to carry their point and get up another revolution.

The mixed school question has been precipitated upon this community by the action of several colored girls in presenting themselves, with their teacher, at the Upper Girls' High School, on Wednesday last, for admission as pupils for the higher branches of the educational course of study. This Upper Girls' High School, called the Magnolia School, has heretofore been exclusively devoted to the education of white girls sent from the other elementary schools of the city. It had never been known as a mixed school, and the endeavor on the part of the colored applicants to seek admission was not justified by any authority whatever, and resulted in a youthful revolution, which still continues. The young ladies of the High School, on the day in question, protested against this unauthorized intrusion, and such was the excitement produced by the event that several of the self-constituted regulators of this city sought for Mr. C. W. Boothby, the City Superintendent of Public Instruction, next morning, upon one of the public streets, and but for his disavowal of the action of the colored teacher and pupils at the High School, would have maltreated him. An attaché of the *Republican* office, named Adams, was assaulted and cowhided on Canal street, by one of the chivalry, who claimed that a committee of young ladies from the High School had been insulted by Adams at the *Republican* office.

Yesterday a committee of youthful "Regulators" (as they are styled by the *Picayune*) from the Boy's Central High School, with some forty of their associates, visited the Lower Girls' High School, the Franklin School, the Webster School, and the Magnolia School, and caused the expulsion of all the colored scholars. Proceeding to the Keller School, situated on Magnolia street near St. Andrew, the "Regulators" encountered a number of colored people who had become alarmed at the demonstrations of the whites, and a collision was the result. Several persons, among them a policeman, were wounded, and one colored boy was killed. To-day the same youthful regulators paid their respects to the Webster and Jefferson Schools, and finding none of their colored bretheren in attendance, retired, and proceeded to three other schools in various parts of the city when, upon the demand of the youthful committee, the sheep were separated from the goats, after which quiet was restored. In consequence of the excitement over the school question the public schools have been closed until after the holidays, leaving the Board of School Directors to settle the matter as best they can. The white citizens express a determination to effect a separation of the schools, and allow the colored people to send their children to such school or schools as may be distinctly set apart for that purpose. The people here are not opposed to the education of the blacks, but they do not believe in the mixed school system. The present difficulty will result in the increase of school privileges, and in allowing each class, white and black, to attend schools distinct as to color, and separate as to organization.

The levee question is one of the most important to the people of this State, as their future prospects, for better or worse, depend upon the securing of their land against the overflow of the lakes, bayous, and rivers that pass through the State. The impoverished condition of the people of the State will not enable them to effectually put the banks of the rivers and other waters where these inundations take place in such a condition that the overflowing of the lands may be prevented, and, necessarily, the whole matter must ultimately be taken in charge by the General Government, if Louisiana is to be saved from ultimate ruin and desolation. The Levee Company of this State, which now has charge of the work of repairing the levees, will not be able to accomplish more than about one-third of the work necessary to prevent the overflow of the Spring of 1875. The estimated quantity of such work is 1,086,000 yards, and is divided as follows:

	Yards.
On the Ouachita	25,000
On the Red River	100,000
On the Bayou des Glaises	38,500
On the Lafourche	15,500
On the Atchafalaya	57,000
Above Red River	338,700
From Red River to the city	446,300
Below the city	65,200
Total	1,086,200

The following important levees will have to be emitted:

	Yards.
Ashton, Carroll Parish	167,000
Point Lookout, Carroll Parish	50,000
Omega, Madison Parish	24,000
Milliken's Bend, Madison Parish	100,000
Diamond Island Bend, Madison Parish	860,000
Point Pleasant, Tensas Parish	60,000
Buck Ridge, Tensas Parish	40,000
Hardscrabble, Tensas Parish	60,000
Henderson O'Glassock, Concordia Parish	580,000
Morganza, Pointe Coupée Parish	205,900
New-Texas, Pointe Coupée Parish	800,000
Pointe Coupée, Pointe Coupée Parish	100,000
White Castle, Iberville Parish	100,000
Bonnet Carré, St. John Parish	500,000
Ormond, St. Charles Parish	50,000
Carroll, St. John Parish	50,000
Total	3,626,000

The three most important of these are Morganza, Ashton, and Bonnet Carré. The first is the protection of Lafourche, Terrebonne, and the whole section of the State known as the Attakapas country, comprising twelve of the best sugar parishes; the second floods Upper Louisiana between Vicksburg, Monroe, and the upper line of the State, and the third precipitates the water from the overflowing Mississippi on this city, and along and over the Jackson Railroad and the surrounding country. It has been stated that there ought to be at least 3,000,000 of yards of levee repairing done before the Spring of 1875 if another such catastrophe as happened last Spring is to be averted.

Another of the secret orders or associations which had its origin in the South has ceased to exist. The order known as the "Seven Wise Men," organized under the auspices of the Southern men, and peculiarly a Southern institution a few years before the late war, has at last been disbanded for the want of that material support upon which all secret societies depend for their existence and continuance.

The newly-appointed Congressional Committee upon Louisiana Affairs is anxiously awaited by all parties, and there are many volunteer patriots who expect to pour into their ears their tales of political sacrifice and immolation in the hope of reward from the friends whose interests they propose to serve. There is no doubt but the White Leaguers are for the present kept well in hand by their leaders through fear of this committee, the appointment of which has had a tendency to keep down the turbulent spirits who would endeavor to renew the conflict of last September.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

WHAT FERDINAND THE THIRD BESOUGHT OF HEAVEN.

From Our Special Correspondent.

HENDAYE, Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1874.

Among the numerous legends told in connection with Spain and its government, is the following, which is not without interest, and is at least amusing. It relates to Ferdinand III., who was supposed to have been such a great benefactor to his country that he went direct to Paradise without being detained for any length of time in purgatory. Upon his arrival at his destination, he was immediately constituted a saint of the first degree, and among other favors he received at the hands of the Virgin Mary, was permission to ask any three things he might desire, like the old couple in the children's story with which we were all familiar in our youth, but in which, if I recollect aright, the benefits were conferred by a very different personage. Well, of course Ferdinand III. having been made a saint had nothing else to desire, so far as he was personally concerned. Even if it had been otherwise, being so fond of his country, he would doubtless have looked after the welfare of Spain before making any request for his own personal advantage, and, therefore, he first asked that his countrymen should have an unlimited supply of wine, oil, and garlic. His request was immediately granted, as was also a demand for good harvests and plenty of mules for carrying the grain to market. The good saint had now nearly reached the end of his tether, and before the final demand he asked to be allowed twelve hours for consideration. As it was, if the story be true, he had taken rather a mean advantage of the good nature of the Holy Mother, by embodying several benefits for his country in each of the two demands he had made, but being a great favorite at the time, it appears that the discrepancy was overlooked. How Ferdinand occupied his time during the twelve hours which had been given to him we are not told, but at the time appointed he was ready with his request, which was that Spain might have a "good Government." The Virgin Mary replied that, much to her regret, she could not, in justice to the denizens of Paradise, comply with this demand; for, were it granted, Spain would be such a delightful country to live in that the angels would take up their residence there in preference to remaining in Paradise. Ferdinand III. thought that the Holy Mother was rather hard on him, but with a diplomatic tact worthy of Bismarck himself, he substituted for his final demand a request that the Spanish women might resemble angels as nearly as the Virgin might deem consistent with her sense of justice to the angels in Paradise, and, that the men might not only be handsome but talented. No objection was offered to this, and for anything we know to the contrary, the good saint is still sharing the accommodation afforded to that "sweet little cherub" of British origin who "sits up aloft, and looks after the life of poor Jack" —Spaniard.

STRANGE MURDER IN BULGARIA.

A singular trial for murder has taken place at Missivria, says a correspondent of the *Levant Herald*, and has ended in the acquittal of the prisoners—two brothers, who were accused of the murder of their uncle, a rich old Odessa merchant. The old man, having retired from active life and wound up his business, returned from Odessa some years ago and settled down in Missivria, his native town. Here he gave much in charity to the poor, and behaved handsomely to his nephews, with whom he lived, and whom he helped out of poverty into a respectable position in local trade. Three years ago the old man suddenly disappeared. No serious inquiry, however, was made to ascertain what had become of him. His nephews made liberal donations to the churches, and inherited or rather appropriated the old man's wealth. Probably they would have been left entirely undisturbed in the enjoyment of their riches but for a circumstance which, for a time, must have caused them some trouble and anxiety. On a certain day in the early part of this year an old woman asked for an audience with the cadi, and, on being admitted, made a deposition which has been repeated to me as follows: "It was a dark, stormy night," the old woman said: "the wind had several times blown in my window-sash, putting out my lamp and causing the embers of my fire to fly about the room. Suddenly, amid the howling of the storm, I heard a shriek, then a moan. Strange sounds followed, which seemed to come from the house of my neighbor, the Odessa merchant. I crossed myself and drank a little raki to keep up my courage, and then I remembered that there was a crack in the wall of my closet, through which I could see into the house of my neighbor, the merchant. Thither I went, and applied my eye to the crevice in the mud wall, and this is what I saw: Two men were pressing down a pillow upon the face of another man, whom they kept prostrate, and a woman was holding a light. The old man—I recognized him—was very strong, for he overthrew his nephews, although his throat was cut and blood gushed from the wound. He would have escaped, but the woman struck him in the face with a chair. His head was bent backward, as though he could not keep it in its place on account of the gash across his throat. Still his eyes flashed life; he staggered toward the window, but there he was again struck down by his nephews. Then they sawed away at his throat till the head was separated from the trunk." The accuser went on to say that she threatened the murderers with a disclosure of the crime which she had witnessed, but that they promised her "hush money," that, as she was poor, she agreed, in consideration thereof, to hold her tongue, and that she washed the blood from the floor of the room where the old man had been put to death. The "hush money," however, had not been paid, and, as she was starving, she determined to make known her story. The story was told in March or April, but no proceedings were taken until August. The accused parties were then arrested, and confined in the Zaptieh "Oda." The old woman, too, was put in prison, and was flogged, and half-smothered between mattresses night after night, until the trial ended, and the persons whom the *vox populi* still stigmatizes as murderers were declared innocent.

RATS EXPELLED.

A gentleman in Burlington, Vt., of an investigating turn of mind, a week or two ago determined to "try it" again with the rats which infested his house. He purchased a supply of "coal tar" at the gas works, and placed small quantities of it in the rat holes in his cellar, and elsewhere in their runways. The rats, bedaubing themselves, became disgusted with the manner of their entertainment, and speedily left the premises, and have not been seen or heard from since.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

THE OPPORTUNE REMITTANCE.

A FEW DAYS' EXPERIENCE OF A CALIFORNIA MINER IN THE EARLY TIME.

From the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

It was away back in 1858, when our old partner, Jep Smith, awakened one beautiful morning in the picturesque town of Mokelumne Hill, in old Tuolumne County, California. It was a beautiful June morning; California's matchless sun was shining in amber skies, the birds were twittering from the tree that shaded Jep's window, and the perfumes of a garden of rare flowers stole in through the open window like incense.

But Jep was not exceedingly happy on this soft morning. He was a stranger in Mokelumne Hill. He had reached there on the evening previous, coming in from Jackson on foot. He was not in very good health. He had decent clothes and a carpet-sack, with an extra collar, but he was a total stranger, and his exchequer showed exactly the sum of $3. Of this amount he knew the bill for supper, lodging, and breakfast would consume just one-half.

These reflections passed through his mind as he dressed himself. Meanwhile he discovered himself to be whistling, softly, "John Anderson, My Jo," and he says he has learned by experience that when a man awakens from a thinking fit he generally finds himself whistling. He descended with reasonable dignity the stairs to the bar-room, answered the host's nod and "good morning," refused quietly a proffered cocktail, passed into the dining-room and ate his breakfast mechanically, for he was still thinking. Breakfast over, he paid his bill and, adding an extra quarter to it, said: "A cigar, if you please." The cigar was furnished and an extra one urged by the landlord and accepted by Jep. The odor of that cigar is still fragrant in Jep's memory, for it was a courtesy to him where, though he wore a quiet face, his heart was exceedingly heavy. Jep lit his cigar, and, taking a seat on the bench outside the door, waited for the Columbia stage to start.

Jep was going to Columbia himself, but he was going on foot, and somehow did not wish to hurt the driver's feelings by making him drive by him without asking him to ride. While waiting and watching and thinking he was not aware that he noticed anything, but later in the day he remembered that the near leader was a stylish gray, but pigeon-toed; his mate was a brown with a star in the forehead and a quarter crack in the off fore hoof. The wheelers were bays; the off one had a splint under the right knee, and the near one kept working his head up and down as though he had a sore neck under the collar. The near inside rein on the leaders was twisted, and the blinders on the off wheeler were too tight over his eyes. The stage rolled away, and after a little further delay Jep picked up his carpet-sack and took his way in the direction pointed out by the red dirt which the wheels of the coach threw up in dust.

It was a hot June morning. The sun was a volcano in heaven; the earth beneath seemed like a vast plain of lava as yet not half cooled. It was 7:30 when he started; at 10 a man by the wayside told him it was eight miles to Mokelumne Hill. At 1 o'clock he sat down a moment to hold one foot, which was chafing with the heat, in a stream which babbled across the road; and here a passer-by informed him it was eighteen miles to Mokelumne and "'bout twenty-one to Columbia." Passing a grocery, he stopped and asked for a quarter's worth of crackers, and when they were weighed he took four of them, (he always remembered the number,) and, putting down the quarter, walked on. In the morning he had hummed softly little songs to himself as he walked, but the songs had long been hushed, and he now trudged grimly on in silence. About 3 P. M. he stopped at a house and asked for a drink of water. There was a solitary man in the open door and a solitary dog on a chain outside. The dog was a Newfoundland, and though he barked furiously and surged fiercely upon his chain, his looks belied him, for his long face spoke in every lineament that he was dying for a romp. So Jep walked up to him and stroked his shaggy head and expressed to him the belief that his apparent bad humor was all a bluff; that he really would not hurt a kitten, and the dog put his paws on Jep's shoulders and licked his face. The owner apologized for the dog; said he hoped he would be worth something sometime, though he feared he was too good hearted to ever be of any account. He tendered the water, but taking a second look at Jep, asked him if he would not prefer a drink of cool milk, and without waiting for an answer, turned and went to his milk-house hard by and brought a pint of the beverage. He was half gardener and half dairyman, and lived all alone with his dog. They were probably much alike. Both tried to look grum and sullen at strangers, but they were both too good-hearted to make any attempt at being savage a success. Jep swallowed the milk without taking his lips from the cup, and thanking the man and shaking the paw of the dog again trudged on.

About 4 o'clock he stopped once more to inquire the way. The man of whom he asked told him it was eleven miles by the road to Columbia, but by taking a trail which was plain he could save three and a half miles. This was a consideration, and in answer to further inquiries he was told the trail led over a hill in sight, then over another beyond, and there at the foot of the second hill he would strike the main road again where it crossed the Stanislaus. He took the trail, but has never taken one since where a road could be followed. The first hill was an Alps to his tired limbs—the second a Himalaya. He says to this day the chaparral and manzanita on that last hill will be the last things he will remember on earth, so horribly hot and dreary did they seem to him.

But the river was reached at last, and for a quarter the ferryman landed him on the further bank. By this time he was tired indeed, and sharp pains began to pierce his limbs like needles. Up that endless hill from the river he climbed, and so weary had he grown that he was obliged to stop and rest every fifty or sixty yards. Near the summit he came to a little cottage, half hid in a clump of trees beside the road. Seeing a woman on the piazza, he entered the gate and approached her to ask for a cup of water. He was lame, begrimed with sweat and dust, and haggard with fatigue. The woman was young and pretty, and was probably some miner's pet just imported from the East, for she was evidently frightened at the stranger's approach—which a California girl would not have been—and little nameless tricks about her dress made Jep believe she had made herself as pretty as possible and was waiting a young husband's return. She was dressed in simple white, with a blue ribbon around her neck and a sash or ribbon of the same color around her waist, and had a little bunch of bright flowers—pinks, Jep thought—at her throat. Her eyes were brown and her hair likewise, save when the sunlight turned it to gold. Jep tried to ask for water, but his tongue was so parched he could only whisper. The look of fear changed to one of infinite pity at Jep's request, and she fairly sprang to get the water. Jep used to say that the flash of womanly pity on her face had made him partial to brown hair and eyes ever since.

Again he took up his march; and now the sun was almost set, and soon it was gone, and the night closed swiftly down. At last he discerned lights, and soon found himself in a little town. Supposing his journey was over, he asked for a hotel, and was told there was none nearer than Columbia, which was yet two miles away. Two miles! Could he ever walk two miles more? He continued his journey, however, and at 9 P. M. found himself in the express office in Columbia.

It was Saturday night, and the miners were thronging the office to sell their dust. At last he made his way to the counter, and while waiting his turn so fearfully did his lower limbs pain him that he supported himself upon his elbows on the counter to rest himself. At length, in answer to the sharp "Well, Sir, what can I do for you?" Jep asked for a letter. There was no letter for Jep Smith, no package, no nothing. This was terrible. He had certainly expected a letter with a remittance, and he had nothing. His resolution was quickly taken. He turned to a civil-looking miner beside him and asked him if he would tell him where the best hotel in town was. His idea was to go straight to the landlord, tell him all about the Smiths, and beg his indulgence for a week or two until his remittance came. The miner said politely, "I will show you, Sir, a good hotel."

He followed the miner around the corner, and in a few minutes was brought face to face with a woman who seemed to his tired eyes a very Amazon. The miner said: "Mrs. McGraw, this gentleman wants board and a private room for a week or perhaps ten days." The woman eyed Jep for a moment before she answered, and in that moment his resolution was taken to say nothing of his depleted purse, for he knew it would not answer with her, and he was too weary to go further. The woman spoke at last: "Misther, we has but one private room, and it comes very high." Jep looked up frank and clear as he answered: "Madam, money is no object in the world with me at present; all I want is a place by myself where I can be quiet for a few days." "Very well, Sir," said the woman shortly. "Have you had supper?" Jep went to the supper table, drank a cup of tea, but could not eat one mouthful. He left the table, found a bath-house, and in a bath as hot as he could bear experienced instant relief for his aching limbs. He slept that night like a millionaire.

Descending next morning to the bar-room, the landlord, the husband of the Amazon, was on watch. He was a short man, with shaggy eyebrows and a fearfully broad pair of shoulders. Jep refused the drink proffered him by this host, and sat down to think things over a little. Hardly was he seated when a man came from the breakfast-room. "Four bits," said the host, shortly. "Bailey, Sir," said the man, "I have not the coin now jist, but I will bring it to yees to-morrow." "You will?" said the host sententiously, and, coming from behind the bar, he laid one terrible hand on the man's neck and with one kick raised him almost to the ceiling. Then, seizing him with the disengaged hand, he hoisted him at arm's length and tossed him through the door and over the sidewalk, apparently without an effort. He then, without speaking, returned behind the bar, and again took up his watch without the slightest trace of excitement or emotion, as if what he had done was a necessary and frequent accompaniment of hotel-keeping in the mountains.

Meanwhile Jep was calculating what might happen in case his remittance was delayed. The week wore away without incident. There was breakfast and dinner and supper every day, and the Bridget who waited upon the table at every dinner would come to Jep and say: "Will yees have some of the roast poark, or the roast bafe, or a bit of the baked heart?" Those three dishes were indelibly impressed on Jep's memory during that week. The second Sunday came, and Monday, and Tuesday. The express reached Columbia about 3 P. M.

That last afternoon Jep, as he passed through the bar-room to go to the express-office, noticed the host and hostess in earnest conversation, accompanied on the part of the man with violent gestures and dark glances at Jep, as he moved slowly out of the room. The expressman met him this day with a smile. "You are all right to-day," he said, throwing upon the counter a roll of double eagles. "Will you give me small gold and silver for three or four of these?" Jep asked. The expressman obliged him, and filling one pocket full he purchased a cigar (he had not smoked before for ten days) and started for his hotel.

As he entered, the landlady came to him, flushed and evidently troubled, and hesitatingly commenced: "Misther Smith," said she, "I have been talking with the old mon; you didn't know, may be, that a new married pair had come to the house, and we was wonderin' would it make you any trouble were yees to give up your room for a night to these."

Jep always doubted about there being any newly-married couple in that house that day, and believes it was a plan to transfer him from the private room to the corral, but he did not stop to discuss the proposition. He merely said: "It does not matter, Mrs. McGraw. I shall have to leave town to-night. I am going to Sonora. How much is my bill?"

The woman was so surprised and incredulous that she could not speak for a moment. She commenced at last: "Yees know yees had our finest room, Misther Smith?"

"A delightful room, Madam," was Jep's reply.

"And yees have boarded the whole time," she continued.

"Your table is superb, Madam," said Jep.

"Under the circumstances, would yees consider the bill was unreasonable at thirteen dollars and a half?" she asked.

Then came Jep's triumphal moment. Thrusting his hand to the bottom of his pocket, he withdrew it full of gold. Tossing a $20 piece to the stupefied woman, he said: "Mrs. McGraw, accept that, and, believe me, your kindness to me will never be forgotten."

Then the poor woman exposed the whole fear that had possessed the household on Jep's account. Dropping her elbows upon the counter, she cried out, suddenly: "I tould the old mon yees was all right!"

Both followed Jep down the steps, and invoked all manner of blessings upon him and the "old mon," as he wrung Jep's hand, said: "It might be yees would be traveling and get broke. If yees ever does, make my house your home, for we both know a gintleman the moment we claps our eyes upon him."

But Jep thinks to this day that if his money had hung fire another day there would have been another man thrown out of that house, or else the fastest foot-race would have been seen that was ever run in Columbia.

A SHATTERED LIFE.

A CHRISTMAS DAY DEATH SCENE—THE STORY OF A WOMAN BURIED IN GREEN-WOOD.

She turned her face to the wall and simply said, "I want to die;" and as she spoke those words her life came to an end. So that while the glad chimes were gayly ringing in remembrance of the Redeemer of us all, a poor lost woman, young in years but old in affliction, found happiness in death. Yesterday she was buried. Some years ago, a young French artist, a man of the people, who has since grown famous, painted two companion pictures, which made fashionable Paris weep. They were called "To-day" and "To-morrow." In the first, a young and beautiful girl is pictured attired in regal robes with diamonds in her hair, Bacchante-like, with a foaming beaker of wine in her hand. In the other the same girl, wasted and wan from suffering and sorrow, habited in rags, lies on a wretched pallet of straw, dying from consumption. The story is an old one, oft repeated. Such was the death of Marie Duplessis, whom Alexander Dumas *fils* made a saint, and such in the present case was the end of Therese Theraud. One died in Paris, the other in New-York, and that is the only difference. Of the many who during the days of her beauty and prosperity basked in the sunshine of her smiles and favors, not one did her the poor remembrance of casting a flower into her open grave. And when the hearse and single carriage following it passed on their weary way to Green-Wood, the people who wondered at the meagre funeral display little dreamed that the plain coffin contained all that was mortal of a woman famed for her beauty, wit, and sins—a woman whose witching voice had brought a prince an abject beggar at her feet, and whose charms had driven an actor to self-destruction. Her real name no one knew, and her most intimate friends never discovered the story of her early childhood. Her career from the moment when as Therese Theraud she captivated young Paris, until her death on Friday in this City, under the name of Cora Stanley, is public property. On one occasion alone did she nearly betray her incognito. One of her friends—one of her true friends who remained with her to the last—on paying her a visit, heard her sing a little *chanson* known wherever the French tongue is spoken, "Je l'aime! Je l'aime! O Bretagne." He was astonished at the exquisite way in which she sang it, and said, "Why, Therese, you must be a Breton." Her eyes filled with tears, and she hastily left the salon. When he sought her he found that she was crying bitterly, and she said, "Dear friend, never speak to me in that way again, you make me so sad." She was compelled to leave Paris, and decided to make her home on this continent. Before her departure she gave to her friends and companions in Paris a grand farewell banquet, at which she bade them farewell. She left France with 800,000 francs, or $160,000. The next heard of her was at Havana, where she lived in magnificent style. During her residence in Havana a young and handsome actor named Gomez formed her friendship, and fell deeply in love with her. She loved him with as much sincerity. One night, after the performance in the Tacon Theatre, where he was playing, Gomez went with Therese to her residence, and proposed to marry her. At first she laughed at him, but seeing that he meant what he said, she reasoned with him and said that if she married his prospects in life would be ruined, and she loved him too dearly to do that. The infatuated young man went to his hotel and blew out his brains. He left a note addressed to Therese saying that he found life unendurable without her, and that he would not forget her, even in death. When the news of his suicide was broken to her she was seized with brain fever, and for some weeks was at the door of death. She recovered to find herself almost a beggar. During her illness her maid had stolen all her jewelry and fled to the mountains with another servant. She then sold her house in Havana, came to this City, and assumed the name of Cora Stanley. For a time her career in this City equalled her Parisian life. She dispensed charity with no niggard hand, and the poor and starving never went away hungry from her door. To the charitable societies she gave largely, and to the shame of the officers of one be it said that when she needed aid at their hands she found it not. At last her star began to set. Consumption seized upon her. The most eminent physicians in the City were summoned, but could not avert her final death. For three years she lingered on. Two years ago she found her wealth gone, and was compelled to take a room in an obscure French hotel. No one came to see her except two friends who had heard of her illness. She felt that her death was drawing near, and never complained. When her friends told her, day by day, that she was looking better, she would smile and say, "You are flatterers, like the doctor." Finally the end came, and she died. She was not surrounded by the gorgeous appanage which in former years formed part of her daily existence. She died in decent poverty. The room was carpeted it is true, and there were three chairs, a table, a bureau, and a bed there. But there were no inlaid cabinets, no satin curtains, no damask drapery, no paintings by famed artists hanging on the wall.

BENEVOLENT BEQUESTS.

A number of bequests to benevolent objects are made by the last will and codicils of the late S. S. Stevens, of Baltimore. After the decease of his wife, Martha Stevens, the following sums are bequeathed to charitable and religious institutions: Home of the Friendless, $1,000; Union Protestant Infirmary, $1,000; Baltimore Orphan Asylum, $1,000; Humane Impartial Society and Aged Women's Home, on Lexington street, $1,000; Humane Impartial Society and Aged Men's Home, on Lexington street, $1,000; Maryland Bible Society, $1,000; Maryland Sunday-school Union, $1,000; Union Orphan Asylum, $1,000; Boys' Home Association, No. 82 North Calvert street, twenty-five shares in the Baltimore and Hallsprings Railroad Company; Home of the Aged of the Methodist Episcopal Church, $1,000; Trustees of Parlet Chapel of the Methodist Episcopal Church, $1,000, to be applied to the improvement and reconstruction of the church, which may be paid by the executors, with the consent of the widow, at any time; Drew Seminary, at Paterson, N. J., $2,000, to be applied in aiding young men studying for the Methodist Episcopal ministry; Boston University, $40,000, to be used for establishing a professorship in the School of Theology, to be called the Stevens professorship; Boston University, $3,000, the interest of which is to be used in aiding young men studying for the Christian ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church; to Abel Stevens, of Fitchburg, Mass, his eldest brother, $1,000; to Maria Osgood, of Lowell, Mass., his wife's sister, $1,000; to his grandchildren collectively, $1,000; to the three children of F. W. Kleeper, $300; to Zaziah Thomas, colored, $200.

He names as executors of his will his wife, Martha Stevens and his three sons, Samuel Augustus Stevens, of Norfolk, Va., and Charles Porter Stevens, and Frank Putnam Stevens, of Baltimore. The personal estate is estimated to be worth $70,000.

By the codicil dated March 6, 1874, he annuls the bequest of $1,000 to be paid to his brother Abel Stevens, and leaves him $60 a year for his life out of the income of the estate of decedent. He also directs in his codicil that the bequests of $1,000 to Parlet Chapel shall not be paid until after the death of the widow. He farther directs the annulment of the bequest of $2,000 to the Drew University, so that said bequest shall be void. This codicil leaves the residue of the estate to his three sons, which was not declared in the will.

By the second codicil, rendered necessary, as he states, by the decline in the value of property, he annuls entirely the bequest to the Parlet Chapel. He also annuls the $3,000 bequest to the Drew University for the benefit of indigent students, and bequeathes that sum to the Boston University. The will had given to the widow the entire use and income of his estate of every description during her natural life, and this codicil gives her additional authority to control and manage all the interest of his entire estate.

MILITARY GOSSIP.

NATIONAL GUARD NOTES.

Second Lieut. Reinhardt F. Long, of the Twenty-eighth Battalion, Brooklyn, has resigned.

Second Lieuts. E. Narwood and E. H. Coffin, recently elected in the Thirteenth Regiment, Brooklyn, have received their commissions.

Commissions have been issued to Capt. Bernhard Degen Kolb and First Lieut. Henry Mohr, of the Fifteenth Battalion, Brooklyn.

Maj. Gen. Woodward has decided not to tender his formal resignation, but on accepting the appointment of Inspector General will vacate the office of Commander of the Second Division.

The members of Company K, Twenty-second Regiment, will attend the funeral of their late Comrade, Z. T. Jennings, from No. 142 West Twenty-fifth street, at 1 o'clock P. M. to-day.

Battery K, Artillery, Capt. John Heubner commanding, has been drilling in light artillery movements during the present month. Second Lieut. Philip E. Hoag has tendered his resignation.

Company G, Seventh Regiment, Capt. George W. Ely commanding, held a drill at the State Arsenal last Monday evening, parading sixteen front. The movements were principally platoon manœuvres.

The commissioned officers of the First Battalion Infantry, Lieut. Col. Bourke commanding, held a theoretical drill, comprising the manual of arms and the school of the battalion, last Monday evening.

The Skidmore Guard, Capt. Andrew Brown commanding, held a drill at the State Arsenal last Wednesday evening, parading sixteen front. The movements executed comprised those set forth in the new tactics, and were creditably performed.

Benjamin E. Valentine has been appointed Inspector of Rifle Practice in the Fifth Brigade, Brooklyn, with the rank of Captain. Capt. Valentine possesses considerable skill as a marksman, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the staff of the Fifth Brigade.

An election will be held in Company B, Twelfth Regiment, Capt. Charles S. Burns commanding, on Friday, Jan. 8, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Second Lieut. John J. Heintz, Jr. W. G. Burton has been elected Sergeant of Company K, in the same command.

The second of a series of promenade concerts was held by the Twenty-third Regiment, Brooklyn, at its armory in Clermont avenue last evening. The regimental band, under the direction of Prof. Conterno, provided the music, and the large drill-room was well filled with an appreciative audience.

Company E, Seventy-ninth Regiment. Capt. W. C. Clark commanding, held its annual reception at the regimental armory last Wednesday evening. The number of visitors was quite large, and owing to the diligence and care manifested by the officers and men for the comfort of their guests, the entertainment was a complete success.

At a recent meeting of Company I, Eleventh Regiment, Sergt. George Goodhill was elected Second Lieutenant, vice George Gensch, promoted. The annual ball of this command will be held on the eve of Washington's Birthday in commemoration of its anniversary. This command was formerly known as the "Washington Rifles."

Capt. Henry Fulton, Inspector of Rifle Practice in the First Brigade, will commence his duties on Jan. 1, beginning with candle practice. Capt. Fulton says he thinks a greater interest will be evinced in rifle practice by this method than by any other system, while more practical results may be obtained.

The Separate Troop Cavalry, Capt. Karl Klein commanding, is deserving of credit for the promptitude with which it paraded at the reception to King Kalakaua last Wednesday. Capt. Klein received the order at 10 o'clock in the evening previous, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, proceeded at once to notify the various members of his command, and in response forty-two were in readiness at the appointed time.

The members of the Howitzer Battery, Brooklyn, are making preparations to appear mounted after next Spring. Two men will be detailed to each gun, who will ride on the carriages, and the remainder will be provided with horses. Each man will be provided with a Spencer carbine. One thousand dollars have been appropriated by the State for the purpose of hiring horses. The horse equipments are being made, and will be handsomely ornamented.

The books and records of the head-quarters and companies of the several regiments comprised in the First Brigade will be inspected by Major Robert Lenox Belknap, Brigade Inspector, at their respective armories on the following days: Twenty-second Infantry, Monday, Dec. 28, 1874; Sixty-ninth Infantry, Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1875; Twelfth Infantry, Thursday, Jan. 7; Seventy-ninth Infantry, Tuesday, Jan. 12; Seventy-first Infantry, Thursday, January 14—each commencing at 8 o'clock P. M. Commandants of regiments will be held personally responsible for the condition of their regimental records, and all delinquences will be promptly reported to head-quarters by Major Belknap.

The Second Brigade N. G. S. California will parade in San Francisco on Washington's Birthday. After passing in review before the Governor and his staff, a thorough inspection of the troops will be made by the division commander. Following the inspection there will be a brigade dress parade of the infantry, and a battalion dress parade of the cavalry and mounted batteries, with such exercises in the manual of arms as the commanders may require. During the day the troops will be formed in lines of battle, artillery in the intervals, cavalry on the flanks, with skirmishers deployed. Firing by all arms in these formations will be practiced. Advances, change of front, charges, and such other movements will be made as time and ground permit.

The Ninety-sixth Regiment, Col. Andrew Stauff commanding, will parade by wings, at its armory, for battalion drill, as follows: Right wing, Companies A, D, E, and K, on Thursdays, Jan. 7 and 21; Feb. 4 and 18 and March 4, left wing, Companies B, C, F, H, and I. Wednesday, Dec. 30, Thursdays, Jan. 14 and 28, Feb. 11 and 25, and March 11, assembly will be sounded on each occasion at 7:45 P. M. Commandants of companies have been directed to forward to the Adjutant complete rosters of their respective commands before Jan. 7. Capt. Charles L. Volkhausen has been appointed Commissary of Subsistence in this command. Second Lieuts. August Beyer, of Company F. and Van Krüger, of Company A, have resigned.

The seventh annual reception of the Twenty-second Regiment will take place at the Academy of Music, on Monday, Jan. 11. The music will be provided by Gilmore's Band and the supper by Delmonico. At the last meeting of the Board of Officers in this command it was decided not to renew their contract with Drum Major Strube, which expires on Jan. 1. Capt. John H. Horsfall, of Company I, has been elected Captain of Company F in the same command. Lieut. William Van Antwerp will assume command of the former company. Companies D, F. and H drilled at the armory last Tuesday evening. The movements executed comprised the manual of arms and loading and firing drill. Drills will be suspended in this command during the present week.

The left wing of the Seventy-first Regiment, Col. Richard Vose commanding, paraded for battalion drill at the State Arsenal last Tuesday evening. The command was equalized in five companies of eight files front. Formation was made without arms, and the first portion of the exercises comprised the preliminary movements in the "School of the Battalion." The command next took up arms, and was exercised in a series of manœuvres. The drill was not executed as well as the one performed by the right wing. The annual reception of this command will be held on Monday, Feb. 22. The exercises on that occasion will comprise an exhibition drill at the State Arsenal, to be followed by a hop at the regimental armory. The right wing of this command will drill at the State Arsenal on Friday, Jan. 8. Company D, Lieut. Wilson commanding, held a drill in the School for the Soldier on Wednesday evening.

The commissioned officers of the Sixty-ninth Regiment have adopted a new uniform, to correspond with that to be worn by the rank and file. The coat will be of dark blue material, cut double-breasted, with swallow-tails. The collar will be ornamented with shamrocks embroidered in gold. The sleeves will be adorned with a French knot, also wrought in gold. The skirts will be decorated with heavy gilt slashes surrounding a red centre, and a representation of an exploding grenade will ornament the extreme end of either skirt. The buttons will be staff-shaped, with a representation of a shamrock and the regimental number "69" in the centre. The trousers will be made of the same material as the coat, and ornamented with a red stripe. The shako at present worn will be retained; plumes, epaulettes, and full-dress swords will complete the costume. It is expected that the new dress will be in readiness for the regiment in time for its parade on St. Patrick's day.

The Thirty-second Regiment, Brooklyn, Col. Henry E. Roehr commanding, paraded for review by Major Gen. Woodward, at the Sixteenth Ward Armory, on Wednesday evening. The exercises commenced with a dress parade, after which the command was reformed, and passed in review before the General and his staff. The alignments and distances were generally well preserved, and the salutes creditably executed. At the conclusion of this ceremony line was again formed, and the command was exercised in the manual of arms. Battalion drill followed, the movements performed being executed to the satisfaction of the military portion of the spectators. At the close of the review, Major Gen. Woodward presented a handsome medal to Capt. Christopher Lutz, commanding Company G, in recognition of his skill as a marksman, he having made the highest individual score at the second annual prize meeting at Creedmoor last October. The proceedings in the armory terminated with a banquet, at which addresses were delivered by Gen. Meserole, Col. Roehr, and others, complimentary to Gen. Woodward as an officer in the National Guard, and expressing their regret at his contemplated removal from Brooklyn.

The several companies in the Forty-seventh Regiment, Brooklyn, Col. D. E. Austen commanding, will drill at the armory as follows: The regiment on Wednesday, Jan. 6; Companies B, G, F, C, and A on Thursday, Jan. 14, Wednesday, Jan. 27, Tuesday, Feb. 16, Friday, Feb. 26; Companies K, I, E, and D on Friday, Jan. 15, Tuesday, Jan. 26, Wednesday, Feb. 17, Monday, March 1. Assembly at 8 P. M. The following elections have been promulgated: Arthur Guthrie, First Lieutenant, and Peter I. Hoffman, Second Lieutenant, of Company A; George A. Phelan, First Lieutenant Company C; W. H. Brownell, Captain, and John A. Edwards, First Lieutenant, Company E; R. P. Morle, First Lieutenant, Company F; Edward F. Gaylor, Second Lieutenant, Company K. The following members have received their discharge, owing to the expiration of their terms of service: W. J. Wells, M. B. Van Zandt, John Housman, Peter Kinsey, George Butler, H. C. Boswell, Solomon Monday, and A. S. Gombers. C. F. Harrington and James Johnson, of Company A, have been expelled for habitual neglect of duty. The following officers have received their commissions: George A. Wetherbee, Wm. H. Scott, C. J. Holinquist, Albert Scott, Carl E. L. Hinrichs, George L. Fielding.

Col. George W. Wingate, Inspector of Rifle Practice in the Second Division, Brooklyn, yesterday issued his first annual report. At the time of his appointment, he says, but little attention had been bestowed upon rifle practice, and no conveniences existed in any of the regimental armories of that division for its promotion. On Jan. 23 a meeting of the field and company officers of the division was held, at which the Inspector delivered an explanatory address in regard to the method of instruction necessary to be pursued. The report particularly compliments the improvement since manifested in the Twenty-third and Thirty-second Regiments. The Inspector gives it as his opinion that greater progress might have been made had a better character of cartridges been issued by the State. The shells of the latter were, in many instances, imperfect, and became useless after two or three discharges of the primers in candle practice. This necessitated the issue of new ones, involving an additional expense to the State, and resulted in an order from the Adjutant General discontinuing candle practice. Referring to the regimental practice at Creedmoor during the past season the Inspector says: "While this practice has been valuable, especially in establishing the first official test of the general condition of the National Guard in rifle practice, it is important that hereafter a different system should be pursued, in which the instruction of the troops should be the sole object regarded." To require inexperienced marksmen to practice at a distance of 200 yards at a target, the bull's-eye of which is only eight inches square, is, in the opinion of the Inspector, unreasonable, as was shown by the large number in every regiment who failed to score eight out of a possible twenty points at that distance. The Inspector recommends that the required distances be lessened from 200 to 100 yards standing, and 500 to 400 yards in a recumbent position. In order to successfully develop rifle practice, the Inspector thinks it necessary that the range should be accessible to members of the National Guard in uniform free of charge, and to the accomplishment of that design he recommends that the State appropriate a sum in gross sufficient to cover the necessary expenses and afford to the members of the National Guard a right to practice at the target free of expense.

AN ENRAGED CONDUCTOR.

A WORTHY INDIVIDUAL FROM IRELAND WANTS TO SEE HIS COUSIN, AND STOPS THE TRAIN.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

Most people who travel on the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railroad, and a great many good people who never travel, are acquainted with a genial gentleman who has been conductor on that road for an average lifetime. His name is Charles O'Neil, and a round, radiant, and jolly face, as well as the aforesaid cognomen, leave no doubt of his Celtic origin. Well, Charlie relishes a joke, like most of his countrymen, but he was the victim of one on a recent trip that somewhat ruffled the even tenor of his disposition. He was bound east with a heavy freight train, was behind time, and was putting on a full head of steam to make Springfield. This side of Springfield is an Irish settlement, and a station named Curran, where freight trains never stop unless hailed. Charlie's train was booming along, and all was working smoothly until it came in sight of Curran, when the brakes were suddenly wistled down, and, looking ahead, our veteran conductor saw an individual frantically waving a monster umbrella to hail the train. The brakes went down, and with a mighty effort the heavy train was brought to a stop. The individual with the umbrella turned out to be a son of Erin, and the following dialogue ensued:

Son of Erin—"Can I see the conductor?" O'Neil—"You can; that's me." Son of Erin—"It is?" O'Neil—"It is. What is it you want?" Son of Erin—"Is your name Char-les O'Neil?" O'Neil—"It is." Son of Erin—"Are you from Ireland?" O'Neil—"I am." Son of Erin—"Are you from the County Kilkenny?" O'Neil—"I am not." Son of Erin—"Well, be gorra Misther O'Neil, its sorry indade I am to hear that last, for I had an own cousin named Charles O'Neil lave the Ould Dart and the county of Kilkenny thirty-two years ago this coming December, and its only a fortnight back that I heard there was one Charles O'Neil bossing this train, and how the divil did I know but what he might be that same cousin, God bless your soul." O'Neil—"And is that all you want?" Son of Erin—"Be gorra, isn't that enough? What more could an honest man want than to see a cousin that he hasn't laid eyes on for these thirty-two years?"

This was enough, and too much for Charlie, and, giving his countryman a piece of his mind in short and emphatic language, he left that station carrying with him a vivid impression of the Son of Erin in search of his long-lost cousin.

REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

SUDDEN CURE OF A MAN WHO HAD BEEN DEAF AND DUMB FOR NINE MONTHS.

From the St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer, Dec. 22.

About nine months ago a young man named George Hansen was seriously ill in this city with the typhoid fever, and when he recovered it was with the total loss of his hearing and his power of speech. This terrible calamity rendered him almost wild, and for a time the contemplation of the termination of his life was not an unfrequent thing with him.

Through the exertions of friends, Mr. Hansen was employed to assist in copying the records of the Sixth Ward at Hastings. Last Saturday night Mr. Hansen complained to his room-mate, Mr. W. Hoyt, that he felt a very unpleasant pressing in his throat and a painful buzzing in his head. He had the whiskers shaved from his chin, and tried various applications, but they were of no avail—the pressure continued and the buzzing did not diminish in the least. Hoyt continued with him till about 11 o'clock at night. During this time, when Mr. Hansen obtained some temporary relief from his pain and suffering, he wrote on his slate that he felt that his speech would that night be restored to him or he would die.

About 3 o'clock Sunday morning, after he had recovered from a terrible spasm occasioned by the pain, he asked Hoyt to take a tube that had been used to inject a kind of powder into his throat, put it to his ear and speak in an ordinary tone. He did so, when Hansen replied in a natural voice, though without knowing that he had heard or spoken. He complained of the buzzing and cracking in his head, though the pain seemed to be decreasing.

A little while after this Mr. Hoyt left the room, and was absent several minutes, and during his absence Hansen had one of the severest attacks that he had been suffering, and during its continuance he discharged considerable offensive matter from his throat. From this discharge he received instant and complete relief to the pressure in his throat and to the buzzing in his head, and when his companion, Mr. Hoyt, entered the room he was astonished by being greeted by Hansen exclaiming, "Well, Hoyt, how are you?"

The restoration was so complete, so sudden, and so unexpected that both Hansen and his companion hardly knew what to make of it, and could hardly realize that it was a fact. They talked it over, experimented and tried in a variety of ways to prove that it was a fact that Hansen could hear and talk. They finally concluded that the news was too good to keep, and so they took the morning train to the city to let their friends here know of the good fortune that had befallen the sufferer. Immediately upon arriving here the two went to the residence of Mr. John B. Olivier, a friend of Mr. Hansen, and surprised him. Mr. Olivier had been to Hastings on Friday, and had there conversed with the sufferer by writing on a slate, and was, of course, astounded to hear his friend talking as glibly as though nothing had interfered with his ability to speak. From Mr. Olivier's residence the two went around town surprising their friends with the good news. Probably there never was so happy a man in St. Paul as was Mr. Hansen last Sunday. For nine months he has been without the power of hearing or speaking, and oppressed with the terrible expectation that he would never again be able to either hear to speak.

SHIP-BUILDING IN MAINE.

Complete statistics of ship-building in Maine, published by the Portland *Press*, show that 291 vessels have been built in the State during the present year, having an aggregate tonnage of over 132,390 tons. Last year the number of vessels built in the State was 235, with a tonnage of about 100,000. In 1872 the tonnage built was estimated at 40,000 tons. These figures serve to indicate the rapid revival of this great industry. At $50 a ton, which is a moderate estimate of the cost of building, the product of Maine ship-yards in 1874 is $6,619,000. Unless there should be a general revival of business before next Summer, another season of so great activity in ship-building can hardly be expected.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MOVEMENTS OF ARTISTS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

HOME GOSSIP.

Mr. G. L. Fox is reported in Savannah.

Mrs. Lander was last week in Indianapolis.

Camilla Urso performed last week in Chicago.

Mr. Edwin Adams acted on Christmas night in Elmira.

Mr. Fechter was last week at Macauley's, in Louisville.

Mlle. Aimee was at the Chicago Academy of Music last week.

Mr. J. S. Clarke was last week at Ford's Theatre, in Washington.

Mr. John McCullough has reappeared at the California Theatre.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson was last week at the Olympic, in St. Louis.

Mrs. Bowers was last week at the Varieties Theatre, in New-Orleans.

Mr. John Brougham was last week at the Front Street Theatre, in Baltimore.

A company from the Fifth Avenue Theatre occupy the Boston Globe this week.

Mr. George Fawcett Rowe acted last week in "The Geneva Cross," in Portland, Me.

Mr. F. S. Chanfrau was at the St. Charles Theatre, in New-Orleans, last week.

Mr. Daly's artists last week performed at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia.

Mr. Mayo was last week at Wood's, in Cincinnati; the Oates Troupe were at the Grand Opera House, and Mr. J. K. Emmet was at Robinson's.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A new farce from the French, by Mr. John Oxenford, has been produced with success at the Adelphi Theatre, in London. It is called "£450 11s. 3d."

The augmentation of prices solicited by M. Halanzier, for the New Opera, has been refused by the Consultative Committee of Theatres, but the Minister has not yet given his decision.

At the French Opera has appeared, as *Marguerite* in "Faust," Mme. Fusch-Madier, daughter-in-law of M. Madier de Montjau, recently elected Deputy in the Drôme. She lately played with such ability in the "Faria," at the Opéra-Populaire, that an offer was made her by M. Halanzier.

The winter musical season is commencing in Italy. The Scala will open immediately with Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette;" the ballet, "Jules César," and Marchetti's new opera, "Gustavus Waser." Rome will open with "Aïda," Venice with "Dinorah," and Naples with "Aïda," with Mme. Pozzoni, an artist of the Paris Italiens, and who created the chief part in Verdi's opera on its production at Cairo.

Three Paris theatres, forming part of the estate of Mme. Chabrié, a wealthy lady recently deceased, were sold by auction two days back. The Ambigu-Comique, put up at 800,000 francs, brought 1,055,000 francs, and an adjoining building, depending on it, 80,050 francs, both lots being taken by M. Eugène Chapelier; the Variétés, offered at 700,000 francs, went for 810,000 francs, and the Montmartre, for 122,000 francs. The last two named were purchased by *avoués* acting for parties whose names did not transpire.

A French dramatic author, who does not wish to be named, has invented a very simple apparatus which in case of fire shows in what part of the building the fire has begun. With this apparatus, instead of searching for an hour and a half to find the seat of the fire, as was the case the last time the French Opera-house was burned down, an electric bell will immediately apprise the administration that fire has broken out, and a board will show in what part of the house.

The chronicler in *Figaro* writes: "I am sorry to have to state that, by an official order of Marshal MacMahon, dated the 7th inst., the opening of the Nouvel Opera will take place on Christmas Day, the 25th inst., not with a performance of opera, but with a grand ball, held under the auspices of Mme. MacMahon, for the benefit of the Alsace-Lorrains. The magnificent temple of music, the glory of all Paris in its earliest days, sets aside Mozart, Glück, Beethoven, Auber, Gounod, and Meyerbeer, for Strauss, Offenbach, and Lecocq. Instead of 'La Juive,' 'Faust,' 'La Muette,' 'Les Huguenots,' or 'Hamlet,' we are to have M. Strauss and the orchestra of the *Bals Masques* fiddling the quadrille of 'La Fille De Madame Angot.' If the news did not emanate from an official source, I should be tempted to consider it little more than a weak joke."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following: "Few modern dramas on the French stage do not contain some allusion to Louis XIII., Richelieu, Mazarin, or Anne of Austria; and the new piece brought out at the Ambigu Comique this week is no exception to the rule. 'Cocagne,' a drama in five acts by Anicet Bourgeois and Ferdinand Dugué, appears to have been very favorably received; and it may serve to retrieve the fortunes of the Ambigu Comique, which have long been at a low ebb. The hero, after whom the piece is named, belongs to the family of d'Artagnans and Buridans; the younger son of a Gascon Squire, who has come to Paris in search of a fortune, and has become enrolled in the suite of the Duc de Beaufort, whose roystering habits afterward earned for him the sobriquet of 'Le Roi des Halles.' One day when *Cocagne* was debating at whose expense he should dine, one of his friends asked him whether he was willing to earn 25,000 francs by marrying a lady without even seeing her face, though he would receive at the same time an assurance that there was nothing dishonorable in the matter. The lady in question was *Diane De Vernon*, who had consented to go through the marriage out of affection for *Anne of Austria*, whose conduct had excited the suspicion of *Louis XIII.* But *Cocagne* had no sooner pressed the hand of his bride as he led her to the altar than he fell himself violently in love with her, and would have declared his passion, had not *Mazarin*, who was present at the ceremony, cut matters short by sending him off to the Fortress of Mount St. Michel, in order to ensure his silence. The representation of this famous fortress affords the opportunity for some very realistic scenery, which has been got up with a view to strong effects. *Cocagne* is seen attempting to escape, and after effecting a perilous descent from the rock, being engulphed in the quicksands that surround it, he escapes in the usual miraculous manner, and, reunited to his bride, lives happy ever after."

The London *Daily News* of Dec. 11 says: "It is highly probable that two of the metropolitan theatres will shortly be converted to other uses. It has for some time been understood that the lease from the Crown of the present Police Court and offices in Bow street will shortly expire, and that it will not be renewed, the consequence being that the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police are under the necessity of procuring new premises. They have for some time been on the look-out for another site in the neighborhood of Bow street on which to erect new buildings, or to convert existing premises into a building suitable for carrying on the Police business of the district. Among other sites and structures which the Commissioners have had in view is the Queen's Theatre, in Long Acre, which was erected only a few years ago, but which appears not to have been a successful speculation, and has only been opened at long intervals. The building is a large and substantial structure, covering an extensive ground area and centrally situated, and it is considered that it presents several advantages for being converted into police office buildings. It is understood that the Commissioners have inspected the building, and have for some time been negotiating for its purchase, and it is stated that £45,000 had been offered for the property, but that £50,000 is the sum demanded, which it is believed the Commissioners are not inclined at present to give, as, notwithstanding the spacious dimensions of the theatre, an additional area would be required to carry out the different offices and other structures contemplated by the Commissioners. The negotiations are, however, still pending. It is further rumored that Sadler's Wells Theatre, one of the oldest and best known in the metropolis, is about to undergo a somewhat similar transformation. It is stated that overtures have been made for its purchase, with the view of converting it into baths and wash-houses for the use of the inhabitants of the Islington district, and that there is a probability of the proposal being carried out.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE FORMOSA DISPUTES.

From the *Japan Gazette* of Nov. 23 we take the following:

"The good news which arrived just in time to be transmitted by last mail through the United States—that a peaceful solution had been arranged of the difference between China and Japan—has been amply confirmed, and has given the greatest satisfaction to both Japanese and foreigners. The terms are precisely those which we prematurely mentioned as long ago as the 30th of September—an indemnity of 500,000 taels to be paid by China; Japan to evacuate Formosa; and China to prevent future outrages on the part of aboriginal savages. In one respect the victory to Japan is but small; inasmuch as the amount to be paid is but a small sum compared with the expense she has been put to. But in every other point of view the victory is great, and ought to be very highly appreciated by all countries whose commerce stretches into those seas. What America and England both distinctly failed in doing, Japan has done—*i. e.*, brought China to a 'sense of her situation.' To America and England she declared she was irresponsible for the acts of the aboriginal Formosans. But Japan compelled her distinctly to acknowledge her responsibility, to pay a heavy sum for past neglect, and to promise to exercise a proper police supervision over those coasts for the future. The world need not now pause to inquire whether Japan acted legally or not, or what were her original motives. It is sufficient that, as in the case of the Maria Luz, her action, right or wrong, ended in the destruction of the 'coolie traffic,' so now, right or wrong, she has secured safety and protection for those who are so unfortunate as to be shipwrecked and cast ashore on Southern Formosa."

A SCOTCH PAGEANT IN 1839.

THE LAST OF THE TOURNAMENTS.

REVIVAL OF THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY—WHAT BECAME OF THE PARTICIPANTS—AN ANECDOTE OF THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

It may be doubted whether the annals of society can supply a more magnificent example than the pageant which took place in Scotland thirty-four years ago under the name of the Eglinton Tournament. That was about the time when what was known as the Young England Party was making a noise in the world, and, infected possibly by sentiments similar to those which Lord John Manners vested in the celebrated lines in which he expressed himself content with the death of commerce, arts, and literature, provided only that the "old nobility" was left, the Earl of Eglinton resolved on a magnificent revival of chivalric times in the shape of a gorgeously-appointed tournament. Having succeeded to his little and great estates when only seven, all the accumulations of a long minority had accrued to him, and he was amply able to sustain the enormous expense of this extravagant freak.

Lord Eglinton was at this time twenty-seven; a gallant, handsome fellow, of charming disposition, pleasing manners, and most attractive mien. During two years previous to the production of the pageant he made preparations for it, and ransacked in all directions to get together ancient armor, and all else which would tend to illustrate the past. The scene of the pageant was his own castle of Eglinton—a castellated structure, in the Anglo-Norman style—near the town of Irvine, in Ayrshire, and twenty-six miles from Glasgow. The interior is spacious and splendid, and the park and grounds—policies, as they term them in Scotland—very extensive and beautiful. These latter were, however, certainly not seen to advantage in that week of August, 1839, when this festival took place. Never was the clerk of the weather more unpropitious to any undertaking, while never was there one which more demanded his smiles for its success. The first object which excited attention on approaching the castle was the enormous wooden pavilion erected for the purpose of forming a dining and ball room, which was altogether 325 feet in length. It was covered with canvas, arranged so as to look like marquees, and most sumptuously fitted within. The billiard-room of the castle was "flush with" the floor of this pavilion, and all was arranged so as to completely favor the delusion when within doors that the temporary annex was part and parcel of the permanent structure. It may give some idea of the accommodation thus obtained to state that five hundred persons could with ease dine in the dining-saloon of the pavilion. For the tilting ground a beautiful spot, within a short distance of the castle, had been selected. In the centre of the grand stand, which was richly ornamented with carving and gilding, and formed a magnificent object, was placed the throne of the Queen of Beauty.

At 3 o'clock on the opening day, Wednesday, as the procession came on to the ground three hours after time, in a deluge of rain and an incipient tempest of wind, the Queen of Beauty and her train, instead of mounting the richly-caparisoned palfreys, as had been intended, being only too glad to reach their places by the very unromantic means of a close carriage. Nor was the mediæval character of the proceedings assisted by the forest of umbrellas which on all sides met the eye. Lord Eglinton, who was attired in a splendid suit of brass armor, encountered the Marquis of Waterford, and came off victorious. Other knights exhibited their prowess with good effect, but some very ludicrous encounters took place. Then a furious contest, not quite after the fashion contemplated, raged between two humbler persons, also in armor. The long sword of one, a great dragoon, fell heavily on the back and shoulders of his antagonist, who retaliated by battering the other's shins. Before the proceedings that day had terminated, a message was brought to Lord Eglinton, who, probably, by this time wished to heaven that all tournaments were at the bottom of the sea, to the effect that the tremendous rain which had for hours been falling, had completely swamped the splendid pavilion, which consequently could not possibly be made use of that evening. He was, therefore, compelled to come forward and explain that he was utterly unable to entertain the party he had intended at a ball or banquet. The invited were naturally annoyed, and all the more so by the grins and nudges of those who had not received invitations. Meanwhile the rain had not diminished in violence. The ground, which had been covered inches deep in sawdust, was soaked like a wet sponge, and even through the roof of the covered stand the rain was beginning to penetrate. There was, however, almost enough fun to be got out of the perplexities of the crowd to compensate for a ducking. One gentleman, whose enormous red nose procured him the title of Rouge Dragon, afforded amid this elemental strife much amusement by the pains he took to protect his costume and the queer feature from which he derived his title. Another, whom the mob called the King of Beauty, but whose appearance was described as resembling that of a London coal-heaver, and who was evidently under the influence of whisky, excited great curiosity by continually crossing and recrossing the lists followed by a boy carrying an immense carpet-bag.

The retreat of the general public from the field was as ludicrous a scene as was ever presented. Those who were afraid of catching cold had partaken, in many cases, too freely of "the creature," which they carried in their pockets, and this "imparted an animation to their language and behavior more grotesque than elegant." Persons in this plight, attired in costly velvet and gold and satin shoes—the morning had given promise of being fine, and all had been requested to come, if possible, in ancient-fashioned dress—had to trudge for miles in the mud. On the Thursday the rain effectually prevented all out-of-door performances, and the company at the castle amused themselves by sword-play in the temporary ball-room, where the Queen of Beauty and many other ladies assembled, and on this occasion Louis Napoleon—the late Emperor—proved himself especially expert. The procession and joustings on Friday concluded with a tournay, at which eight knights were engaged, armed with swords, the blows being limited to two in passing and ten at the encounter. The only breakers of this law were the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Alford. These combatants relieved their tedium by becoming violently excited in temper, and went to work very much in earnest, but when this was observed by the Knight Marshal they were separated, having probably afforded more fun and interest than all the rest.

On Friday the weather had cleared, and for the nonce the pageant was seen in all its splendor, and undoubtedly it was the most magnificent revival of chivalric times ever beheld. At 8 o'clock on this day, which proved to be the last, the weather again preventing anything being done on the Saturday, nearly four hundred persons sat down to a superb banquet, the whole of which was served on dishes of splendidly-wrought silver, Messrs. Storrs & Mortimer, the celebrated London jewelers, contributing what was required in excess of the Earl's own plate chests. Lord Eglinton made a brief speech, expressing his hopes that tournaments would become fashionable among the nobility and gentry. He had shown that they could be revived, and that tilting could be practiced without danger. But his hopes have not been fulfilled, nor are they likely to be.

It was observed in 1866, apropos of the death of Lord Craven, one of the Knights, that although the longevity of members of the House of Lords had been often remarked, the lives of these Knights, who were almost all peers, or eldest sons of landed gentry, did not seem to support it. They were seventeen in number, and their ages averaged twenty-seven, (none were over thirty). The aggregate expectation of life which the "Equitable" Life Assurance Office would have allotted to those who had died up to 1866 was therefore 287 years, but the aggregate duration of their lives between 1839 and September, 1866, only amounted to 156 years.

The mortality among these gentlemen was undoubtedly quite exceptional, but many of them died from accidental causes. Hon. Edward S. Jerningham, a son of Lord Stafford, was wounded in the wrist at the tournament, and it was long before he recovered. Indeed, it was thought that the illness of which he died ten years afterward was the remote consequence of the injury. Sir Francis Hopkins never recovered the blow struck at him by a peasant at his own door in Ireland, and Lord Waterford was killed out hunting. Lord Eglinton himself died early.

The lady who played the most conspicuous part on this occasion merits some notice in connection with it. Lady Seymour was by general consent the most beautiful of the three lovely and gifted daughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's captivating but rather ne'er-do-weel son Tom. At the era of the tournament she was in the very zenith of her charms. Her dress, when presiding as Queen of Beauty, consisted of a jacket of ermine, the skirt of violet velvet, with the front of sky-blue velvet, on which the Seymour coat of arms was richly embroidered in silver. The Queen of Beauty (who long since became Duchess of Somerset) survives; but, poor lady, has of late years had bad trouble in the untimely death of both her sons. The youngest, a young man of remarkable promise, died in consequence of the attack of a wild beast in India. The death of the elder was fraught with peculiarly painful circumstances. The Duchess imagined that the eminent physician who attended him had utterly mistaken his case, and in her distress used language which would have led to a libel suit had she not formally retracted it in the public papers. This was not her first appearance in the press. Many years previously, in fact, within a few months of the brilliant scene at Eglinton Castle, the Duchess had a correspondence of a most amusing character, which appeared in the papers at the time, and inasmuch as she was therein especially alluded to as the Queen of Beauty, may fairly be introduced here. It reads as follows:

Lady Seymour presents her compliments to Lady Shuckburgh, and would be obliged to her for the character of Mary Stedman, who states that she had lived twelve months, and still is, in Lady Shuckburgh's establishment. Can Mary Stedman cook plain dishes well? Make bread? and is she honest, good-tempered, sober, willing, and cleanly? Lady Seymour would also like to know the reason why she leaves Lady Shuckburgh's service.

The reply was:

Lady Shuckburgh presents her compliments to Lady Seymour. Her ladyship's note, dated Oct. 28, only reached her yesterday, Nov. 3. Lady Shuckburgh was unacquainted with the name of the kitchen maid until mentioned by Lady Seymour, as it is her custom neither to apply for or give characters to any of the under-servants, this being always done by the housekeeper, Mrs. Couch—and this was well known to the young woman; therefore Lady Shuckburgh is surprised at her referring anybody to her for a character. Lady Shuckburgh having a professed cook, as well as a housekeeper, in her establishment, it is not very likely she herself should know anything of the abilities or merits of the under-servants, therefore she is unable to answer Lady Seymour's note. Lady Shuckburgh cannot imagine Mary Stedman to be capable of cooking for any except the servants' hall table.

In reply to this came the following:

Lady Seymour presents her compliments to Lady Shuckburgh, and begs she will order her housekeeper, Mrs. Pouch, to send the girl's character without delay; otherwise, another young woman will be sought, as Lady Seymour's children cannot remain without their dinners because Lady Shuckburgh, keeping a professed cook and housekeeper, thinks a knowledge of the details of her establishment beneath her notice. Lady Seymour understood from Stedman that, in addition to her other talents, she was actually capable of dressing food fit for the little Shuckburghs to partake of when hungry.

To this note was appended a clever pen and ink vignette by the Queen of Beauty, representing the three little Shuckburghs, with large turnip-looking heads and cauliflower wigs, sitting at a round table eating and voraciously scrambling for mutton chops, dressed by Mary Stedman, who is seen looking on with supreme satisfaction, while Lady Shuckburgh appears in the distance in evident dismay. This exciting correspondence concluded with the following Parthian dart addressed to Lady Seymour by that august personage, Lady Shuckburgh's housekeeper:

MADAM: Lady Shuckburgh has directed me to acquaint you that she declines answering your note, the vulgarity of which is beneath contempt, and, although it may be the characteristic of a Sheridan to be vulgar, coarse, and witty, it is not that of a "lady," unless she happens to have been born in a garret and bred in a kitchen. Mary Stedman informs me that your ladyship does not keep either a cook or housekeeper, and that you only require a girl who can cook a mutton chop. If so, I apprehend that Mary Stedman, or any other scullion, will be found fully equal to cook for, or manage the establishment of the Queen of Beauty. I am, your ladyship's, ELIZABETH COUCH, (not Pouch.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

It is stated that Dr. Manning has submitted to the Pope a scheme respecting the conduct of the Roman Catholic Church in England in its eventual struggle with the Government.

An extraordinary sale of greyhounds, as showing the esteem in which these dogs are held in England, took place the other day at Skipton. They were the property of Mr. Lister, of Beamsley Hall. A litter of three and a half brace, ten months old, fetched 267 guineas; two brace realized 220 guineas; and two and a half brace, whelped in June last, fetched 258 guineas. Mr. Vynor gave the top price, 105 guineas, for a blue and white bitch of this litter. A third season dog, Choir Boy, sold for 70 guineas; a brood bitch, Charm, fetched 120 guineas; a brood bitch, Cymbal, 250 guineas; and a brood bitch, Criple, 200 guineas. The entire kennel of twenty-four dogs realized an aggregate of 1,524 guineas, and averaged 63½ guineas each.

The *Elgin Courant* seriously says: "All Scotland knows that in the olden times witches were believed often to transform themselves into hares, and the notion was that nothing could shoot them but a crooked sixpence. A hare was killed in Badenoch the other day, which must at some time have been an old and withered hag, and also, perhaps, a mermaid, for in the fleshy part of one of the hind legs was found a pin, deeply sunk in the flesh, which, perhaps, came off the witch's apron when she was flying through the air. But, more strange still, a flyhook was found in the flesh of the other leg, showing that the witch, like one of the witches of Fife, had been flying over the sea, or sailing through it—in the one case upon a broom-stick, and in the other in a mussel shell. It may be added that the hair was killed near Tobair 'n donich where strange sights are said to have been seen—hob goblins and water-kelpies from Loch Insh.

MODERN BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY.

Railways having to a considerable extent diverted the traffic from the roads in some parts of Italy, brigands have been deprived of their chief means of subsistence, and have had to resort to other methods, not of obtaining a livelihood, but of plying their lawless avocations. To keep pace with the times they have, the London *Times* says, found it necessary to devise a more dignified way of carrying on their nefarious practices than that with which they have hitherto been most familiar. They have, therefore, exchanged their strongholds in the mountains for residences of a more refined if less substantial character near to towns, and their bandit garbs for the attire of modern gentlemen. In like manner, carbines, pistols, and knives have been superseded by the most approved devices of science for inducing a comatose condition, while the scene of operations has been transferred from the rugged mountain pass to the cushioned compartment of a first-class railway carriage. Such, at any rate, according to a correspondent, is the present practice in the Foligno district, through which the railway from Rome to Ancona passes, and in which locality three successful robberies were perpetrated during the past month. The first victim was a Russian nobleman, the second, Mr. Ashurst, an English engineer, and the third, Mr. W. Rogers, also an English engineer, whose professional pursuits necessitated a journey from Rome to Ancona. The *modus operandi*, as described by Mr. Rogers, is as follows: The bandits, fashionably dressed, attend the waiting-room of the railway at Foligno in the evening and there select their victim. Having ascertained his destination, they take their tickets for a station conveniently near Foligno—up or down the line, as the case may require. They then so arrange matters that he and they are the only occupants of the compartment, and after starting they observe a studious silence in order to give their fellow traveler every opportunity of falling into a doze, which he generally does. According to an account given by Mr. Rogers to our correspondent, a cigar properly—or, rather, improperly—prepared for the occasion is then lit, and the fumes blown through it in such a way that the sleeper cannot fail to inhale them, their immediate effect being to stupefy him. The victim being rendered unconscious and incapable of resistance, his gentleman-like companions at once proceed to take charge of his cash and such valuables as they can conveniently remove from his person, as well as of any portable luggage he may have with him. They of course leave the train at the next station reached after their object has been accomplished. The victim presently awakes, dazed and bewildered, and after awhile he comprehends his position, and gives information at the next stopping place. As to the after effects of the narcotic, he must be content to carry them about with him for a day or two in the shape of nausea and a greater or less degree of physical prostration. Through the active interposition of Mr. A. Tomassini, the British Acting Consul at Ancona, steps were at once taken by the authorities for the discovery of this gang, and it is thought that ultimately they will be captured, as several of the band are known.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

SALES AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE—DEC. 26.

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—10 A. M.

400 Western Union... 78⅛
1000 do.......... 78⅛
800 do.......... 78¼
600 do.......s3. 78¼
700 do.......... 78¼
600 do.......... 78⅜
200 do.........c. 78⅜
1700 do.........c. 78¼
100 do.......... 78⅜
100 do.........c. 78¼
100 do.......s3. 78⅛
200 do.......... 78½
100 Pacific Mail...... 36⅜
800 do.......... 36¼
100 do.......s3. 36⅛
100 do.......... 36¼
200 Lake Shore...... 79¼
500 do.......... 79⅜
1500 do.......... 79½
300 do.......s3. 79½
200 do.......... 79½
300 do.........c. 79⅜
300 do.......... 79¾

100 North-west. Pref. 59⅞
200 Erie Railway...s3. 26⅞
100 do.......... 27
100 do.......... 27⅛
300 Union Pac.....b3. 34⅞
100 do.......s3. 35
600 North-western.... 45½
200 do.........c. 45¼
200 do.......... 45⅜
500 do.......... 45½
600 do.......b3. 45⅝
100 do.......... 45⅝
300 do.......b3. 45⅝
100 do.......... 45¾
100 Ohio & Miss..s3. 30⅜
100 do.......... 30⅛
200 do.......... 30½
100 do.........c. 30½
100 St. Paul.......... 35⅞
100 do.......... 36⅛
100 Tol. & Wabash... 23⅜
100 do.......... 23⅛
400 do.......... 23⅜

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—10:15 AND 11:30 A. M.

$13,000 U.S. 6s,'81,R.118
20,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '65 new.....120½
10,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '65, n...b. c.120⅝
50,000 U. S. 5-20 R., '65, n...12.117¼

$1,000 U.S.5-20c.,'67.121⅛
1,000 do......12.121½
18,000 do.......121⅝
35,000 do.....b. c.121¾
1,000 U. S. 5s, 10-40 Coup....12.114⅝
4,000 do.......114¾

FIRST BOARD—10:30 A. M.

$1,000 L.&M.1st...b.c. 89
10,000C.B.&Q.Con.7s.105
5,000Ch.&N.W.Int. bds........ 99
1,000C.&N.W.Consol 89
1,000 do........ 89⅛
8,000 Clev.&Tol.new bonds........100
2,000 Mich. Sou. 2d.100¼
10,000 L. Shore con. coupon 1st........103
2,000 D.L.&W.Conv.106
1,000 N. Y. Cent. 1st, coupon........114¼
10,000 Ohio & M. con. 97½
5,000 C. Pac. G. Bs.. 96
5,000 do........ 96⅛
3,000 U. Pac. 1st M. 93
8,000 Pac. of Mo.2d. 82
4,000 T. & Wab. 1st, St. Louis Div.... 69
1,000 T. & Wab. con. conv........ 50
200 West.U.T.b.c. s3. 78⅛
900 do........ 78½
300 do......b3. 78½
200 do........ 78⅜
5 do........ 78
300 do........ 78¼
200 do......s3. 78⅜
1000 do........ 78¼
100 do......s3. 78¼
100 do......b3. 78⅜
800 do......b3. 78½
200 do......s3. 78⅜
1100 do........ 78½
400 do........ 78⅜
700 do........ 78⅜
200 do........ 78⅞
200 do........ 78⅜
600 do......s60. 77¾
100 do........ 78⅜
200 do........ 78¾
300 Erie Railway.b.c. 27¼
100 do......s3. 27⅛
100 P.M.S.S.Co...b.c. 36¼
700 do........ 36⅜
100 do......b3. 36½
200 do........ 36⅜
300 do......s3. 36⅜
200 do........ 36½
600 L. S. & M. S...b.c. 79⅝
500 do......s3. 79½
1000 do........ 79⅝
300 do......s3. 79⅝
100 do......b60. 79¾
100 do......b3. 79¾
1000 do........ 79⅞
400 do........ 80
100 do........c. 80
1000 do........ 80⅛
2100 do........ 80¼
1700 do........ 80⅜
900 do......s3. 80¼
100 do......b3. 80⅜
1500 do........ 80¼
100 do........ 80⅜

2,000 T. & Wab. 2d. 65
2,000 C. So. 1st C. on 65
9 Farm. L. & T.....185
100 Canton Co.....b.c. 60
10 Mich. Cen....b.c. 82⅝
100 Ill. Cent.....b.c. 98¾
100 N. J. Cent......b.c.107½
100 N.Y.C.&H.b.c.s3.100¾
100 do........101
500 do........100⅞
700 do........100⅞
200 do........100⅞
50 do........100⅞
300 do........100¾
500 Union Pacific.b.c. 35⅛
100 do......b3. 35⅛
300 do......s3. 35
700 do........ 35¼
300 do........ 35⅜
1000 do........ 35¼
100 C. M. & St. P.b.c. 36¼
300 do........ 36
100 do........ 36⅛
200 do......s3. 36½
100 do........ 36⅜
200 do........ 36⅝
200 do......b3. 36⅞
100 do........ 36⅝
50 Ch. B. & Q....b.c.107¼
100 Chic.&N.W....b.c. 45¾
100 do........c. 45¾
300 do........ 45⅛
100 do........ 45½
300 do......b10. 45⅝
100 do......s3. 45⅝
200 do........ 45⅝
500 do........ 45⅞
100 do........c. 45⅞
700 do......b3. 46
600 do........ 46
300 do........ 46⅛
200 do........ 46½
400 do........ 46⅜
1200 do........ 46⅝
3200 do........ 46¼
200 do......s20. 46⅛
100 do......b10. 46¼
100 C. & N.W.Pf..b.c. 60¼
100 Chic. & Alt..b.c.104½
800 Chic. & R. I..b.c.101⅛
100 do......b3.101⅝
100 do......b3.101½
100 T. W. & W...b.c. 23⅝
100 do........ 23¼
1500 do........ 23
200 do........ 22⅞
500 do........ 22⅝
100 do........ 22⅞
300 do......b3. 23
100 do........ 23
300 do........ 23⅛
100 do........ 23¼
200 do........ 23
100 do........ 23⅛
100 T. W. & W.Pf.b.c. 38
500 O. & M.....b.c.s3. 30⅝
200 do......b3. 30⅝
200 do........ 30⅜
200 do........ 30⅞

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—12:20 P. M.

200 Western Union.. 78⅝
100 do........ 78¾
1600 do........ 78⅜
700 do......s60. 77¾
200 do......s3. 78⅜
100 Pacific Mail....c. 36⅜
100 do........ 36⅜
100 N. Y. C. & Hud...100¾
100 do........100⅞
600 Lake Shore........ 80⅛
500 do........ 80¼
200 do......b3. 80⅜
600 do........ 80⅜

6 Pittsburg........ 88¾
300 North-west....s3. 46¼
500 do......s3. 46¼
100 do......b3. 46¼
400 do......s3. 46¼
300 do........ 46¼
100 North-west. Pf... 60½
20 N. J. Central.....107⅞
20 do........107½
300 St. Paul........ 36⅜
200 Ohio & Miss........ 30⅝
200 Toledo & Wab..... 23¼
100 do......s3. 23⅛

SECOND BOARD—1 P. M.

$10,000 U.S.5-20 C., '65, n...b. c.120¾
20,000 U. S. 10-40.R., '65...b. c.114¾
100 Canton Co.....b. c. 59½
25 American Ex.b. c. 61¾
100 U. S. Ex.....b. c. 62¾
200 West. Un.Tel.b. c. 78⅝
1000 do......b3. 78¾
200 do........ 78¾
500 do........ 78⅞
1000 do........ 78¾
100 Pacific Mail..b. c. 36⅜
200 do......b3. 36⅞
100 do......s3. 36¾
500 do........ 36⅞
100 do......s3. 36⅜
600 N. Y. C.& H.R.b.c.101
1400 L. S. & M.So.b. c. 80⅝
100 do........c. 80⅜
1500 do......b3. 80½
1500 do........ 80½
100 do......s3. 80½
100 do........c. 80⅜
500 do......s3. 80⅜

200 Erie Railway.b. c. 27⅛
100 do......s30. 27⅛
1000 Union Pac.b.c. 35¼
58 C.,C.,C. & Ind.b.c. 68½
600 Chic.&N.W.b.c.b3 46⅜
300 do........ 46½
200 do........ 46½
100 do......b3. 46¾
300 do........ 46½
1300 do........ 46⅝
400 do........ 46½
300 do......s3. 46⅜
10 Morris & Ess.b. c. 96
200 Chic.& R.I.b.c.s3.101⅝
200 do........101¾
600 do........101⅜
100 do......s3.101⅝
200 Chi.,M.& St.P.b.c. 36⅜
500 do........ 36⅞
300 do........ 36¾
100 Tol.,W. & W..b. c. 23⅛
10 do........ 23⅝
200 do........ 23
100 Ohio & M..b. c.s3. 30⅞
100 do........ 31
300 do........ 30¾

SALES FROM 2 TO 3 P. M.

$25,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '65, new.....120⅞
17,000 U. S. 5-20 C., '67........121⅞
30,000 U. S. C. 5s,'81.113⅞
10,000 Tenn. 6s, N. S. 58
1,000 C. R. I. & P.7s.108
5,000 Cen. Pac. G. B. 96⅛
5,000 do........ 96
1,000 Ft.Wayne 1st.109½
9,000 Harlem 1st....108
5,000 Un. Pac. 1st.... 93⅛
25,000 Un. Pac. S. F. 78½
100 Pacific Mail..... 36½
400 do......s3. 36⅝
100 Mich. Central... 82½
300 Western Union... 78¾
10 do........ 79
100 do......b3. 78⅞
500 do......s3. 78⅝
100 do......b3. 78⅞
400 do........ 78¾
200 Ill. Central..... 99
610 Union Pacific... 35
100 do......b30. 35⅛

200 Lake Shore.... 80⅜
400 do......b3. 80½
1000 do........ 80½
100 do........ 80⅜
100 do........ 80½
100 do......s3. 80⅜
100 do........ 80⅜
100 do........ 80¼
200 do......b3. 80⅜
100 do......s3. 80¼
100 do........ 80⅜
400 Erie Railway.... 27¼
100 do........ 27¼
100 do......b3. 27⅜
300 Warren Railroad. 90
300 North-western.... 46⅝
400 do......b3. 46½
600 do......s3. 46⅜
100 do......s3. 46½
500 do......s3. 46⅜
200 do........ 46¼
200 St. Paul........ 36⅜
100 do........ 36⅜
100 do........ 36½
100 Toledo & Wab..... 23⅛
100 do........ 23
100 C., C. & I. C.... 9⅞

SATURDAY, Dec. 26—P. M.

The weekly statement of the Associated Banks compares as follows with the averages of the last preceding return:

	Dec. 26.	Dec. 19.	Decrease.
Loans	$283,665,300	$285,409,800	$1,744,500
Specie	13,397,100	13,619,500	222,400
Legal tenders	47,163,400	47,931,700	768,300
Deposits	213,889,600	215,707,800	1,818,200
Circulation	24,610,100	24,731,600	121,500

In is evident from the decrease of $1,744,500 in Loans and $1,818,200 in Deposits that the employment for Money is materially diminished, owing to the liquidation of the week in the Stock market, and this in spite of the liberal investments of the Banks in Government Bonds, charged usually to Loan account. As to the decrease of $222,400 in the item of Specie, there is less mystery than on Saturday last. The shipments of Gold Coin for the week are $1,700,000, the Customs payments foot up $1,110,000—together $2,800,000, while the Sub-Treasury has paid out in all $2,025,000 for interest and $922,000 for Bonds redeemed, in addition to the sale of $500,000 Gold on Thursday, making $3,447,000 altogether. It must be, therefore, that the Specie average is a rising, as last Saturday's was doubtless a falling one. The moderate loss of Legal Tenders, $768,300 in the average, accompanied by a decrease of $121,500 in the circulation, calls for no special remark, although many of the Banks have received considerable sums from the country this week in excess of their shipments. The surplus reserve, above the 25 ℘ cent. required by National Bank rule, is now $7,088,100, against $7,624,250 last week, a decrease of $536,150.

The Stock market has been very quiet, on transactions amounting to only 88,000 shares, one-half of which were in Lake Shore and Western Union. The early prices were about the poorest of the day—Western Union 78½@78¼, Pacific Mail 36⅜@36⅛, Lake Shore 79¼, North-western 45½@45⅝, and Ohios, 30⅜. Western Union attracted most attention, on the continued offers of sellers' sixty days' options, but the transactions in this way were very few. Before mid-day there was a general recovery, lasting into the afternoon, and with no material downward reaction at the close. Lake Shore was perhaps more conspicuous than any other of the leading stocks for firmness, advancing to 80½, though North-west also improved 1¼ ℘ cent to 46¾, closing at 46¼; Ohios advanced to 31, and Western Union was firm at 78¾@78⅞. Michigan Central improved 1½ ℘ cent. to 82½, on a report that the floating debt, amounting to $1,100,000 a year ago, has been reduced to about $250,000, and will probably disappear altogether in the course of another month. The tone of the market was rather strong at the close.

Money on call loan ruled easy all day at 3½@3 ℘ cent., but, at a late hour, a few tardy borrowers paid as much as 4@4½ for balances.

The following shows the Imports at the port of New-York for the week, (ending for Dry Goods Dec. 24, and for General Merchandise Dec. 26,) and for the year to date:

	1872.	1873.	1874.
Dry goods	$977,472	$878,511	$813,471
General mdse.	3,598,287	3,041,371	2,152,102
For the week	$4,575,759	$3,919,882	$2,965,573
Previous	421,650,439	380,274,131	377,389,160
Since Jan. 1	$426,226,198	$384,194,013	$380,354,733

The Dry Goods included in the above for the same period were:

For the week.	1872.	1873.	1874.
Entered	$977,472	$878,511	$813,471
Marketed	921,805	826,721	666,092
Since Jan. 1.			
Entered	135,331,969	113,381,649	105,259,456
Marketed	131,451,379	114,580,833	107,902,362

Gold opened 1-16 higher, at 111⅞, soon became weaker, and declined to 111 11-16, but was rallied after 1 o'clock to 112, and again to 112 1-16, (printed 112⅛, though without sales at that price,) apparently by the manipulation of the clique, but later, on free sales by the same party, fell off to 111⅞, and closed at 111⅞@111 15-16. On loans of gold the rates favored borrowers. There were a few transactions "flat" near the opening, but for the rest of the day a consideration of 1@3 ℘ cent. ℘ annum was paid for carrying. Clearings at the Gold Exchange Bank, $30,475,000; gold balances, $1,555,065; currency balances, $1,757,697. The shipments of specie to-day amount to $923,000, of which $650,000 was gold coin, and the rest silver. Customs payments were $222,000. On the other hand the Sub-Treasury disbursed $1,003,000 in coin for interest, and $75,000 for called bonds. The specie shipments for the week are reported at $2,257,036, including, however, only $1,700,000 gold coin. To-day having been a holiday at the London Stock Exchange, we have received no quotations from that market—not even street prices. It is quite probable that the next quotations we do get will be materially higher for American Securities, as round amounts are wanted for New-York account, and our investors do not appear to stand on fractions.

Government bonds have again advanced ⅛@⅜ ℘ cent. over the extreme prices of Thursday on a large and active trade, exhibiting the same general features as last reported, a general and well-distributed demand, wholly for domestic account, and great scarcity of stock. The most noticeable advance was in registered 1881s and new 1865s, coupon, both of which have improved ⅜. Registered 10-40s were in request at an improvement of ½ ℘ cent. Registered new 1865s and coupon 1865s, old issue, and 1867s are all higher by ⅜, while most other descriptions show an advance of ⅛ or ¼. Nothing was done with the foreign houses, owing to the suspension of business in London to-day. State Stocks are quiet, and the only change of any moment is a fractional advance in Tennessees, which close 58 bid. Railroad bonds are steady, and some issues are higher, the Wabash Firsts, for instance, and the Consolidated Convertibles, which latter sold at 50, against 49½ on Thursday, and more wanted. The Pacific Railroad Bonds were firm, and closed as follows: Centrals, 96@96¼; Westerns, 87@88; Union Firsts, 92⅞@93; Union Land Grants, 89¾@90; Union Sinking Fund, 78½@79.

RANGE OF PRICES AND CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing—Bid.	Closing—Asked.
Western Union	78⅞	78⅛	78¾	77⅞
Pacific Mail	36⅞	36⅛	36⅝	36½
New York Central	101	100¾	100⅜	101
Harlem	..	..	127	128
Erie	27¼	26⅞	27⅛	27¼
Lake Shore	80½	79¼	80¼	80⅜
Wabash	23⅝	22⅞	22¾	23
Wabash Preferred	38	38	..	..
North-western	46⅜	45⅜	46¼	46⅜
North-western Preferred	60½	59⅞	60	60⅜
Milwaukee & St. Paul	36⅞	35⅞	36⅜	36⅝
Mil. & St. Paul Pref.	..	..	56½	57
Ohio & Mississippi	31	30⅜	30⅝	30⅞
Rock Island	101¾	101½	101½	101⅝
Illinois Central	99	98¾	98¾	99
Union Pacific	35⅜	34⅞	35	35⅛
C., B. & Quincy	..	..	107	108
Chicago & Alton	104½	104½	104	105
Chicago & Alton Pref.	..	..	109	112
Panama	..	..	114½	115½
Pittsburg	88¾	88¾	88¼	88½
Fort Wayne	..	..	93⅛	93½
Michigan Central	82½	82⅜	82⅜	82⅝
Morris & Essex	..	..	95¾	96
New-Jersey Central	107¾	107½	107¼	107¾
Del., Lack. & Western	..	..	109⅛	109½
Missouri Pacific	..	..	46½	47
Hannibal & St. Joseph	..	..	24½	25¼
C., C. & Indiana Central	9⅞	9⅞	9¾	10
Am. District Tel. Co.	..	..	..	38½
Atl. & Pacific Tel. Co.	..	..	19	19½
Quicksilver	..	..	33½	34
Quicksilver Preferred	..	..	43	44½
Adams Express	..	..	116¼	117¼
Wells-Fargo Express	..	..	83	83¼
American Express	61¾	61¾	61½	62
United States Express	62¾	62¾	62	62¾
Canton Co	60	59½	59½	60½

Total sales, 88,876 shares—including 24,300 Lake Shore, 21,415 Western Union, 18,200 North-Western, 4,410 Wabash, and 4,400 Pacific Mail.

CLOSING QUOTATIONS OF GOVERNMENT BONDS.

	Offered.	Asked.		Offered.	Asked.
Sixes, 1881, r.	118¼	118½	5-20s, 1867, c.	121¾	122
Sixes, 1881, c.	121⅞	122⅛	5-20s, 1868, r.	118¼	118⅜
5-20s, 1862, r.	114	114½	5-20s, 1868, c.	121½	122
5-20s, 1862, c.	114⅛	114⅜	10-40s, r.	114⅛	115
5-20s, 1864, r.	115¾	116	10-40s, c.	114¾	115
5-20s, 1864, c.	116	116¼	5s, 1881, r.	113½	113¾
5-20s, 1865, r.	117⅜	118¼	5s, 1881, c.	113½	113¾
5-20s, 1865, c.	118	118¼	Cen. Pac. G.B.	96	96¼
5-20s, 1865, n.r.	117⅛	117⅜	W. Pac. G. B.	87	87½
5-20s, 1865, n.c.	120⅞	121	6s, Currency	117¾	118
5-20s, 1867, r.	118⅛	118¼	Gold	111⅞	112

UNITED STATES TREASURY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 26, 1874.

Gold receipts	$791,950 00
Gold payments	1,814,643 43
Gold balance	50,403,660 69
Currency receipts	1,217,110 84
Currency payments	924,757 76
Currency balance	46,395,253 52
Customs	222,000 00

Internal Revenue receipts at Washington to-day, $65,000, and for the month to date, $7,700,000. National Bank notes received for redemption, $650,000.

The following is the Clearing-house statement:

	For the Day.	For the Week.
Currency exchanges	$82,952,778	$407,720,865
Currency balances	3,843,220	16,636,344
Gold exchanges	10,752,698	40,331,883
Gold balances	1,334,245	5,231,293

The following were to-day's bids for City Bank Shares:

America	145	Market	115
American Exchange	113	Mercantile	108
Butchers'&Drovers'	125	Nassau	105
Chatham	132	New-York	123
Chemical	1500	North America	98
City	300	Oriental	150
Commerce	121½	Pacific	160
Fourth National	x96¼	Park	137
Fulton	155	Phenix	96½
Gallatin National	130	Republic	104
German-American	90	St. Nicholas	108
Manhattan	150	Union	130

The following for State Securities:

Ala. 5s, '83	39	N. Y. 6s, Gold L.,'83	112
Ala. 5s, '86	39	N. Y. 5s, Gold L., '75	107
Ark. 6s, F.	22	N. Y. 5s, Gold L. '76	107
Ark.7s,L.R.&Ft.S.'88	13	N.C.6s,N.C.R.,J.&J.	50
Ark. 7s,Mem.& L.R.	13	N.C.6s,N.C.R.,A.&O.	50
Ark.7s,L.R.P.B&NO	13	N. C. 6s, N. C. R., coup. off, J. & J.	35
Ark.7s,M.O.&R.Riv.	13		
Ark.7s.Ark.Cen.R.	13	N. C. 6s, N. C. R., coup. off, A. & O.	35
Conn. 6s	106		
Ga. 6s	79	N. C. 6s, F. A., '66	15
Ga. 7s, new bonds	92	N. C. 6s, F. A., '68	15
Ga. 7s, indorsed	86	N. C. 6s, n. b., J. & J.	12½
Ind. 5s	101	N. C. 6s, n. b., A. & O.	12½
Ill. Coup. 6s, '77	102	N. C. 6s, Sp. T., Cl. 1.	5
La. 6s	24	N. C. 6s, Sp. T., Cl. 2.	5
La. 6s, new bonds	24	N. C. 6s, Sp. T., Cl. 3.	4
La.6s,new Fl'g Debt.	21	Ohio 6s, '75	99
La. 7s, Penitentiary	21	Ohio 6s, '81	103
La. 6s, Levee bonds	25	Ohio 6s, '86	103
La. 8s, Levee bonds	25	Rhode Island 6s	105
La. 8s, Lev. bonds,'75	25	S. C. 6s	30
Michigan 6s, '78-'79	104	S. C. 6s, J. & J.	25½
Michigan 6s, '83	104	S. C. 6s, A. & O.	25½
Michigan 7s, '90	103	S. C. 6s, F. A., '66	25
Mo. 6s, due in '74	102	S. C.6s.L.C.,'89.J.&J.	24
Mo. 6s, due in '75	102	S.C.6s,L.C.,'89,A.&O.	25
Mo. 6s, due in '76	99	S. C. 7s of '88	25½
Mo. 6s, due in '77	98½	S.C. 7s, N.F. bds.	7
Mo. 6s, due in '78	98½	Tenn. 6s, old	78
Mo. 6s, due in '79	98½	Tenn. 6s, old, x coup.	57⅝
Mo. 6s, due in '80	98½	Tenn. 6s, new bds.	78
Fund. Bds., due in '94	94	Tenn. 6s, n.b., x coup.	57
L.B., due '81 to '91.mc.	97¼	Tenn. 6s, n. b., n. s.	57⅝
H. & St. Jo., due '75	101	Va. 6s, old	36
H. & St. Jo., due '76	99	Va. 6s, new bds, '66	37
H. & St. Jo., due '86	95	Va. 6s, new bds, '67	37
H. & St. Jo., due '87	96	Va. 6s, consol. bds.	56
N. Y. Reg. Bounty L.	105⅛	Va. 6s, x mtd. coup.	54
N. Y. Cou. Bounty L.	108⅝	Va. 6s, deferred bds.	11

And the following for the Railway Mortgages:

Alb. & Sus. 1st Bds.	107⅞	D. Mon. & Tol. bds.	100½
Alb. & Sus. 2d Bds.	102¼	Buf. & Erie new bds.	100¼
Alb. & Sus. 3d Bds.	99	Buf. & State Line 7s.	100
Bos., H. & Erie 1st	24	Kal.& W.Pigeon 1st.	85
Bos., H. & E., Guar.	30	L. S. Dividend Bds.	99
B.,C.R.&M. 1st 7s.G.	45	L. S. Cons. Coup. 1st.	102
C. & Ohio 6s, 1st	47	L.S.Cons. Reg. 1st.	99½
Chi. & Alt. 1st	108½	Mar. & Cin. 1st	103½
Chi. & Alt. Income	100½	Mich.C.Con. 7s, 1902	101⅜
Joliet & Chicago 1st	108	M. C. 1st 8s, '82, S.F.	111½
La. & Mo. 1st. Guar.	89	N. J. So. 1st 7s	30
St. L., J. & C. 1st	97	N. Y. & N. H. 6s	100½
C., B. & Q. 8 ℘ ct.1st	113⅝	N. Y. Cen. 6s, '83	97½
C., B. & Q., C. M. 7s	105	N. Y. Cen. 6s, '87	97⅛
C., R. I. & Pac.	107¾	N. Y. Cen. 7s, '76	102¾
Cen. R. of N. J.1stC.	102¼	N. Y. C. & H. 1st C.	114¼
C. R. of N. J.,Con. C.	103¼	N. Y. C. & H. 1st R.	112
Am. D. & Im. Bds.	102	H. R. 7s 2d S. F. '85	105½
M. & St. P. 1st M. I. & M. D.	88	H. R. 7s 3d S. F. '75	100¼
M.& St.P.1stM.I.&D.	75	Har. 1st 7s Coup.	107⅞
M. St.P.1stM. H.&D.	75	Har. 1st 7s Reg.	107⅞
M.&St.P.1stM.C.&M.	82½	North Missouri 1st	86½
Mil. & St. P. 2d	76½	Ohio & M. Cons. S.F.	98
Chi.&N.W.S.Fund	103	Ohio & Miss. Cons.	97¼
Chi.&N.W.Int.Bds.	99	Cen. Pac. G. B.	96⅛
Chi.&N.W.Con.Bds.	88½	Cen. Pac. St. J. B'h.	82¼
C.&N.W.Cp.Gd.Bds.	81½	Cen. Pac. Cal.& O.1st.	84¾
Gal. & Chi. 2d Mor.	101½	Cen. Pac. S.Aid Bds.	107
W.&St.Peters,1stM.	75	West. Pacific bds.	87
W.&St.Peters,2d M.	65	Un. Pacific 1st bds.	92⅞
C.,C.,C.&I.,1st7s,S.F.	104	Un. Pacific L. G. 7s.	89¾
Del.,L.&W.,1stM'ge.	101	Un. Pacific S. F.	78½
Del.,L.&W.,2dM'ge.	106	Pac. R. of Mo. 1st	90
Del.,L.&W.,7s, Con.	105⅛	Pac. R. of Mo. 2d	81½
Mor. & Es. 2d M'ge.	104	P. R. 7s G. by Mo.	102⅛
Mor. & Es. 7s, '71	99¾	P., Ft. W. & C. 3d.	98
Erie 1st M., extended	102½	C. & P. Con. S. F.	102½
Erie 2d M. 7s, '79	100½	Cleve. & Pitts. 3d.	101
Erie 3d M. 7s, '83	99	Cleve. & Pitts. 4th.	96
Erie 4th M. 7s, '80	96½	C., C. & Ind. 1st.	68½
Erie 5th M. 7s, '88	95	C., C. & Ind. 2d.	27
Long Dock Bonds	100	R., W. & Og. C. 1st.	90
H.&St.J.Land G'ts.	104	St. L. & Iron M. 1st.	93
H.&St.J.8s,Con.M'ge	88	St. L. & Iron M. 2d.	72
Ill.Cen. 7 per ct., '75	101½	Alton & T. H. 1st.	105
Dub.&SiouxC.1stM.	100	Alt. & T. H. 2d Pf.	90
CedarF.&Minn.1st M	85	Alt. & T. H. 2d Inc.	73
Ind., B. & W. 1st M.	45	B. & S. I. R. 1st 8s.	95
Mich. So. 7 ℘ ct. 2d.	100¼	T., P. & W.1st.W.D.	69¼
M. So. N.I.S.F.7 ℘ c.	104⅝	Tol. & W. 1st Ex.	86½
Cle. & Tol. Sink.F'd.	104⅜	T. & W. 1st St. L. D.	68
Cle. & Tol. new bds.	100	Tol. & Wabash 2d.	64¼
Cle. P. & Ash. O.B.	100	Tol. & W. Con. Conv.	49⅝
Cle. P. & Ash. N.B.	98¼	Gt. Western 1st, '88.	80⅛
		Gt. Western 2d, '93.	63

The following dividends are announced:

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, *Two and a Half ℘ cent.*, quarterly, on on the preferred and common stock, clear of all taxes, payable Jan. 25, at the Philadelphia office.

The Brooklyn Fire Insurance Company, *Ten ℘ cent.*, semi-annual, payable Jan. 2.

The Security Savings Bank, a semi-annual dividend at the rate of *Six ℘ cent.* per annum, on all sums entitled thereto, payable Jan. 18.

The Broadway Savings Institution, interest at *Six ℘ cent.* per annum on all sums entitled thereto, payable Jan. 18.

The New-York Savings Bank, interest at *Six ℘ cent.*

Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co. will pay the following coupons on the 2d proximo, viz.:

Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company First Mortgage *Seven ℘ cent.* Bonds.

Nashville and Decatur Railroad Company First Mortgage *Seven ℘ cent.* Bonds.

South and North Alabama Railroad Company First Mortgage *Eight ℘ cent.* Gold Bonds.

The January coupons of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Cedar Falls and Minnesota Railroad Company will be paid on and after Jan. 2, at the office of J. S. Kennedy & Co., No. 41 Cedar street.

LAW REPORTS.

DECISIONS.

SUPREME COURT, CHAMBERS.

By Judge Lawrence.

In the matter of Mary Ellen.—Having given to the testimony in the case the fullest consideration in my power, I have come to the conclusion to send the child to the Sheltering Arms, subject to the further order of the court.

By Judge Donohue.

Phillips vs. Langley; motion granted.
Matter of Dimand; memorandum.

COMMON PLEAS—SPECIAL TERM.

By Chief Justice Daly.

Vail vs. Vail; divorce granted.
Murray vs. Walsh; see memorandum.
Gorman vs. Kamak; motion denied.
In the matter of the final accounting of N. Dane Ellingwood; reference ordered.

THE BOARD OF POLICE.

During the meeting of the Board of Police yesterday President Matsell moved the appointment of Edward Van Leuren as patrolman. Commissioner Voorhis, on looking over the papers in the case, found that Van Leuren was a resident of Esopus, Ulster County, N. Y., and he therefore objected to the appointment for the same reasons given by him on a previous occasion. He was opposed to countrymen who were in entire ignorance of the topography of this City being appointed on the Police force. He also contended that the candidate was ineligible under the rules of the board, which require that applicants for appointment on the Police must be residents of this City for six months prior to appointment. Commissioner Disbecker then moved to rescind the rule, but Mr. Matsell said he was not prepared to vote for its abrogation, and the motion was withdrawn. The motion to appoint Van Leuren was then pressed by Mr. Matsell, who insisted that the provisions of the charter of 1873 merely required a residence of one year in the State. The motion was lost, Messrs. Voorhis and Disbecker voting in the negative, and Messrs. Duryee and Matsell in the affirmative. After some further debate on the question, Mr. Disbecker moved to reconsider the vote just taken, but Mr. Voorhis objected as the Commissioner making the motion had not voted with the majority. The motion to reconsider was then made by Mr. Matsell, which was carried, Voorhis voting in the negative, and the matter of the appointment was laid on the table.

The attention of the board was called by Mr. Voorhis to the action of the street railroad companies in removing snow from their tracks and throwing it into the gutters and oftentimes on the sidewalks and also in salting the tracks, and the Superintendent was directed to call the attention of the Police force, by general order, to these nuisances.

The Committee on Rules and Discipline was directed to consider the matter of divided responsibility now existing between court officers and precinct policemen in relation to the safe keeping of prisoners while in the Police Courts, and make report thereon to the board.

VIOLATION OF THE BUILDING LAWS.

Gustav Weid, against whom Chief Justice Daly issued an injunction to prevent the building of a ball-room with a brick foundation eight inches thick, instead of a stone one twenty inches thick, appeared in court to-day and said the premises were leased to his son-in-law, to whom he had sent the injunction. The son-in-law stated that he sent the paper to Mr. Hopper, the builder, who only pushed on the work. Mr. Gedney, counsel for the Department of Buildings, urged the necessity of enforcing the law. Chief Justice Daly said this was an aggravated case. Offenses of this kind chiefly occurred among the Germans, who shift the responsibility from hand to hand, on the ground of lack of comprehension. The Germans are usually very intelligent, but they seem to think that on coming to this free country they can disregard its laws.

The matter was then adjourned to Monday to give Weid an opportunity of producing Hopper.

A NEW JUDICIAL DECISION.

Apparently a new point was decided yesterday by Mr. Justice Donohue, of the Supreme Court, in the matter of the First National Bank of Middleton vs. Charles Barnum. The court decided that the defendant, Barnum, having submitted to be examined "on supplementary proceedings" without objection, gave the court jurisdiction, and though it turned out in the course of the examination that his residence was in Brooklyn, (Second Judicial District,) no objection having been made until this appeared, and defendant being sworn without objection, the rule that all supplementary proceedings be had in the district where defendant resides does not apply, and the proceedings will be retained in this district.

THE FASHIONABLE SMUGGLER.

The examination of Mlle. Leonie Juvin, the French woman accused of having smuggled a large lot of valuable goods on the 3d inst., was postponed on account of the illness of the prisoner. It will be held on Tuesday next, should she be well enough to appear.

RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS IN SYRIA.

The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at Damascus, writing on the 18th of November, says "On Sunday night, after dark, our Governor General started secretly from Damascus, and, making a night journey over the Lebanon, surprised the people of Beyrout by suddenly appearing among them the next morning. During the day he embarked on the Arcadia, a blockade runner captured at Crete, for Tripoli, where his presence was required to protect the Christians from insult and outrage. It seems that on the 10th of November, the first day of the feast of Bairam, a paper was found posted up on one of the columns in the great mosque. The document contained a villification of Mohamedans and Mohamedanism. Above the writing there was a cross and beneath pretended Christian signatures, such as 'John,' 'George,' &c. An assembly of respectable Moslems immediately pronounced the document the work of some wicked Moslem who wished to excite the fanaticism of his co-religionists against the Christians. Sheikh Ali Rashid, a Moslem worthy of all praise, whose venerable father quelled a riot in 1864, publicly declared the handbill the work and handwriting of a Moslem, and, warning the Moslems against an uprising, did all in his power to preserve the peace. His efforts were in part successful. There was no general rising of the Moslems, as was at first anticipated, but mobs of Moslems in different parts of the town insulted and beat Christians whenever they met them. Some Maronite monks and an orthodox Greek priest were singled out for special abuse. The French Vice Consul, M. Blanche, attempted to rescue a servant of the Lazarist Convent, but was himself insulted and threatened. He addressed an official note to the Mutessarif, calling upon him to restore order or to declare that he was unable to do so. Our Governor General resolved to appear on the scene of disturbance before any of the evil-doers should be aware of his approach. It will be his special care to find out the author of the inflammatory document and to visit him with signal punishment. By sudden and strong measures he may nip the outbreak in the bud and prevent it from spreading further. Yesterday an eloquent dervish, with disheveled hair, was proclaiming through the streets of Damascus 'that the measure of the Christians was filled to the brim, and that the work of purification must be completed.' He accompanied the words by signs, showing that he meant purification to be effected by the sword. An eager crowd of Moslems hung on his words with breathless attention. The Christians, of course, became alarmed, and spread the report through the city; but the British Vice-Consul having pointed out to the Governor-General's representative the possible danger from such inspired rhapsodies, the man disappeared from the streets. For the past eighteen months the Government of Syria has been carried on as if no interest was worth being consulted but that of the crazy dervishes. Our new Governor-General is likely to experience much difficulty in dealing with these pampered knaves."

REVOLT OF DEAF MUTES.

The mutes of the Delevan (Wis.) Deaf and Dumb Institute recently engaged in a mutiny against the authority of the teachers, which seems to have grown out of the corporal punishment system. One of the students is said to have resisted punishment, and, being assisted by others, managed to put the Principal violently from the room. The disruption became general, and was not allayed by the expulsion of the chief offenders. But after a few days of trouble, comparative quiet has been restored. To persons not acquainted with the possibilities of the mute language, it may seem curious that a school of rebellious deaf and dumb pupils could be controlled by word of hands, but not so strange as the fact that in the Delevan disturbance one of the Professors—a favorite with the school—did one day address the pupils so eloquently in the sign language on the ungratefulness of their conduct that he left them in tears.

DIVIDENDS.

OFFICE CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY OF NEW-JERSEY, No. 119 LIBERTY ST., NEW-YORK, Dec. 14, 1874.

THE DIRECTORS HAVE THIS DAY DECLARED the usual quarterly Dividend of Two and a Half per Cent., payable on WEDNESDAY, the 20th of January next, at this office. The transfer-books will be closed from Thursday the 31st inst. to Saturday, the 23d proximo. SAMUEL KNOX, Secretary.

MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1874.

DIVIDEND.—THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE this day declared a dividend of FIVE (5) PER CENT., free from tax, payable on and after the 2d of January, 1875. Transfer book closed until day of payment. WILLIAM H. COX, Cashier.

GALVESTON, HOUSTON, AND HENDERSON RAILROAD COMPANY OF 1871.

The coupons due Jan. 1, 1875, on the bonds of the above company will be paid on and after that date in gold by F. P. JAMES & CO., No. 40 Wall st. T. W. PIERCE, President.
Dated GALVESTON, Tex., Dec. 21, 1874.

INTERNATIONAL AND GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD COMPANY OF TEXAS, No. 52 WALL ST.

THE COUPONS DUE 1ST JANUARY, 1875, on First Mortgage Bonds Houston and Great Northern Railroad Company will be paid in gold by National City Bank, No. 52 Wall st., on and after that date. JACOB S. WETMORE, Treasurer.

THE CHATHAM NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

THIRTY-EIGHTH DIVIDEND.—A DIVIDEND of FIVE PER CENT., free from tax, out of the earnings of the past six months, will be paid to stockholders on and after the 2d of January next, until which time the transfer book will remain closed. G. M. HARD, Cashier.

OFFICE OF WELLS, FARGO, & CO., No. 65 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 12, 1874.

THE REGULAR SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF FOUR PER CENT., has been declared by the Directors of this Company, payable Jan. 15, 1875, at our office as above.
The transfer books will be closed Jan. 4, at 2 P. M., and reopened Jan. 16.
THEO. F. WOOD, Assistant Secretary.

THE JANUARY COUPONS OF THE REAL Estate Mortgage Bonds, negotiated and guaranteed by the Equitable Trust Company, will be paid on and after the 2d day of January, 1875, at the office of the company, No. 52 William st.
JONATHAN EDWARDS, President.

THE NATIONAL SHOE AND LEATHER BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 18, 1874.

FORTY-SECOND DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTors of this bank have this day declared the usual semi-annual Dividend of Six (6) per cent., payable on and after Jan. 2, 1875.
The transfer-book will be closed from the 21st inst. until the 2d proximo. J. M. CRANE, Cashier.

PHENIX NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1874.

THE DIRECTORS OF THIS BANK HAVE this day declared a dividend of Three and One-half (3½) per cent., payable on and after Jan. 2, 1875. The transfer books will be closed from this date until Jan. 11. JOHN PARKER, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE HOUSTON AND TEXAS CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY, No. 52 WALL ST., NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

THE COUPONS DUE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1875, on First Mortgage Gold Bonds, will be paid at National City Bank. W. M. RICE, Financial Agent.

NATIONAL BUTCHERS' AND DROVERS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1874.

THE DIRECTORS OF THIS BANK HAVE this day declared a Dividend of Five per Cent., free of tax, payable on and after Jan. 2, 1875. The transfer books will remain closed until that date.
G. G. BRINCKERHOFF, Cashier.

THE JANUARY COUPON OF THE TEN (10) per cent. (5) five year first mortgage loan of the Cincinnati, Rockport and South-western Railway of Indiana will be paid by SMITH & HANNAMAN, of Indianapolis, Financial Agents of the company, at the New-York National Exchange Bank on and after Jan. 1.

THE ORIENTAL BANK.
CAPITAL..........$300,000 | SURPLUS..........$325,000
WASHINGTON A. HALL, President.
HENRY T. CHAPMAN, Jr., Cashier.
The usual semi-annual Dividend of Six per Cent. has this day been declared, payable Jan. 2, 1875.
NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1874.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 21, 1874.

TWENTY-SECOND DIVIDEND.—THE BOARD of Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of FOUR (4) PER CENT., free of all taxes, payable on and after 2d January, 1875. The Transfer Books will be closed from 24th inst., P. M., to 2d prox.
ANTHONY LANE, Cashier.

MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 24, 1874.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of Four per Cent. from the net earnings, payable on and after Jan. 2, 1875. The transfer books will be closed from this date to Jan. 4, 1875. C. V. BANTA, Cashier.

THE NATIONAL PARK BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 18, 1874.

THE DIRECTORS OF THIS BANK HAVE declared a Semi-annual Dividend of SIX PER CENT. payable Jan. 2, 1875.
The transfer books will remain closed until that date.
J. L. WORTH, Cashier.

THE MARKET NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of Five per Cent., payable to stockholders on and after Jan. 2, 1875. The transfer books will remain closed until that date. A. GILBERT, Cashier.

THE BANK OF NEW-YORK NATIONAL BANKING ASSOCIATION, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a Dividend of Five per Cent., free from tax, payable on the 2d day of January next. The transfer books will be closed until Jan. 4, 1875.
R. B. FERRIS, Cashier.

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1874.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a dividend of Four (4) Per cent., payable on and after the 2d day of January next. The transfer books will be closed until Jan. 2, 1875.
A. S. APGAR, Cashier.

CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1874.

A DIVIDEND OF FOUR (4) PER CENT. from the earnings of the past six months has been declared, (free of tax,) payable on the 4th day of January next.
Transfer-books will close from the 20th inst. till the 5th prox. C. F. TIMPSON, Cashier.

SAFEGUARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 152 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 16, 1874.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER cent. is this day declared, payable 2d January prox.
JAMES YERANCE, Secretary.

THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1874.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF FOUR PER Cent. has this day been declared, free from tax, payable to stockholders on and after Jan. 2, 1875.
The transfer books will be closed from this day until the morning of Jan. 5, 1875. ED. SKILLIN, Cashier.

IRVING NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 18, 1874.

A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT., FREE of tax, has this day been declared payable Jan. 2, 1875, until which date the transfer books will remain closed. JOHN L. JEWETT, Jr., Cashier.

SIOUX CITY AND PACIFIC RAILROAD CO., BOSTON, Dec. 19, 1874.

THE COUPONS OF THIS COMPANY, DUE Jan. 1, 1875, will be paid at the National Park Bank, New-York. JOHN M. GLIDDEN, Treasurer.

COUPONS DUE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1875, of the Registered and Funding Bonds of the State of Tennessee will be paid on and after that date by the Fourth National Bank of New-York.
JOHN C. BURCH, Comptroller.

THE NATIONAL CITIZENS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT. FREE OF tax, has been declared, payable on and after Jan. 2, 1875. The transfer books will remain closed until that date. W. H. OAKLEY, Cashier.

TRADESMEN'S NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT. WILL BE paid on and after Jan. 2, 1875.
ANTHONY HALSEY, Cashier.

BOWERY NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 26, 1874.

THE DIRECTORS OF THIS BANK HAVE declared a dividend of SIX per Cent., payable on and after Jan. 2, 1875. The transfer-book will be closed until Jan 3. R. HAMILTON, Cashier.

GROCERS' BANK, Dec. 23, 1874.

A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT. WILL BE paid to the stockholders on and after Jan. 2, 1875. By order of the Board. R. R. WATSON, Cashier.

DIVIDENDS.

OFFICE OF NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, NOS. 261 AND 263 BROADWAY, CORNER WARREN ST.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTees, held Dec. 3, 1874, a dividend of four (4) per cent. on the capital stock of this company was declared from the earnings of the past six months, payable Jan. 2, 1875.
The transfer-books will be closed on the 20th inst. and reopened Jan. 3, 1875.
J. C. CRUIKSHANK, Secretary.

CORNER WALL AND BROAD STS., NEW-YORK, Dec. 24, 1874.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD Company First Mortgage Seven per Cent. Coupons.
NASHVILLE AND DECATUR RAILROAD COMPANY First Mortgage Seven per Cent. Coupons.
SOUTH AND NORTH ALABAMA RAILROAD COMPANY First Mortgage Eight per Cent. Gold Coupons.
All due Jan. 1, 1875, will be paid on presentation at our office on and after the 2d proximo.
DREXEL, MORGAN & CO.

TO HOLDERS OF OHIO STATE STOCKS.—Notice is hereby given that the interest due Jan. 1, 1875, on the Funded Debt of the State of Ohio, will be paid at the American Exchange National Bank of New-York City, from the 1st to the 15th proximo, and thereafter at our office in this City.
COLUMBUS, Ohio, Dec. 15, 1874.
JAMES WILLIAMS, Auditor of State;
A. T. WIKOFF, Secretary of State;
JOHN LITTLE, Attorney General;
Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE TREASURER'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 1, 1874.

COUPONS OF THE CONSOLIDATION BONDS OF the State of South Carolina due Jan. 1, 1875, will be paid on and after that date on presentation at the National Park Bank, New-York, and at the Treasury, Columbia, S. C.
Coupons due July 1, 1874, on Consolidation Bonds that may be issued in exchange for Fundable Bonds, will also be paid at any time on presentation at the above-mentioned places. F. L. CARDOZA, Treasurer South Carolina.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1874.

THIS COMPANY WILL PAY A DIVIDEND OF Two and a Half per Cent., in cash on 20th January prox. Transfer books will be closed from Dec. 31 until morning of Jan. 21. A. J. ODELL, Treasurer.

NATIONAL BROADWAY BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 19, 1874.

FIFTIETH DIVIDEND.

A semi-annual dividend of Three Dollars per share of the capital stock of this bank will be paid on and after the 2d January ensuing. J. L. EVERITT, Cashier.

BANK OF AMERICA, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

DIVIDEND.—THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS of the Bank of America have this day declared a dividend of Five per cent., for the current six months, free from tax, payable to the stockholders on and after Saturday, Jan. 2, 1875. The transfer books will remain closed from this date until the morning of Jan. 7, 1875.
ROBERT JAFFRAY, Cashier.

BANK OF NORTH AMERICA.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 26, 1874.

A Dividend of Four per Cent., free of tax, has this day been declared, payable on the 2d day of January next, until which time the transfer books will remain closed. J. A. BEARDSLEY, Cashier.

MANUFACTURERS' AND BUILDERS' BANK.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 26, 1874.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of Four per Cent., payable on and after Jan. 10, 1875. DAVID MORGAN, Cashier.

ELEVENTH WARD BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

FIFTEENTH DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTORS have this day declared a Dividend of Three and One-half per Cent., free from tax, payable on and after Jan. 4, 1875. CHAS. E. BROWN, Cashier.

MANUFACTURERS' AND MERCHANTS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 24, 1874.

THE DIRECTORS HAVE THIS DAY DEclared a dividend from the earnings of the last six months of Three and a Half per Cent., free of taxes, payable Jan. 2, 1875. The transfer books will be closed until Jan. 4. THEO. D. WARREN, Cashier.

THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1874.

TWENTY-SECOND DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECtors of this bank have declared a Dividend of Seven per Cent., free of all taxes, payable on and after Jan. 2, 1875. O. D. ROBERTS, Cashier.

LANSING, Mich., Dec. 25, 1874.

THE INTEREST DUE JAN. 1, 1875, ON THE bonds issued by the State of Michigan, will be paid at the American Exchange National Bank in the City of New-York. V. P. COLLIER, State Treasurer.

ELIZABETH CITY BONDS AND COUPONS falling due Jan. 1, 1875, will be paid on presentation at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, on and after Dec. 31 inst. HENRY AITKEN, Controller.

SAVINGS BANKS.

GREENWICH SAVINGS BANK,

No. 73 6th av.

JANUARY INTEREST FOR 1875.

The Board of Trustees have ordered that interest at the rate of Seven per Cent. per annum be paid to depositors on sums of Five Hundred Dollars and under, and at the rate of Six per Cent. on sums over that amount, agreeably with the provisions of the by-laws, and payable on and after MONDAY, the 18th of January. Interest not called for will be credited as principal.
Deposits will draw interest from the 1st of January, April, July, and October.
Bank open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.
B. F. WHEELWRIGHT, President.
C. GILBERT, Treasurer.
JAMES BRYCE, J. HARSEN RHOADES, Secretaries.

CITIZENS' SAVINGS BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

1875—JANUARY INTEREST.

The twenty-ninth Semi-annual Interest, at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum, on all sums which have been on deposit for one or more months next previous to Jan. 1, will be credited and paid on and after THURSDAY, Jan. 21.
All interest not called for will remain as principal and draw interest accordingly, and will be entered on the depositors' books any time when presented after the 21st of January.
The bank is open EVERY DAY for the reception and payment of money from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and on MONDAYS and SATURDAYS from 10 A. M. to 7 P. M.
Bank-books in German, French, and English.
Bank, No. 58 Bowery, south-west corner Canal st.
E. A. QUINTARD, President.
SEYMOUR A. BUNCE, Secretary.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK, THIRD AVENUE, corner Twenty-third street. The usual semi-annual INTEREST at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum will be paid on and after JANUARY 20, on all sums entitled thereto on the FIRST DAY OF JANUARY. Money deposited on or before JANUARY 20, will draw interest FROM JANUARY 1.
FREDERICK OLMSTEAD, President.
CHARLES T. RODGERS, Secretary.

FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK, CORNER 42D st. and 8th av.—Interest Dividend.—Interest at the rate of Six per Cent. per annum for six months ending Jan. 1, 1875, will be paid to depositors entitled thereto on and after MONDAY, Jan. 19.
JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN, President.
JAMES E. SMITH, Secretary.

AUCTION SALES.

EDWARD SCHENCK, Auctioneer.

BY EDWARD SCHENCK,
ASSIGNEE'S SALE
OF
SUPERB WATCHES
AND
DIAMOND JEWELRY
ON TUESDAY, DEC. 29.
The above will be on exhibition on Monday at
NO. 60 LIBERTY ST.

ART. ART. ART.

Messrs. JOHN C. THOM & CO.'S collection of FINE OIL PAINTINGS, comprising choice examples of FOREIGN AND AMERICAN ARTISTS, to be sold TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, Dec. 29 and 30, at 8 o'clock, at the SOMERVILLE ART GALLERY, No. 82 5th av.
Free exhibition now open day and evening.
ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer.

SHIPPING.

INMAN LINE.—SOUTHERLY COURSE.

Royal Mail Steamers are appointed to sail as follows:
FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.
CITY OF MONTREAL.......Saturday, Jan. 2, at 1 P. M.
CITY OF ANTWERP.......Saturday, Jan. 9, at 7 A. M.
CITY OF BROOKLYN.......Saturday, Jan. 16, at noon.
CITY OF NEW-YORK.......Saturday, Jan. 23, at 7 P. M.
CITY OF — ....Saturday, — at —
CABIN PASSAGE, $50, $60, and $75, gold.
STEERAGE.—To and from all points, at reduced rates.
Cabin and general office, No. 15 Broadway.
Steerage offices, No. 33 Broadway, or Pier No. 45 North River. JOHN G. DALE, Agent.

FOR LIVERPOOL.
(VIA QUEENSTOWN,)
CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAILS.

THE LIVERPOOL AND GREAT WESTERN STEAM COMPANY will dispatch one of their first-class full-power iron screw steam-ships from PIER NO. 46 NORTH RIVER, EVERY TUESDAY, as follows:
WISCONSIN, Capt. FREEMAN.......Jan. 5, at 2:30 P. M.
IDAHO, Capt. BEDDOE.......Jan. 12, at 9 A. M.
NEVADA, Capt. PRICE.......Jan. 19, at 2:30 P. M.
Cabin passage, $80, gold.
Steerage passage, (Office No. 29 B'way,) at low rates.
For freight or cabin passage apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 63 Wall st.

NEW-YORK, HAVANA AND MEXICAN MAIL S. S. LINE
Steamers leave Pier 3 North River at 3 P. M., as follows
FOR HAVANA DIRECT.
CITY OF HAVANA.......Tuesday, Jan. 5
CITY OF VERA CRUZ, (new).......Thursday, Jan. 7
CITY OF NEW-YORK.......Thursday, Jan. 14
FOR VERA CRUZ AND NEW-ORLEANS,
calling at Havana, Progreso, Campeachy, Tuspan, and Tampico.
CITY OF HAVANA.......Tuesday, Jan. 5
CITY OF MERIDA.......Tuesday, Jan. 26
For freight or passage apply to F. ALEXANDRE & SONS, No. 33 Broadway.
Steamers will leave New-Orleans Jan. 9 and Jan. 30 for Vera Cruz and all the above ports.

NEW-YORK AND HAVANA DIRECT MAIL LINE.
These first-class steam-ships will sail at 3 P. M., from Pier No. 13 North River, (foot of Cedar st.,) for Havana direct, as follows:
COLUMBUS, Capt. R. C. REED, Tuesday, Dec. 22.
CRESCENT CITY, Capt. CURTIS, Thursday, Dec. 31.
For freight or passage (having unsurpassed accommodations) apply to WM. P. CLYDE & CO., No. 6 Bowling green.
McKELLAR, LUAINO & Co., Agents in Havana.

DRY GOODS.

BLOOMS'

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HOLIDAY GOODS

WILL BE CONTINUED UNTIL AFTER

NEW-YEAR'S.

OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK.

BARGAINS EXTRAORDINARY. All fancy articles have been marked down regardless of cost.

LONDON, PARIS, AND VIENNA NOVELTIES at exceedingly low figures, as stock must be diminished before taking inventory.

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL PRESENTS for ladies and gentlemen, old and young, at prices to suit the most economical.

OUR ASSORTMENT OF INITIAL, EMBROIDERED, hem-stitched, printed, bordered Handkerchiefs, embroidered Sets, elegant Neckwear, Silk and Lace Ties, Mufflers, &c., is second to none in the City.

MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHUS, SLEEVELESS JACKETS, LACE AND SWISS OVER-DRESSES, FANCY APRONS (without which no hostess should receive New-Year's calls,) LACE COIFFURES, DRESS AND BREAKFAST CAPS, SACKS, &c., in great variety. All these articles being made on the premises under one of the most EXPERIENCED FRENCH ARTISTES, cannot fail to please the most fastidious, as finish, material, and style are not excelled by any of our largest City establishments.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO AT MOST MODERATE TERMS. THOROUGH SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

REAL NILSSON KID GLOVE,

in 2, 3, 4, and 6, buttons, in every imaginable shade.

NONE GENUINE EXCEPT WITH OUR STAMP.

Our seamless real KID GLOVE has been tested and justly pronounced the BEST GLOVE IN THE WORLD. Try our Two-Button Glove at 75 and 95 cents.

ALL

Our Gloves are warranted, and cheerfully exchanged if ripped or torn when first tried on.

WE WILL OPEN MONDAY MORNING

Novelties in real French Flowers, suitable for

BRIDAL AND EVENING DRESSES,

at about half the usual extravagant prices.

HAIR ORNAMENTS,

In Jet, Pearl, Gilt, Marabout, and Ostrich, Pompons, Fancy Feathers, Ostrich and Coqs, Feather Bands, &c.

FRENCH JEWELRY,

In Coral, Pearl, Silver, Gilt, Jet, &c. Fans in endless variety of latest Parisian manufacture.

Perfumes and Toilet Articles, Silks, Satins, Crepes, and Tarletans, in all the delicate shades of the season, suitable for

DINNER AND EVENING WEAR.

Silk Velvets, all colors, at much below cost of importation.

Ribbons, Sashes, and Scarfs, all widths, shades, and prices.

OUR HOSIERY, CORSET, AND UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENTS

Are complete in all details.

A comparison will amply repay. Time and money SAVED.

BLOOMS',

338 BOWERY 340

BETWEEN BOND AND GREAT JONES STS.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

FEMALES.

THE NEW UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

THE TIMES has established a new Up-town Branch Office for the sale of papers, the reception of advertisements and subscriptions, and the transaction of any business in connection with the paper. It is located at

No. 1,257 Broadway, between 31st and 32d sts.,

and is open daily, Sundays included, from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M.

COOK.—BY A NEWLY-ARRIVED FRENCH WOMAN; is a good cook; can make desserts, bread, and is a good meat cook; will keep her kitchen in order and, if required, do the coarse washing; has several years' references from Europe. Call or address for two days No. 621 6th av., between 36th and 37th sts., first floor, French Bureau.

COOK AND HOUSE-WORK.—BY A GERMAN woman, who is capable and reliable, for City or country; has City references, and can be seen at the Protestant Home Bureau, 138 6th av., above 10th st.

DRESS-MAKING.—A THOROUGH DRESS-MAKER; good cutter and fitter; will go out by the day or week; $1 50 per day. Inquire in the cigar store, No. 608 3d av.

DRESS-MAKER.—MISS BARBER, AN OLD EXperienced dress-maker, will go out by the day. Call at No. 745 6th av., near 42d st.

HOUSEKEEPER.—BY A MIDDLE-AGED AMERIcan lady; is neat in her person, and good, practical housekeeper; best City reference. Call at 528 3d av.

LADIES' DIRECTORY, CORNER OF BROADway and 45th st.—A large number of capable, respectable servants, for City and country, at low wages. Employment is wanted for several ladies at nominal salaries.

Classes for ladies in the cooking-school on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. $5 for ten lessons. First-class cooks sent out by the day, $2.

The ladies request the co-operation of all housekeepers, and prompt replies from those to whom they apply for information.

LAUNDRESS.—A FIRST-CLASS LAUNDRESS wishes ladies' and gentlemen's or families' washing; can do all kinds of fine washing, French fluting and puffing; children's and ladies' suits done up in first-class style; best City references. Address Laundress, No. 242 East 55th st., between 2d and 3d avs., top floor, Room No. 14.

NURSE.—AN EXPERIENCED, WORTHY NURSE, at present disengaged, would like to make a few more engagements; has the best of references from ladies and doctors. Apply at No. 447 7th av.; ring three times.

MALES.

COACHMAN.—BY A RESPECTABLE YOUNG man as coachman and groom; thoroughly understands his business in all its branches; has the best of references from last employer, who is in town at present. Address for two days, F. T. S., at private stable, No. 51 East 33d st.

COACHMAN.—BY A MAN WHO UNDERSTANDS the proper care of first-class horses, carriages, and harness; five years' reference; married, no family. Can be seen on Monday at Brewster's carriage sales-rooms, 14th st. and 5th av., or address Thomas.

COACHMAN.—BY A GENTLEMAN FOR HIS coachman, who has served him faithfully for the past three years. Address for three days R. J. C., Brevoort House.

DEC. 31.—OUR BUSINESS AT NO. 6 COLLEGE place is to be closed, and we wish to recommend our boy to a position where honesty and intelligence will be appreciated. Apply to THE JOHN AMES BRUSH CO.

UNDERWAITER.—BY AN ENGLISHMAN, TWENty years old; willing and obliging. Address Anglais, Box No. 229 *Times* Office.

WANTED—A RESPONSIBLE POSITION AS OFficer or general manager of a fire insurance company from January next; a large and successful experience guarantees like results; ample references. Address Underwriter, Box No. 3,518 New-York Post Office.

WAITER.—BY AN ENGLISHMAN, AS WAITER in a private family; first-class references from families in New-York and London. Address Waiter, Box No. 294 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, No. 1,257 BROADWAY.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED NURSE TO TAKE charge of an infant. Apply at No. 18 West 38th st., between 9 and 11 A. M.

FURNITURE.

T. G. SELLEW, DESKS, OFFICE AND LIBRARY FURNITURE, No. 103 Fulton st., FINE CYLINDER DESKS.

WEEKLY OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS for FURNITURE, CARPETS, and BEDDING, at B. M. COWPERTHWAITE & CO.'S, Nos. 155 and 157 Chatham st. An immense stock and low prices.

MISFIT CARPETS.—GOOD SECOND-HAND AND misfit carpets a specialty; all sizes, rich patterns very cheap. 112 Fulton st., near Nassau, side entrance.

DRY GOODS.

New-Year's Presents

FOR

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

AT

WILSON & GREIG

No. 771 Broadway,

CORNER OF 9TH ST.

ENORMOUS REDUCTION IN

CLOAKS AND COSTUMES

OF ALL KINDS.

ELEGANT PARIS PATTERN COSTUMES, imported for our DRESS-MAKING DEPARTMENT, for ideas, at less than half their cost. All these are very rich and stylish.

Unheard-of Bargains

in unmade Paris embroidered heavy double CASHMERE POLONAISES, TABLIERS, JACKETS, &c. A large lot reduced to $25, formerly $60. Also Paris embroidered Beaver Cloth JACKETS.

Ladies' and Children's Furnishing Goods.

CLOSING OUT,

regardless of cost, of all the elegant goods in the

Laces and Embroideries Department.

Very handsome New-Year's Presents, as REAL POINT AND POINT APPLIQUE HANDKERCHIEFS, LACE BARBES, COLLARS, CAPES and FICHUS, EMBROIDERED SETS, HANDKERCHIEFS, PILLOW SETS, SILK TIES, BOWS, RUFFS, &c.

BOUDIER'S CELEBRATED KID GLOVES.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

of all kinds, at remarkably low prices.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN are respectfully invited to examine our stock, as the bargains in the different departments are too numerous to mention in an advertisement. Our goods will be found most liberally reduced, offering a rare chance to purchase fine goods at a low price.

WILSON & GREIG.

FINANCIAL.

BROOKLYN CITY.

"PUBLIC PARK" 7s DUE IN 1915.

ROCHESTER WATER 7s DUE IN 1903.

PEEKSKILL WATER 7s DUE IN 1904.

LONG ISLAND CITY WATER 7s.

DUE IN 1894.

JERSEY CITY WATER 7s DUE IN 1913.

JERSEY CITY 7s DUE IN 1894.

ST. LOUIS COUNTY GOLD 6s.

DUE IN 1895.

ALSO, OTHER FIRST-CLASS MUNICIPAL BONDS.

FOR SALE BY

DANIEL A. MORAN,

NO. 40 WALL ST.

7, 8, AND 10 PER CENT.

CHOICE CITY BONDS,

RAILROAD BONDS.

CITY RAILROAD STOCKS,

Insurance Stocks, and other first-class securities paying 10 to 12 per cent. at a large reduction below par.

For sale by

ALBERT H. NICOLAY & CO.,

NO. 43 PINE ST., NEW-YORK.

N. B.—Investment securities our specialty 22 years.

OFFICE OF PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY, PITTSBURG, PENN., Dec. 5, 1874.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE HOLDers of the Third Mortgage Bonds of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad Company maturing May 1, 1875, that the Pennsylvania Company, in charge of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, under its lease to the "Pennsylvania Railroad Company," are prepared to pay, at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, in the City of New-York, all of the said bonds on and after DEC. 15, 1874, at par and interest to the date of presentation, at any time before maturity.

THOMAS A. SCOTT, President.

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., No. 51 WALL ST., CORNER WILLIAM, NEW-YORK, Dec. 16, 1874.

THE BOOKS OF THIS COMPANY WILL close on the 31st inst., preparatory to its annual statement; persons holding policies on risks which shall have terminated during the year, prior to the 1st of January next, are requested to furnish an account of the premiums thereon, and a statement of all claims for return of premiums, to prevent discrepancies in the accounts.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 9, 1874.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of this bank for the election of eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year, will be held at the banking-house, Tuesday, 12th January, 1875. Polls open from 12 M. to 1 P. M. By order of the Board.

C. V. BANTA, Cashier.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE GENEVA, ITHACA, AND ATHENS RAILROAD COMPANY. ITHACA, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1874.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL INTEREST ON THE first mortgage bonds of the Ithaca and Athens Railroad Company will be paid Jan. 1, at the Metropolitan National Bank.

GEORGE McCHAIN, Treasurer.

MECHANICS' AND TRADERS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1874.

AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS OF THIS institution for the ensuing year, and for three inspectors for the next ensuing election, will be held at the banking-house on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 13, 1875. Poll open from 2 to 3 o'clock.

GEO. W. YOULE, Cashier.

THE MARKET NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1874.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS for the ensuing year will be held at the banking-house on TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1875, between the hours of 12 M. and 1 P. M.

A. GILBERT, Cashier.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 1, 1874.

ELECTION.—AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS will be held at the office of this bank on TUESDAY, Jan. 12 next, from 12 M. to 1 o'clock P. M.

E. WILSON, Cashier.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 11, 1874.

ELECTION.—THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR NINE Directors and for three Inspectors of next election, will be held at the banking-house, on TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1875. Polls open from 12 M. to 1 o'clock P. M.

F. E. LATHROP, Assistant Cashier.

THE GERMAN AMERICAN BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 26, 1874.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS of this bank for election of Directors, &c., will be held at the banking-room on MONDAY, 11th of January next, between 12 M. and 2 P. M. By order of the Board.

O. H. SCHREINER, Cashier.

CITY RAILROAD and GAS STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD BY CHARLES OTIS, No. 47 Exchange place.

Wanted, Broadway and Seventh Avenue Bonds, Dry Dock and East Broadway do.

THE HANOVER NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 11, 1874.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of this bank, No. 33 Nassau st., on TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1875, between the hours of 12 M. and 1 P. M.

GEORGE W. PERKINS, Cashier.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO., NO. 59 WALL ST., ISSUE COMMERCIAL and TRAVELERS' CREDITS AVAILABLE in all PARTS of the WORLD.

GROCERS' BANK, Dec. 23, 1874.

AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS WILL BE HELD at the banking-house on Jan. 12, 1875, from 12 M. to 1 P. M.

B. E. WATSON, Cashier.

THE NATIONAL PARK BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 18, 1874.

ELECTION.—AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this Bank will be held at the banking-rooms, on TUESDAY, Jan. 12, from 12 M. to 1 o'clock P. M.

J. L. WORTH, Cashier.

GAS, CITY RAILROAD, TRUST COMPANIES, BANK STOCKS, Insurance Scrip and Stock. If you wish to buy or sell apply to SAMUEL M. SMITH, No. 71 Wall st.

GUARANTY AND INDEMNITY AND GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE STOCKS bought and sold by W. C. NOYES, Nos. 4 and 6 Pine st.

FIRE INSURANCE STOCKS WANTED BY E. S. BAILEY, No. 65 Wall st.

FIRE INSURANCE STOCKS BOUGHT AND sold by WM. C. GILMAN, No. 46 Pine st.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

CAPITAL SECURED FOR MERCHANTS, MANUfacturers, &c.—Undersigned have applications from numerous persons who desire to invest capital.

ALEXANDER FROTHINGHAM & CO., Bankers and Financial Agents, No. 12 Wall st.

FOR SALE CHEAP—ONE WHEELER & WILson, Howe, Domestic, Remington, Weed, Singer, Wilcox & Gibbs' sewing-machines; had little or no use. Apply to Nonpareil Embroiderer, 30 East 14th st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERFECTION!

BOKER'S BITTERS.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

LOT IN GREENWOOD CEMETARY—NO. 19,518, for sale; a small lot. Apply to No. 81 Beekman st., New-York.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

THE NEW UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

THE TIMES has established a new Up-town Branch Office for the sale of papers, the reception of advertisements and subscriptions, and the transaction of any business in connection with the paper. It is located at

No. 1,257 Broadway, between 31st and 32d sts.,

and is open daily, Sundays included, from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M.

HARNESS, SLEIGH-BELLS, HORSE-BLANKETS.—Large stock, great variety, and the lowest possible prices. E. BARTLETT, No. 62 Warren st., corner College place.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

THE NEW UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

THE TIMES has established a new Up-town Branch Office for the sale of papers, the reception of advertisements and subscriptions, and the transaction of any business in connection with the paper. It is located at

No. 1,257 Broadway, between 31st and 32d sts.,

and is open daily, Sundays included, from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M.

FIFTH AV., BETWEEN 28TH AND 32D STS.—Second floor to rent, elegantly furnished, bath, &c., with private family residing on the avenue, with first-class full or partial board, at reasonable rates; private table if desired; references exchanged. Address, with name and requirements, M. B., Box No. 2,468 New-York Post Office.

NO. 673 7TH AV., JUNCTION BROADWAY, AT 46th st.—Two large sunny rooms, with board, suitable for gentlemen and wives or single gentlemen; house, table, and attendance first-class; family small and private; Broadway and 7th av. cars pass the door; moderate prices; references.

A SMALL PRIVATE FAMILY, LIVING near Fifth Avenue Hotel, will rent, with first-class board, a large room on third or fourth floor; terms moderate; references exchanged. Apply to H. R. DREW & CO., No. 3 West 23d st., Fifth Avenue Hotel.

BOARD FOR A GENTLEMAN AND WIFE or two gentlemen in a private family, second story, back room, West 36th st. Address MODERATE TERMS, Box No. 308 UP-TOWN TIMES OFFICE, No. 1,257 BROADWAY.

NICELY-FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH board, in a first-class private residence; suitable for gentleman and wife, or single gentlemen; location central and very pleasant. No. 201 2d av., between 12th and 13th sts.

FIFTH AV., BET. 11TH AND 12TH STS.

Desirable suite of apartments on first and second floors, with private table, on moderate terms, at No. 45 5th av. References exchanged.

ELEGANT BOARDING ACCOMMODATIONS; best houses; all locations; prices and particulars free. Many choice suites at reduced prices. Open day and evening. GEORGE HANKINS, No. 1,209 Broadway.

TO LET, WITH BOARD—UNEXPECTEDLY vacated elegant rooms on second floor in private brown-stone house, No. 359 West 23d st. References given and required.

FIFTH AV., NO. 208, OPPOSITE MADISON Park.—Parlor floor, handsomely furnished, bath, &c.; also, two rooms communicating; private table or table d'hôte. JOHN P. WORSTELL.

NO. 41 WEST 16TH ST.—BOARD, WITH WELL-furnished room and bedroom, third floor; square room, second floor; also single room with grate fire; liberal table; references.

FIFTH AV., NO. 295, NEAR 31ST ST.—HANDsome and well-furnished apartments, en suite, with all modern conveniences, with private table only; references exchanged.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, AMERICAN PLAN, corner 38th st. and 6th av., Murray Hill.—A few elegant suites and single rooms; rates moderate.

W. L. FISH.

TWENTY-THIRD ST., NO. 161, WEST.—An elegant second floor, fully furnished; two other rooms, very handsome; liberal table; references required.

TO LET—A FURNISHED HOUSE, WITH BOARD for one; $100 per month. Inquire at No. 229 East 60th st.

NO. 36 EAST 23D ST.—A HANDSOME SECond floor, well furnished, to let with board; private table, if desired; best references.

SECOND-STORY BACK ROOM TO LET, with board, at No. 51 East 21st st. Table board for two.

NO. 365 WEST 32D ST., BETWEEN 8TH AND 9TH AVS.—To let, with board, nicely furnished rooms; southern exposure.

TWENTY-FIRST ST., NO. 41 EAST—Fourth story front square room (southern exposure) to let with board; references.

LARGE, HANDSOMELY-FURNISHED rooms for gentlemen, with breakfast if desired. No. 257 4th av., near 20th st.

NO. 60 WEST 38TH ST.—FURNISHED FRONT and hall rooms, second story, with board; hall rooms for gentlemen.

NO. 35 WEST 37TH ST., BETWEEN 5TH AND 6th avs.—Desirable rooms to let, with or without private table; also rooms for single gentlemen.

NO. 19 EAST 46TH ST.—SECOND AND FOURTH story front and hall rooms, with board. References exchanged.

NO. 33 WEST 33D ST.—HANDSOMELY FURnished third floor room, with board, for gentleman and wife.

NO. 36 EAST 21ST ST.—VERY DESIRABLE rooms, with liberal table and comforts of a refined home.

NO. 60 WEST 38TH ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS, with board; second floor; two hall rooms.

BOARD WANTED.

OFFERED—LESSONS IN GERMAN, FRENCH, or classics, for residence and board, by a German gentleman (professional) with best testimonials and references. Address E. S., Post Office Box No. 4,807.

WINTER RESORTS.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL.

NASSAU, N. P., BAHAMAS. T. J. PORTER, Proprietor. For full information, address J. LIDGERWOOD & CO., No. 758 Broadway, N. Y. Steamers sail every two weeks.

INSTRUCTION.

Collegiate Institute,

(NO. 40 WASHINGTON SQUARE)

GEO. W. CLARKE, Ph. D., Principal.

Prepares pupils of all ages for business or college.

GRAYLOCK INSTITUTE.

A few vacancies for the Winter Term, commencing Jan. 6, 1875. For catalogues, apply to BENJ. F. MILLS, A. M., South Williamstown, Berkshire County, Mass.

DOLBEAR'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE No. 1,193 Broadway, open day and evening. Young men prepared practically for business in one quarter. Private desks can now be secured.

FRENCH LANGUAGE BY A PARISIAN gentleman; City references; ten weeks, three lessons weekly, $25; at pupil's, $36. Address FRENCH, Box No. 252 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, NO. 1,257 BROADWAY.

PAINE'S COLLEGE, NO. 62 BOWERY; Up-town College, Broadway, junction 6th av.—Sessions during holidays, specialities, classical, commercial; all English branches; writing lessons, $3 monthly.

CHARLIER INSTITUTE, NO. 108 WEST 59TH st.—Boarding and Day School; special preparation for college; new and splendid building.

MRS. J. T. BENEDICT'S BOARDING AND DAY School for young ladies and children, reopened Oct. 1, at No. 7 East 42d st.

NYACK HOME INSTITUTE, FOR BOTH sexes, reopens Jan. 4; references, patrons and clergymen. Mr. and Mrs. D. P. LEE, Principals.

CLAVERACK College and H. R. Inst., at Claverack, N. Y. Pupils received at any time.

ALONZO FLACK Ph. D., Pres.

$250 FOR TEN MONTHS.—INSTITUTE for young boys. E. HINDS, A. M., Hempstead, Long Island.

PEEKSKILL (N. Y.) MILITARY ACADEMY.—New building and gymnasium. $400 per annum.

TEACHERS.

A FRENCH LADY, QUALIFIED TO INSTRUCT in music, French, and English, desires a position as daily or visiting governess. Personal interview at Educational Agency, No. 588 6th av.

A YALE GRADUATE DESIRES TO GIVE private instruction; the best references offered. Address R., No. 125 East 27th st.

DANCING.

A. DODWORTH'S

PRIVATE CLASSES FOR DANCING,

No. 212 5th av., corner 26th st.

Open for the season. Morning and afternoon classes for ladies and children; evening classes for gentlemen. Send for a circular.

DE GARMO'S, NO. 82 5TH AV., CORNER OF 14th st.—Afternoon classes in LE MENUET DE LA COUR. GENTLEMEN Monday and Thursday evenings at 8.

ICE-CREAM.

HORTON'S

ICE-CREAM,

Being made from pure Cream, is most popular and best. $1 60 per Gallon.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE and JELLIES, delicious and cheap. Families, boarding-houses, parties, churches, fairs, &c., promptly supplied. Depots 305 4th av., 1,264 Broadway.

LOST AND FOUND.

$25 REWARD.—LOST, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, on 5th av., between 53d and 40th sts., a sable muff. The finder will receive the above reward upon returning it to No. 1 East 40th st.

LOST.—ON 24TH INST., A POCKET-BOOK, CONtaining about $17; a reward of $5 will be paid for the recovery of the same. Address A. L., Box No. 320 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, NO. 1,257 BROADWAY.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY—MLLE. ALBANI—LOHENGRIN.

STRAKOSCH ITALIAN OPERA.

FAREWELL SERIES OF THREE NIGHTS.

MONDAY EVENING, December 28, at 7:30.

GRAND GALA NIGHT, upon the occasion of the visit to the Opera in state, accompanied by his suite and the Governor of the State of New-York, and Mayor of New-York, of

HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA.

Farewell representation of Wagner's Grand Opera LOHENGRIN,

Given with greatly augmented Chorus and increased Orchestra, and with every accessory calculated to heighten the effect of this masterwork.

Mlle. EMMA ALBANI..........ELSA

Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY..........ORTRUD

Signor CARPI..........LOHENGRIN

Signor DEL PUENTE..........FREDERICK

Signor SCOLARA..........THE KING

Grand Chorus, full Corps de Ballet, and Orchestra.

Musical Director and Conductor..........Sig. E. MUZIO

The ENTRANCE of HIS MAJESTY will be welcomed by the playing of the HAWAIIAN NATIONAL HYMN by the GRAND ORCHESTRA.

Doors open at 7. Overture at 7:30 P. M.

TUESDAY, Dec. 29, Brooklyn Academy, IL TROVATORE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 30, DON GIOVANNI, Mlle. ALBANI.

FRIDAY—Last night of the season.

Admission, $2. Reserved seats, $1 extra. Family Circle, $1. Reserved seats, 50 cents extra.

KING KALAKAUA.

(With Portrait.)

See the ARCADIAN.

LYCEUM THEATRE. SOLDENE'S FAREWELL.

Last six nights in New-York of the SOLDENE ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 28. A DOUBLE BILL, GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, entire, and the second act of LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 29, at 8, first representation in America of an English version of THE REIGNING PARISIAN SENSATION. OFFENBACH'S LAST AND GREATEST SUCCESS, MADAME L'ARCHIDUC—"The Archduchess," For five nights and one matinée only, which will be produced with the same completeness of details that has distinguished all the representations.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Dec. 30, at 8, BENEFIT OF MISS EMILY SOLDENE, and second representation in America of MADAME L'ARCHIDUC.

MONDAY, Jan. 4, Mrs. ROUSBY.

MRS. ROUSBY. LYCEUM THEATRE.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 4, 1875, at 8 o'clock, in her original character of THE LADY ELIZABETH, in Tom Taylor's great historical drama, 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN, supported by Mr. GEORGE CLARKE and a completely efficient dramatic company.

In presenting MRS. ROUSBY to the American public, Messrs. MAURICE GRAU & C. A. CHIZZOLA feel justified in referring to her illustrious career in England and to the conspicuous and brilliant position she now occupies on the dramatic stage as the unrivalled exponent of a series of characters which at once appeal to her audiences.

The character selected for Mrs. ROUSBY'S début in America is that of "THE LADY ELIZABETH," in Mr. Tom Taylor's great historical drama, "'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN," in which she achieved an instantaneous and most signal triumph, playing the part in England nearly ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS, four hundred of which were in London. Nor has her success been less in her personation of JOAN OF ARC, MARY STUART, ROSALIND, GRISELLA, &c., in all of which characters she won the most rapturous applause.

"'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN"

will be put upon the stage with the utmost fidelity to historical costumes, scenery, and surroundings. No expenses have been spared by the management in this relation, while the company who are to support Mrs. Rousby have been selected with great care.

SPECIAL NOTICE—SCALE OF PRICES.

During the Rousby Dramatic Season the prices will be the same as those of the leading New-York theatres, viz: Admission, $1; reserved orchestra sofas, stalls, and balcony fauteuils, $1 50; dress circle, (reserved,) $1; second balcony, 75 cents; family circle, 50 cents.

The sale of tickets will commence on Wednesday morning, Dec. 30, at the box office of the Lyceum Theatre, and at Schirmer's music store, No. 701 Broadway.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. LITTLE EM'LY.

JARRETT & PALMER will present, to-morrow, MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 28, after careful preparation, Andrew Halliday's admirable five-act dramatic version of Charles Dickens' charming story, "David Copperfield," entitled

LITTLE EM'LY.

The cast of characters is exceedingly strong, including the popular actor and author.

MR. GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE,

who will give his inimitable impersonation of the part of WILKINS MICAWBER, as performed by him at the Olympic Theatre, London, for over four hundred consecutive nights.

The scenery by WILLIAM VOEGTLIN and RICHARD MARSTON is magnificent, the principal pictures being

THE ARK ON THE SANDS!

THE ILLUMINATED CATHEDRAL!

THE STORM SCENE!

THE SHIPWRECK!

all of which have ingenious mechanical adjuncts.

The play is one of the most interesting, and by the manner of its production here will prove the most entertaining of holiday offerings.

MATINEE NEXT SATURDAY AT 1:30.

THE PLUCKED PIGEON.

See the ARCADIAN.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. LAST WEEK.

THE KIRALFY BROTHERS having arranged for the transfer of

THE BLACK CROOK

to Ford's Theatre, Washington, where it will be produced Jan. 4, beg to announce that the present is

POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK HERE

of the imperial spectacle, with its almost BOUNDLESS ARRAY OF BEWILDERING BEAUTIES

There will be two MATINEES this week, NEW YEAR'S DAY and on SATURDAY.

ADMISSION..........FIFTY CENTS

Reserved seats, 25c., 50c., and $1 extra.

FAMILY CIRCLE..........THIRTY CENTS.

LECTURES.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By request, the lecture on THE ITALY OF AMERICA, by J. A. JOHNSON, editor Santa Barbara *Press*, will be repeated TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 29, in the great hall of the Cooper Institute. The lecture will be illustrated by 150 stereopticon views of the orange groves, vineyards, cities, scenery, &c., of Southern California.

All letters of inquiry for lecture engagements or information should be addressed in care of Astor House, New-York, until further notice.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARCADIAN.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

JOHN MORRISSEY.

(Cartoon.)

Full report of GEN. GRANT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER, At the Academy of Music.

LIST OF THE GUESTS.

THE SPEECHES.

KING KALAKAUA.

(With portrait.)

THE PLUCKED PIGEON.

WESTON'S WALK.

(Portrait.)

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

(Portrait.)

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FRAUDS AT ART AUCTIONS.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

AT THE NEWS STANDS AND NO. 83 NASSAU ST.

INSURANCE.

CONTINENTAL

LIFE INS. CO. OF NEW-YORK.

Accumulat. Assets Jan. 1.'74 $6,539,325

Surplus Jan. 1, 1874.......... $671,641

Annual Income.......... $2,932,601

Amount of ins. in force.......... $57,791,483

M. B. WYNKOOP, Vice Prest. L. W. FROST, Prest.

S. C CHANDLER, Jr., Act'y. J. P. ROGERS, Sec.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Fine Engravings, Oil Paintings, Water-color Drawings, French Photographs, (tastefully framed,) Parlor Kaleidoscopes, Camera Obscura Graphoscopes, with portfolios of Palestine and Grecian views; Rosewood and Walnut Stereoscopes, with views of all parts of the world; Velvet Frames, with Porcelain Paintings. All goods marked in plain figures. C. T. HOOPER, No. 76 Nassau st., between John and Fulton sts.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE ANNUAL GRAND BALL

IN AID OF THE

NEW-YORK INFANT ASYLUM,

WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE

Academy of Music, Jan. 14, 1875.

Tickets, $5 each; can be obtained from the Managers, and private boxes may be procured on application to Mrs. CLARENCE LYMAN COLLINS, No. 34 West 38th st., before 11 o'clock A. M., and from 5 until 8 o'clock P. M.; also at the Academy of Music, upon application to Mr. D. KINGSLAND.

MANAGERS:

Mrs. C. K. Garrison,
Mrs. Gen. W. S. Hancock,
Mrs. Yznaga del Valle,
Mrs. Samuel C. Hyde,
Mrs. Charles C. Leeds,
Mrs. Chauncey Depew,
Mrs. Henry Hilton,
Mrs. Richard Schell,
Mrs. George M. Van Nort,
Mrs. Stillman A. Clarke,
Mrs. Wm. H. Lee,
Mrs. Gen. H. H. Baxter,
Mrs. Daniel B. Allen,
Mrs. H. H. Crocker,
Mrs. James Black,
Mrs. D. A. Hawkins,
Mrs. Joseph Decker,
Mrs. William Tilden,
Mrs. Louis Hargous,
Mrs. S. A. Main,
Mrs. G. W. Power,
Mrs. J. Alex. Striker,
Mrs. W. W. Strew,
Mrs. Edward M. Wright,
Mrs. John D. Townsend,
Mrs. D. F. Blodgett,
Mrs. Gen. Gordon Granger,
Mrs. Henry Bergh,
Miss Margretta Jones,
Mrs. C. F. Blake,
Mrs. H. C. Fahnestock,
Mrs. Wm. B. Dinsmore, Jr.,
Mrs. J. Clinton Cary,
Mrs. John W. Watson,
Mrs. John Bloodgood,
Mrs. F. H. Tows,
Miss Hannah Lawrence,
Mrs. Wm. R. Garrison,
Mrs. Dr. C. E. Hackley,
Mrs. James Barrow,
Mrs. John A. Robinson,
Miss Martha J. Hall,
Mrs. C. S. Groot,
Mrs. A. Richard,
Mrs. George M. Groves,
Mrs. John C. Walkinshaw,
Mrs. C. Lyman Collins,
Mrs. James M. Motley,
Mrs. Amos R. Eno,
Mrs. F. P. James,
Mrs. Henri Brene,
Mrs. B. F. Carver,
Mrs. Charles D. Mathews,
Mrs. George A. Fellows,
Mrs. Henry A. Smythe,
Mrs. A. J. Vanderpoel,
Mrs. E. C. Johnson,
Mrs. C. B. Hackley,
Mrs. J. Hudson Hoagland,
Mrs. A. B. Darling,
Gen. U. S. Grant,
Gen. John A. Dix,
Gen. C. A. Arthur,
Hon. Augustus Schell,
Gen. Horace Porter,
Gen. A. S. Webb,
Mr. Wilson G. Hunt,
Dr. S. Oakley Vanderpoel,
Dr. Stephen Smith,
Gen. Sandford,
Mr. E. W. Van Voorhis,
Col. Emmons Clark,
Hon. Benj. K. Phelps,
Dr. Elisha Harris,
Mr. Whitelaw Reid,
Mr. George W. Scott,
Mr. Henry J. Sloane,
Mr. Charles H. Hatch,
Mr. Wm. K. Thorne, Jr.,
Mr. John S. Stokes,
Mr. Henry Clews,
Mr. J. Nelson Tappan,
Gen. Gordon Granger,
Gen. Henry E. Davies, Jr.,
Dr. Richard H. Derby,
Mr. James G. Bennett,
Commodore C. Vanderbilt,
Commodore C. K. Garrison,
Mr. Loring Andrews,
Mr. Jesse Seligman,
Mr. John Hoey,
Mr. L. M. Bates,
Mr. Richard Schell,
Mr. John McGinnis, Jr.,
Dr. Wm. L. Shine,
Mr. Cyrus Clark,
Mr. Samuel G. Wheeler,
Gen. John A. Foster,
Dr. Joel Foster,
Mr. Augustus L. Brown,
Mr. Frank Henriques,
Mr. Charles S. Gilbert,
Mr. Theodore Moss,
Mr. William Meyer,
Mr. Peter Moller, Jr.,
Mr. Edward Vincent,
Dr. Henry D. Nicoll,
Mr. W. W. Wall,
Mr. George P. Trigg,
Mr. Orlando W. Joslyn,
Mr. Chas. D. Hartshorn,
Mr. Walden P. Scrymser,
Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall,
Mr. A. T. Stewart,
Dr. Willard Parker,
Mr. Amos F. Eno,
Mr. Dorman B. Eaton,
Mr. Jackson S. Schultz,
Mr. Charles Ely,
Hon. Fernando Wood,
Hon. George M. Van Nort,
Mr. William Baylis,
Mr. John Pyne,
Dr. Charles Bernacki,
Mr. Charles Watrous,
Mr. Frederic Jones,
Dr. Asch,
Dr. S. T. Hubbard,
Dr. Charles S. Allin,
Dr. F. A. Burrall,
Gen. Cullom,
Mr. B. F. Beekman,
Mr. William A. Guest,
Mr. R. A. Smith,
Mr. Joseph Gillette,
Mr. George W. Webber,
Hon. R. C. Hutchings,
Mr. Charles Wall,
Mrs. David Watts,
Miss Kate Field,
Mrs. Charles W. Durant,
Mrs. Bradley Martin,
Mrs. James W. Pinchot,
Mrs. Ames Van Wart,
Mrs. J. M. Hartshorn,
Mrs. Charles B. Wood,
Mrs. J. Nelson Tappan,
Mrs. B. H. Van Auken,
Mrs. S. N. Cadwell,
Mrs. Wm. H. Wickham,
Mrs. U. S. Grant,
Mrs. John A. Dix,
Mrs. Adolph Rusche,
Mrs. L. M. Bates,
Mrs. Dr. Marion Simms,
Mrs. Dr. Joseph Worster,
Mrs. Watson J. Hildreth,
Mrs. Amos Tenney,
Mrs. Gabriel Kent,
Mrs. John Oakley,
Mrs. Chas. A. Morford,
Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard,
Mrs. J. Niven Hegeman,
Mrs. N. H. Decker,
Mrs. H. N. Alden,
Mrs. Fred. Pierson,
Mrs. Charles Watrous,
Mrs. James Adams,
Mrs. Dr. E. Guernsey,
Mrs. G. P. Trigg,
Mrs. Lester Wallack,
Mrs. Dr. Gilchrist,
Mrs. Bainbridge S. Clark,
Mrs. Charles Wall,
Mrs. A. T. Stewart,
Mrs. W. L. Strong,
Mrs. John H. Hall,
Mrs. Josiah M. Fiske,
Mrs. Peter Moller, Jr.,
Mrs. Theodore Moss,
Mrs. Joseph S. Case,
Mrs. J. S. Sturdevant,
Mrs. John C. Mather,
Mrs. Eugene Schieffelin,
Mrs. James W. Quintard,
Mrs. J. Harry Smith,
Mrs. W. B. Shattuck,
Mrs. Claudius L. Monell,
Mrs. Josiah Sutherland,
Mrs. Eugene N. Robinson,
Mrs. A. A. Yard,
Mrs. Christian Börs,
Mrs. Charles Duggin,
Mrs. Harvey Durand,
Mrs. N. L. McCready,
Mrs. Henry Steers,
Mrs. J. S. Jenness.
Hon. Wm. H. Wickham,
Hon. Samuel B. Garvin,
Mr. A. B. Stockwell,
Mr. H. C. Fahnestock,
Mr. A. Wright Sanford,
Mr. Wm. R. Garrison,
Mr. David Jones,
Dr. Fordyce Barker,
Mr. John Bloodgood,
Mr. James Tolfree,
Mr. L. E. Chittenden,
Mr. Jeremiah Curtis,
Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins,
Mr. George G. Kellogg,
Mr. Spencer W. Coe,
Mr. H. K. Leonard,
Mr. James M. Motley,
Mr. Harry Jones,
Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt,
Dr. George A. Peters,
Mr. J. S. Sturdevant,
Mr. Thomas Tweddle,
Mr. Charles F. Fearing,
Mr. James W. Quintard,
Hon. John K. Hackett,
Mr. Thomas T. Read, Jr.,
Prof. C. L. Chandler,
Mr. W. L. Strong,
Mr. W. A. Bigelow,
Hon. Gilbert M. Speir,
Hon. Henry A. Smythe,
Hon. Elliot C. Cowdin,
Mr. A. D. Juilliard,
Mr. Eugene Schieffelin,
Mr. Horace R. Kelly,
Mr. Edward S. Hunt,
Mr. Dudley G. Gautier,
Mr. F. E. Richardson,
Mr. Henry R. McElligott,
Hon. Thomas Murphy,
Mr. T. E. Roberts,
Mr. Howard Dickinson,
Mr. Clark Bell,
Mr. John C. Work,
Mr. John H. Sherwood,
Mr. James M. Hartshorn,
Mr. Charles Duggin,
Mr. Christian Börs,
Mr. Harvey Durand,
Mr. Francis Copcutt,
Mr. Charles B. Wood,
Hon. Samuel J. Tilden,
Hon. George C. Barrett,
Hon. Abraham R. Lawrence,
Mr. Harry Bergh,
Mr. H. J. Jewett,
Mr. William H. Davis,
Mr. George G. Tefft,
Mr. Lester Wallack,
Hon. Webster Wagner,
Hon. A. J. Bergen,
Mr. R. G. Moulton,
Mr. Van Vechten Trotter,
Mr. Howell H. Barnes,
Mr. J. Edward Pullion,
Mr. William H. Motley,
Mr. William C. Lamson,
Mr. Theodore A. Roundry,
Mr. Union Adams,
Mr. George M. Grooves,
Mr. A. A. Selover,
Mr. James B. Livingston,
Mr. Edward M. Wright,
Mr. James H. Phipps,
Mr. Alexander Taylor, Jr.,
Mr. James F. Freeborn, Jr.,
Col. C. B. Mitchell.

FULL REPORT OF GEN. GRANT'S Christmas Dinner at the Academy of Music; list of the Guests; the Speeches. See the ARCADIAN.

NIBLO'S. NIBLO'S.

C. R. THORNE..........Lessee and Manager

GRAND REOPENING,

TO-NIGHT, MONDAY, DEC. 21.

TO-NIGHT, MONDAY, DEC. 21.

TO-NIGHT, MONDAY, DEC. 21.

N. D. ROBERTS'

JACK AND JILL PANTOMIME TROUPE.

JACK AND JILL PANTOMIME TROUPE.

JACK AND JILL PANTOMIME TROUPE.

JACK AND JILL PANTOMIME TROUPE.

A DOUBLE HARLEQUINADE,

A DOUBLE HARLEQUINADE,

A DOUBLE HARLEQUINADE,

Surpassing anything ever presented in this country.

Popular prices, 50c., 75c., and $1, according to location. No extra charge for reserved seats. Gallery, 25 cents.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

See the ARCADIAN.

STEINWAY HALL.

NEW-YORK LITERARY AND MUSICAL CLUB.

TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 29.

MARIE ANTOINETTE NATHALIE POLLARD.

PROF. J. E. FROBISHER.

Mrs. KAMPING. Miss RACHEL SAMUELS.

Signor BUONGIORNO, Baritone.

Mr. KAMPING, Tenor.

A graphic inside view of real life at Wahsington.

READING AND MUSIC.

Tickets 50 cents. Reserved steats 75 cents, for sale at Gurley's, 4th av. and 23d st., and at the hall.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

See the ARCADIAN.

BOWERY THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 28.

Great success of the Spectacular Pantomime of the THREE DWARFS,

And the drama of WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

JOHN MORRISSEY.

CARTOON.

See the ARCADIAN.

STEINWAY HALL.

POLLARD, FROBISHER, KAMPING

TUESDAY, DEC. 29.

MUSICAL.

WATERS' NEW SCALE PIANOS

Are the best made. The touch elastic, and the tone powerful, pure and even. WATERS' CONCERTO ORGANS cannot be excelled in tone or beauty; they defy competition. The Concerto Stop is a fine Imitation of the Human Voice. Prices extremely low for cash during the Holidays. Monthly installments received, or for rent until rent money pays for them. Second-hand instruments at great bargains. Traveling and Local AGENTS WANTED. A liberal discount to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, &c. Special inducements to the trade. Illustrated Catalogues mailed. HORACE WATERS & SON, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y. Box 3,567.

M. M. MERRELL,

NO. 8 UNION SQUARE, (No. 165 4th av.)

A LARGE STOCK OF

PIANOS, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT,

To Rent or Sell Cheap.

SALES ON EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

A. BRAUTIGAM'S UPRIGHT AND SQUARE pianos are second to none. Prices moderate. Constantly on hand a large assortment of second-hand pianos from best makers. Pianos to rent. Warerooms, No. 701 Broadway.

AT REDUCED PRICES THIS MONTH—A large assortment of first-class PIANOS, on installments and to let.

LYNCH & GOMIEN, Broadway and 35th st.

PIANOS, MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. $25 cash, balance easy payments; 7⅓-octave, carved legs, every improvement, warranted. Pianos to rent, $5.

CABLES, 6th av. and 23d st.

AN IMMENSE STOCK—STEINWAY'S AND other Pianos; upright, square, grand; also Organs. Inducements for cash. On installments and to rent. S. X. BALL & CO., No. 15 East 14th st.

UPRIGHT PIANOS.—A LARGE AND SUPERIOR assortment for sale or rent at OUVRIER & SON'S, Manufacturers, No. 27 West 13th st., between 5th and 6th avs.

PIANOS.—JOHN F. NUNNS, (SUCCESSOR TO Nunns and Clark,) super or square and upright pianos. No. 147 East 26th st.

LIGHTE & ERNST, OLDEST PIANO HOUSE in New-York, offer great bargains for cash and on easy monthly payments, at their new warerooms, No. 12 East 14th st., between Broadway and 5th av.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE GREAT HOLIDAY SENSATION!

BLUE BEARD, DAY AND NIGHT!

BLUE BEARD, DAY AND NIGHT!

A SUCCESS AS ASTONISHING TO THE MANAGEMENT AS TO THE PUBLIC!

TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND VISITORS ON CHRISTMAS DAY!

CONTINUATION OF THE WONDERFUL HOLIDAY BILL!

BLUE BEARD AND HIS 300 WIVES!

A PROGRAMME REQUIRING EIGHT HUNDRED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WITH A WILDERNESS OF ELEPHANTS, CAMELS, DROMEDARIES, AND REINDEER!

DOUBLE PROGRAMME FOR THIS WEEK!

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

From the Bulletin.

* * The costumes are gorgeous, the marches and ballet complicated and picturesque. * *

Also, FETE AT PEKIN IN FULL, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the New-York Times.

* * It is just to say that all previous efforts of the great showman have been eclipsed by his latest—the production of "Blue Beard." * *

Also, THE GREAT ROMAN CHARIOT RACES, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the New-York World.

* * It is a showy combination of spectacle, melodrama, ballet, and pantomime, gorgeously caparisoned, and swollen with every adjunct of beauty and zoology. * *

Also, THE GREAT ROMAN STANDING RACES, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the Evening News.

* * Blue Beard was presented last night at the Hippodrome with an Oriental splendor that would have astonished the Sultan himself, and that will continue to astonish the metropolitan public for some time to come. * *

Also, THE BRILLIANT "INDIAN LIFE," AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the Daily Graphic.

* * At a given signal the corps du ballet appear, and in a moment the arena swarms with gauzy-skirted dancers, whose varied costumes are thrown into relief through an illumination of violet and red fires. * *

Also, THE BEAUTIFUL AERIAL QUEEN, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the Tribune.

* * It combines the crude elements of melodrama, spectacle, farce, ballet, and pantomime, with a liberal allowance of stage business. It is various, showy, picturesque, and cheerful, and therefore it suits with the mood of the festival season. * *

Also, THE GREAT ENGLISH JOCKEY RACES, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the Telegram.

* * The pantomime is concluded with a carnival, which is brilliant with gorgeously-costumed auxiliaries. The pantomime, however, is not the only entertainment, for succeeding it comes the customary series of races, which are always events of excitement. * *

Also, THE DARING LADIES' HURDLE RACES, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the New-York Sun.

* * The 500 men and 300 ladies were dressed in costume glittering with jewels and tinsel. The immense ring of the Hippodrome was completely filled with the small army of Barnum's employes. There were men mounted on horses, elephants, and camels decked in glittering trappings.

Also, THE BRILLIANT LADIES' FLAT RACES, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the Evening Mail.

* * Triumphs have been won with the pageants of "The Congress of Nations," and "The Fete of Pekin," and we shall not be astonished if the success of "Blue Beard" transcends prior glories. The spectacle is more elaborate, introduces more performers, and the incidents are entirely novel. * *

Also, ALL THE TRAINED ANIMAL RACES, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the Commercial Advertiser.

* * It introduces to the audience over eight hundred ladies and gentlemen, with a grand ballet of 300 premiers and coryphees. It is the greatest thing of the kind ever attempted, and under any other supervision than Barnum's and his valuable corps of assistants, it would have positively failed. * *

Also, THE BEAUTIFUL CHINESE BALLET, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From Wilkes' Spirit.

Those who were skeptical about Mr. Barnum's ability to produce a pantomime at the Hippodrome, would have had all doubts cleared away had they witnessed "Blue Beard" on Wednesday evening. Since the famous "Humpty Dumpty" had its unprecedented run at the Olympic, no similar entertainment has been offered so acceptable and so perfect in its details. * *

Also, THE MAGNIFICENT BLUE BEARD BALLET, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the Star.

* * It is one of the most interesting, glittering, picturesque, extensive, and at the same time funny, spectacles ever produced. The scenes presented are beautiful, the manner of producing them unique, and the effect startling and in every sense enjoyable. The various scenic effects were received last night with storms of applause, which stamped the pantomime a great success. * *

Also THE COMICAL MONKEY RACES, AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the Evening Post.

The success of "Blue Beard" at Barnum's Hippodrome was indisputable. Never was the old story told in so gorgeous and effective a manner. Little hearts quailed at the fierce aspect of the tyrant and his myrmidons and the dread tenants of the mystic chamber. Great was the excitement among the boys and girls when the bloodthirsty Pasha threatened to add the unfortunate Fatima to the long list of his headless wives, and great the delight at the final discomfiture of the exceedingly irritable potentate. The scenery and the dresses were superb, and the pantomime as full of fun as the Hippodrome of guests. * *

Also, THE VERITABLE SANTA CLAUS AFTERNOON AND EVENING!

From the Evening Express.

* * The story is reproduced with all the splendor of Oriental magnificence and a wealth of pageantry that could only be supplied in so vast an arena as that of the Hippodrome. When it is said that the actual outlay on the spectacle has been $53,000, it may be readily understood that it is one of more than ordinary beauty and splendor. * * * The ballet is exceedingly effective, from its numbers, and one of the prettiest and most novel effects of the pageant is where some 300 dancers troop in from all the entrances of the arena and fill the inner circle, like a moving, prancing piece of animated color. * * *

GRAND MENAGERIE OF SIX HUNDRED WILD BEASTS.

Doors open at 1 and 6:30. Performances at 2:30 and 8. Wild animals fed at the close of afternoon performance. Box Office open from 9 to 4. Seats secured six days in advance.

NOTE.—Opera-glasses will be of service during PANTOMIME and FETE AT PEKIN.

ADMISSION.—Grand orchestra, $1 50; orchestra, $1; family circle, 50 cents; children under ten half price.

BLUE BEARD DAY AND NIGHT.

BLUE BEARD DAY AND NIGHT.

KING KALAKAUA AT BARNUM'S!

HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA,

HAVING ACCEPTED MR. BARNUM'S

INVITATION

TO VISIT THE GREAT ROMAN HIPPODROME,

IN COMPANY

WITH THE COMMITTEE AND HIS SUITE,

HAS DESIGNATED

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 29, AT 2 O'CLOCK,

AS THE OCCASION!

FULL REPORT OF GEN. GRANT'S Christmas Dinner at the Academy of Music; list of the Guests; the Speeches. See the ARCADIAN.

STEINWAY HALL.

Miss SOPHIA FLORA HEILBRON.

Last Piano-forte Recital but one, on THURSDAY, Dec. 31, at 3 o'clock,

On which occasion she will be assisted by Mrs. DOWLAND, Soprano, and Mr. W. F. MILLS. Tickets $1. Each purchaser of a ticket will receive a copy of Miss Heilbron's compositions, to be sold only at Peters', No. 599 Broadway; Ditson's, No. 711 Broadway; Decker Brothers', No. 33 Union square, and at Steinway Hall.

CLASSICAL SOIREES

AT THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY ROOMS, 144 5TH AV., Every MONDAY EVENING from Jan. 4, 1875.

Select programme and first-class artists.

Admission, $1; four tickets, $6; to musical students, 50 cents. For sale at principal music stores and as above.

HENRY SCHROEDER, Conductor.

N. B.—The regular monthly pupils' soirée will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. NO. 624 BROADWAY.

Mr. JOHN F. POOLE..........Manager

A new serio-comic local drama, entitled

UP TOWN AND DOWN TOWN.

Sam Rickey as Mike Moloweney; Master Barney as Little Fritz. The famed one-legged song and dance artists, Messrs. HARPER and STANSIL.

Miss JOSEPHINE ADAMS, Serio-comic Vocalist.

Gus. Williams, Alice Harrison, the Victorellis, &c.

MATINEES—Wednesday, New Year's, and Saturday.

THE NEWEST MUSIC.

"WHILE THE SILVER TINTS THE GOLD," answer to "Silver Threads Among the Gold," C. D. Blake; price, with picture, 40 cents. "Lost in the Wide World," J. R. Thomas, 40 cents. "You'll Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry," Angelo, 30 cents. "Barbara Freitchie," descriptive song, Miss Sloman; with picture, 50 cents. "Idle Musings," C. Kenkel, 40 cents. "Farewell Nocturne," by Richard Hoffman, 50 cents. Copies mailed.

WM. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, Branch store No. 39 Union square.

KING KALAKAUA.

(With Portrait.)

See the ARCADIAN.

AMUSEMENTS.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Proprietor..........Mr. SHERIDAN SHOOK

Manager..........Mr. A. M. PALMER

CURTAIN RISES PROMPTLY AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PLAY IS OVER AT 11:15 O'CLOCK.

Every night, Adolphe D'Ennery's great romantic drama, adapted for this theatre by Hart Jackson, Esq., and entitled

THE TWO ORPHANS,

which, with its PERFECT ACTING and MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, has been pronounced by the unanimous verdict of the press and audience to be the

MOST BEAUTIFUL PLAY

SEEN IN NEW-YORK FOR YEARS.

With this play, the Union Square Theatre is now at the outset of a new golden era.—*New-York Times.*

The new drama is the most vivid, the most pathetic, and the most interesting, while, at the same time, it is the most real and picturesque of any play which has been given to the public this season.—*Graphic.*

The work betrays throughout the most extraordinary ingenuity of construction. Its incidents are so numerous and so consecutive that the interest once awakened has no opportunity to flag.—*The World.*

That this play is the best that has been put upon the stage of this country within the memory of many old patrons of the drama is conceded by all who have witnessed it, and its selection is another evidence of that wise judgment of the management which has placed this little theatre foremost among the Metropolitan houses.—*The Spirit of the Times.*

THE CAST includes:

Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., McKee Rankin, F. F. Mackay, Stuart Robson, John Parselle, W. J. Cogswell, H. W. Montgomery, T. E. Morris, W. H. Wilder, Lysander Thompson, W. S. Quigley, and others; Misses Rose Eytinge, Fanny Morant, Kate Claxton, Kitty Blanchard, Marie Wilkins, Ida Vernon, Roberta Norwood, Kate Holland, Cora Cassiday, and Hattie Thorpe.

Of this great cast, the *Turf, Field, and Farm* says: "We do not remember any play that has been produced in this city of late years that has been so powerfully and adequately cast as 'The Two Orphans.' We do not even except 'Led Astray,' though it included many of the same people. Every character is well represented, even in the cases of the most unimportant personages, while those which have been intrusted to the principal members of the company are worthy of almost unqualified commendation."

WERE SOME OF THE CLERGYMEN WHO DENOUNCE THE THEATRE TO WITNESS SUCH A PLAY AS THAT OF THE "TWO ORPHANS," THEY COULD NOT AVOID MODIFYING THEIR OPINIONS. THOUGH FRENCH IN ITS ORIGIN, THE PLAY IS SO THOROUGHLY WHOLESOME IN ITS TONE, AND PREACHES SO POWERFUL A SERMON AGAINST VICE, THAT ITS INFLUENCE MUST BE ALTOGETHER GOOD.—*Editorial in Daily Graphic.*

Seats secured two weeks in advance.

SATURDAY, Jan. 2, at 1:30, second Matinée of the TWO ORPHANS.

FULL REPORT OF GEN. GRANT'S Christmas Dinner at the Academy of Music; list of the Guests; the Speeches. See the ARCADIAN.

CERCLE FRANCAIS DE L'HARMONIE.

TENTH ANNUAL MASK AND FANCY DRESS BALL.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, THURSDAY EVENING, Jan. 21.

The following presents will be awarded to the holders of tickets for the ball, by the CERCLE FRANCAIS DE L'HARMONIE:

	Cost value.
1. One Diamond Set Bar Rings and Breast] Pin	$2,000
2. One Diamond Ring	500
3. One Gentleman's Watch and Chain	250
4. One Lady's Watch and Chain	200
5. One Set of Diamond Studs	100

These presents will be exhibited at Stevens', No. 859 Broadway.

The issue of tickets will positively be limited to TWO THOUSAND, and the Presents will be distributed among those Ticket-Holders only who have secured their tickets prior to Jan. 21.

Holders of tickets sold on the day of the Ball will not participate in the distribution of the presents.

Boxes sold only by A. Flauraud, No. 544 Broadway. Tickets at Rullman's, No. 114 Broadway; Lyceum Theatre Ticket Office, 14th st. and 6th av.; Hotel Brunswick; Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Delmonico's, 14th st.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager..........Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 28,

And EVERY EVENING, for this week only, Mr. W. S. GILBERT'S celebrated LONDON SUCCESS, the brilliant MYTHICAL COMEDY in three acts, entitled

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

New scenery by Mr. JAMES ROBERTS; new and gorgeous costumes by Mme. PINCHETTE; the DISSOLVING STATUE illusions by W. S. TOBIN, Esq., and the following IMPORTANT CAST:

PYGMALION..........Mr. D. H. HARKINS

GALATEA..........by..........Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ

Who has been specially engaged to give additional perfectness to the present series of comedy performance.

LEUCIPPE, a soldier..........Mr. GEORGE DEVERE

CHRYSOS, an art patron..........Mr. JAMES LEWIS

AGESIMOS, Chrysos' slave..........Mr. JAMES PEAKES

MIMOS, Pygmalion's slave..........Mr. J. W. JENNINGS

CYNISCA, Pygmalion's wife..........Miss ANNIE GRAHAM

DAPHNE, Chrysos' wife..........Miss NELLIE MORTIMORE

MYRINE..........Miss NINA VARIAN

MATINEE OF PYGMALION AND GALATEA NEW-YEAR'S DAY AND SATURDAY NEXT.

In rehearsal, the PALACE OF TRUTH!

Shortly, an important SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL.

MACCABE—ROBINSON HALL—EVERY EVENING.

Uninterrupted success of Frederic Maccabe in his Sparkling Monologue Entertainment.

BEGONE DULL CARE.

The popular triumphs of the entertainment keep pace with its surpassing artistic, musical, and ventriloquial excellence. For four weeks Robinson Hall has been crowded seven times a week with the most fashionable and distinguished audiences to be seen in any city in the world.

MACCABE—ROBINSON HALL—EVERY EVENING, in 24 of his Original, Bright, and Beautiful PERSONATIONS AND SONGS.

Elegant, novel, and diversified, replete with intensely comic situations. Every taste suited. Beautiful Melodies, Operatic Selections, Piano Recitals, a superb exposition of Ventriloquism and Character Delineations.

Admission, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 50c. extra; Juveniles under 12 years of age, half price.

Ticket office, Robinson Hall, open daily from 9 till 5.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

SOLDENE'S FAREWELL.

LAST SEVEN NIGHTS IN NEW YORK OF THE SOLDENE ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY.

NO MATINEE THIS AFTERNOON.

TO-NIGHT, by request and for the last time,

CHILPERIC, CHILPERIC, CHILPERIC,

MISS SOLDENE as CHILPERIC.

MONDAY, Dec. 28, a double bill.

GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, entire,

and the second act of

LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

TUESDAY, for the first time in America,

MADAME L'ARCHIDUC.

MONDAY, JAN. 4, 1875.

INAUGURATION OF AN ENGLISH DRAMATIC SEASON.

First appearance in America of the distinguished English actress,

MRS. ROUSBY,

In Mr. Tom Taylor's historical play,

'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.

PARK THEATRE.

Mr. W. STUART..........Lessee and Manager

LAST WEEK BUT ONE

LAST WEEK BUT ONE

of

Mr. JOHN T. RAYMOND

In his great character specialty of

COL. MULBERRY SELLERS,

in

MARK TWAIN'S

American drama of that title.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTH PERFORMANCE,

MONDAY, Dec. 28.

EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.

NEW FRENCH OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE, JAN. 9.

FRAUDS AT ART AUCTIONS.

See the ARCADIAN.

WOOD'S MUSEUM. WOOD'S.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS

FOR THE NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.

Every evening; Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

Boucicault's great local drama,

AFTER DARK, AFTER DARK, AFTER DARK.

AFTER DARK, AFTER DARK, AFTER DARK.

MATINEES,

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday.

GREAT DOUBLE BILL.

TWO PIECES.

The glorious melo drama,

MARIAM'S CRIME,

and the gorgeous spectacular drama,

FORTY THIEVES. FORTY THIEVES. FORTY THIEVES.

JAN. 1. NEW YEAR'S DAY. JAN. 1.

THREE PERFORMANCES. { MORNING at 11. AFTERNOON at 2. EVENING at 8.

WALLACK'S.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. LESTER WALLACK

Mr. DION BOUCICAULT

EVERY EVENING and SATURDAY MATINEE,

in a new and original Irish play, entitled

THE SHAUGHRAUN.

Mr. H. J. MONTAGUE, Mr. JOHN GILBERT, Mr. HARRY BECKETT, Mr. EDWARD ARNOTT, Mr. J. B. POLK, Mr. E. M. HOLLAND, Mr. LEONARD, Mr. EDWIN, Miss ADA DYAS, Miss JEFFREYS LEWIS, Mme. PONISI, Miss IONE BURKE, Mrs. SEFTON, and Miss BLAISDELL also in the cast.

Carriages may be ordered at 10:40.

Seats secured three weeks in advance.

NEW-YORK STADT THEATRE. Ilma di Murska

SUNDAY EVENING, DEC. 27, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

LAST DI MURSKA SUNDAY CONCERT,

and last appearance of the Hungarian Nightingale,

ILMA DI MURSKA.

Mme. CARRENO-SAURET, the eminent pianist.

Signor Ferranti, the King of Buffo; Mons. Sauret, the brilliant violinist; Signor Braga, the celebrated violoncellist; Herr Schnetz, the popular tenor; Signor Marzo, Conductor. Seats for sale now at the box-office.

THE MOST POPULAR MUSIC OF THE SEASON.

Played with immense success every evening at Union Square Theatre, "Regatta Galop," Rud. Aronson; Park Theatre, "La Coquette Waltz," Rud. Aronson; Booth's Theatre, "Jockey Galop," Rud. Aronson.

Just issued, "Mazourka Melodique," Rud. Aronson.

For sale at the principal music stores.

C. H. DITSON & CO., No. 711 Broadway, Publishers.

JOHN MORRISSEY.

CARTOON.

See the ARCADIAN.

ACADEMY.

SUNDAY CONCERT.—POSTPONEMENT.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—In consequence of the extra preparations necessary at the Academy for the reception of his Majesty King Kalakaua at the opera on Monday night, the Concert by the Pupils of the New-York Conservatory of Music advertised for this evening is postponed until NEXT SUNDAY, Jan. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.

NEW OPERA-HOUSE, BROADWAY AND 29TH ST.

BIRCH, WAMBOLD, AND BACKUS.

First week of THE NEW YEAR'S CALLERS.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

MATINEE SATURDAY at 2. Seats secured.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, 23D ST.

EVERY EVENING at 8, SATURDAY MATINEE at 2.

The world famous BRYANT'S MINSTRELS,

Dave Reed, Nelse Seymour, Bob Hart, W. H. Brockway, Hogan, Emerson, DAN BRYANT, W. Henry Rice.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

NEW-YORK.

The arrests by the Police last week numbered 1,7[illegible].

Rev. W. R. Alger will preach in the Church of the Messiah this morning and evening, on the "Uses and Abuses of Looking Back—a Sermon for the Closing Year."

The twentieth annual convention of the Fraternity of Delta Psi will be held in connection with that of the Alpha Chapter, at their hall, No. 830 Broadway, to-morrow evening.

During a quarrel yesterday at No. 104 Attorney street, John Holden stabbed Solomon Hastings in the left arm with a pocket-knife, wounding him severely. Holden escaped.

The seventh anniversary of the Immanuel Sunday-school will be held on Tuesday evening next, in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Fourteenth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

The funeral of the late Mr. John Milhau, took place yesterday morning from his residence, No. 41 Lafayette place. The remains were interred in the family vault in the Eleventh street cemetery.

The first shad of the season, coming from Florida, were seen in Fulton Market yesterday. On the 24th shad were caught at Newbern, N. C., which is sooner by several weeks than ever known before.

Dr. William F. Thoms, the President of the Seamen's Protective Association, will lecture on: "The Preservation of Health on Ship-board," in the New-York Nautical School, No. 92 Madison street, to-morrow evening.

There were reported at the Bureau of Vital Statistics during the last week 565 deaths, 473 births, and 195 marriages, showing an increase of fourteen deaths and a decrease of eight births and three marriages, as compared with the preceding week.

On Friday evening John Jackson burst into the room of Mary Rogers, in Thompson street, and outrageously assaulted her. Officer Rowley, of the Eighth Precinct, arrested Jackson, who was held in $1,000 bail by Justice Smith, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday.

It is said that Mayor Vance will prefer charges against two of the Fire Commissioners next week. It was rumored yesterday that they had been removed, but the report had no foundation. "Jimmy" Hayes and Alderman Flanagan are among the candidates for the offices.

Luis Barrero, of No. 3 Monroe street, was arrested and taken before United States Commissioner Shields yesterday, charged with manufacturing cigars without having given the bond required by the United States Internal Revenue law. He was held for examination in default of $1,000 bail.

For the purpose of allaying the fears of up-town residents, caused by a sensational article recently published in a morning journal, Superintendent Walling yesterday ordered Sergeant Westing, of the Mounted Police, to establish a mounted night patrol along Madison avenue from Forty-fourth to Sixty-second street.

The quarterly election for officers of the Arcadian Literary Society will be held on Jan. 6. The last regular meeting was held at the residence of Mr. H. H. Whitlock, No. 114 Madison avenue, when a debate upon the question, "Does Crime Increase with Poverty?" was decided in favor of those who argued in the negative.

Sixteen cases purporting to contain shells manufactured into baskets, boxes, &c., were yesterday seized by Special Agents F. E. Howe and Thomas Brown on suspicion of containing goods of more value. On being opened a quantity of Birmingham silver-plated ware and several opera-glasses were found instead of shells. The name of the consignee is not given.

The children's festival of the Sunday-school of St. Chrysostom's Chapel, Thirty-ninth street and Seventh avenue, will be held to-morrow evening at 7:30 o'clock. Christmas carols will be sung by the little ones, gifts will be distributed by Rev. Thomas H. Sill and Rev. George C. Houghton, and an address will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Dix, Rector of the parish.

Ernestine Peck was held in $1,000 bail by Justice Wandell, yesterday, at Essex Market Police Court, charged with stealing $15 from Charles Bauer, of No. 42 Baxter street, on Friday night. Jane Peterson was also committed in $1,000 bail for stealing $8 from Arthur Adams, of No. 264 East Tenth street, on Friday night.

The James C. Rice Post No. 29, G. A. R., has chosen the following officers for 1875: Commander, James S. Fraser; S. V. C., Charles A. Dick; J. V. C., H. H. Schureman; O. D., N. D. Herder Clark; O. G., John Munro; Q. M., Wesley W. W. Haisey; Surgeon, Laurence Johnson, M. D.; Delegates to Department Encampment, Frank M. Clark and William Hall; Alternates, John W. Marshall and Richard Edgeworth.

The following officers have been elected by the New-York Lodge F. A. M., to serve during the ensuing year: William Scott, Master; Edwin A. Quick, S. W.; Jacob Ritschy, J. W.; W. Brother William S. Van Dyke, Treasurer; James H. Monckton, Secretary; John J. Shay, S. D.; James D. Campbell, J. D.; Robert Wharton, S. M. of C.; John Wallace, J. M. of C.; William W. Stout, John G. Bogert, Thomas Keating, Trustees; J. H. Anderson, John Smith, Stewards; James S. Howard, W. Brother John Fowler, W. Brother Thomas Patterson, Finance Committee; R. W. Adolphus Andreas, Chaplain; Joseph De Shay, Marshal; J. C. Houtman, Organist; Henry Nole, Tiler.

BROOKLYN.

The Police made 501 arrests during the week.

During the past week the tax receipts amounted to $82,568 41.

On Christmas day 23,296,969 gallons of water were consumed in this city.

Twenty-one new cases of diphtheria were reported to the Board of Health yesterday morning.

On Feb. 8 a grand ball will be given at the Academy of Music, in aid of the Homeopathic Hospital.

Final action will be taken on Thursday next by the Board of Assessors with regard to the widening of St. Mark's avenue.

A young married woman, named Sarah Corrigan, disappeared from her home on Flatbush avenue, just outside the City line, on Wednesday last, and has not since been heard from.

John Jessup, aged twenty-nine years, was arrested last evening on a charge of picking $30 from the pocket of J. Carson, at the corner of Third avenue and Warren street.

Michael Smith, of No. 98 Sackett street, attempted to commit suicide, yesterday, by cutting a gash in his neck with a small knife, while under the influence of liquor. He will recover.

Next Monday, at 11 A. M., a conference will be held between the special committee of the Board of Aldermen, appointed to take steps for the resumption of the Grand Street Ferry, and the Directors of the Brooklyn Ferry Company, at the offices of the latter, foot of Broadway, E. D.

John Armstrong was committed by Justice Walsh this morning on a charge of breaking into the Lay College attached to Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, on Schermerhorn street. Armstrong obtained entrance by breaking a window, and was found in the college by one of the officers attached to the church.

Edward Ewen, of No. 43 Franklin avenue, quarreled with his wife, last evening. A Mrs. Collins interfered to make peace. Ewen struck at her with a baluster, but hit her four year-old child, which she had in her arms, injuring its head severely. Ewen was arrested.

On application of District Attorney Winslow, in the Court of Sessions yesterday, a *nolle prosequi* was entered in the case of City Judge McCue against Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*. The paper in question published some statements in connection with the suspension of the Brooklyn Trust Company, of which Judge McCue was a Director, which the latter considered libelous, but an ample retraction having been made on last Thursday a *nolle prosequi* was entered yesterday, as already stated.

The civil suit of Ex-Tax Collector Isaac Badeau came up yesterday before the three Referees appointed to take testimony by the Supreme Court. Mr. Badeau is sued by the city to recover $135,000. The only witness examined was Mr. P. Seaman, the expert accountant. His evidence contained nothing that has not already been published, and at its conclusion the case was adjourned until the 5th of next month.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

Mr. Joseph Donaldson has been appointed keeper of Pelham Bridge.

The population of Mount Kisco, according to a census just taken, is 1,231.

The Reformed Church at Tarrytown has been undergoing improvements at an expense of $1,500.

Rev. Dr. Hiscox has accepted the call recently extended to him by the Baptist Church at Mount Vernon.

A commission has been appointed by Justice Pratt to appraise the value of the land to be taken for the improvement of East Chester Creek.

The School Trustees of White Plains have fitted up the chapel on Hamilton avenue for the infant school under the charge of Miss Ives.

Croton Lodge, No. 368, F. and A. M. has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: L. H. Secor, W. M.; Abram J. Miller, Senior Warden; William Moore, Junior Warden; George W. Abrams, Treasurer; Charles B. Gregory, Secretary; Frank Wells, Senior Deacon; Henry F. Harrison, Junior Deacon; Benjamin Secord and Hillyer Ryder, Masters of Ceremonies; Joseph S. Secord, Tiler; Harrison Purdee, Trustee.

The residents of North Tarrytown at a special election voted in favor of incorporation; but all further proceedings in the matter have been checked by a second injunction.

On the occasion of the late earthquake throughout Westchester County, Mr. James Stanton's barn in North Castle was shaken down, and his favorite pony was killed. As far as ascertained this is the only instance of damage being done by the shock.

The Sabbath-school connected with the M. E. Church of New-Castle has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: J. C. Miller, Superintendent of the Male Department; Mrs. Merritt Smalley, Superintendent of the Female Department; Mrs. F. T. Jelliff, Treasurer; Lewis Miller, Secretary; G. T. Jelliff, Librarian.

At a regular communication of Cortlandt Lodge, No. 189, F. and A. M., of Peekskill, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: George Sykes, W. M.; Bruce Scribner, S. W.; John McLucky, J. W.; Charles Southworth, Treasurer; R. Randolph Hull, Secretary; William E. Lane, S. D.; S. Irving Pugsley, J. D.; Morris J. Lent, Trustee; George I. Brown Tiler.

At a meeting of Golden's Bridge Grange No. 165, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: George B. Slocum, Master; Miles S. Riggs, Overseer; Lewis E. Horton, Lecturer; F. W. Miller, Steward; Rev. R. H. Travis, Chaplain; Miss C. J. Horton, Treasurer; George G. Parker, Secretary; S. O. Mead, Gate Keeper; Mrs. S. O. Mead, Ceres; Miss F. Travis, Pomona; Miss Minda Mead, Flora.

NEW-JERSEY.

The New Reformed Episcopal Church congregation, of Newark, have elected James D. Orton and William A. Hammer Wardens and seven vestrymen.

James Peacock, Deputy United States Collector of Bergen and Passaic Counties, has resigned his position, the resignation to take effect on Jan. 1.

A gentleman who arrived at Busch's Hotel yesterday, was robbed of $1,000 while on his way from Chicago. He was to have sailed for Europe yesterday.

The body of the man who was killed by a Central Railroad train at Communipaw, on Christmas night, was last evening identified as that of a Scotchman, named Curry.

An unknown man undertook to cross the Central Railroad track at Communipaw Christmas night, and was struck by a train and instantly killed. The body was removed to the Morgue on Communipaw Avenue, but at last reports had not been identified.

The horses, rolling stock, and other personal property of the Newark and South Orange Horse Car Company, were sold by Sheriff Peckwell, at the stables in South Orange, yesterday, to satisfy judgments in favor of James B. Boylan and others. The property was included in the sale a few days ago, by the trustees of the bondholders.

Hon. Whitfield S. Johnson, a prominent citizen of New-Jersey, who died Thursday, was buried from his home in Trenton yesterday. He was one of the oldest members of the State Bar. He was Prosecutor of the Pleas in Sussex County from 1858 to 1861, and Secretary of State under Gov. Olden.

August Hartman and Robert Block while smoking segars, entered a Union Hill car in Hoboken Christmas night. Franz Kitz, the conductor, requested them not to smoke, and Hartman drew a revolver upon him. Kitz seized him, and took him to the Hoboken police station, where he was locked up.

Thomas Melay, an engineer of the locomotive Secaucus, of the Morris and Essex Railroad, had a narrow escape from death recently. He attempted to leap from the platform of the Orange depot into the cab while the engine was in motion, and was flung against the working machinery of the engine. The locomotive fortunately was moving with sufficient speed to cause a rebound, which saved his life.

For some time past a feud has existed between the families of Michael Dougherty and James Courtney, living in a notorious locality in Elizabeth, known as "Kerry Head." On Christmas night, Dougherty and his son assaulted Courtney, kicked one of his eyes out, and cut his face from the mouth to the left ear. Courtney's wounds were dressed, and his assailants were arrested.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock yesterday morning an altercation occurred in the saloon of Thomas Reddy, corner of Washington and Plymouth streets, Jersey City, between Reddy, Robert Hunter, and Walter Talonse. Talonse was stabbed behind the ear, the wound inflicted being deep and ugly, but not dangerous. Reddy was arrested, and Hunter and Talonse are held as witnesses. Reddy says that while he was cutting a lemon, his knife slipped.

On Christmas evening Andrew Meyer, living in South Orange avenue, Newark, won a pretzel at a raffle. A number of boys followed him and endeavored to take it away from him. Bad feeling ensued, and one of the boys struck Meyer in the head with a stone, and then stabbed him in the stomach. The latter is a serious but not necessarily fatal wound. Meyer was removed to St. Mary's Hospital, and James C. Kearney, who stabbed him, was arrested, and subsequently admitted to bail.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock on Christmas night a party of white men followed James Vreeland, a colored man in Paterson, with the evident purpose of robbing him. One of them snapped a pistol three times in his face, and Vreeland, in self-protection, drew a knife and stabbed Robert Babcock three times in the neck and breast, none of the wounds being fatal. Vreeland concealed himself in a house and several of his assailants were arrested and committed for trial.

OPENING OF THE SKATING SEASON.

The skating season opened yesterday, and the weather was all that could be desired. It is almost unnecessary to say that young America hailed the event with joy, and hastened to indulge in the exhilarating pastime. The hopes of the skaters were not disappointed, the condition of things at Central Park being entirely satisfactory. Although the surface of the lower lake was to a great extent cut up by the uncertain gyrations of novices in the art of skating, that of the upper sheet of water was beautifully smooth. With the exception of two cracks near the shore opposite the refreshment house, the entire surface of the lake was filled by skaters. Ludicrous upsets, good-humoredly borne, were numerous, and fancy skaters, each surrounded by a circle of admirers, impeded the movements of the less skillful. The ice-chairs were but little used, to the intense relief of beginners, to whom they are always objects of horror. The excellent condition of the ice yesterday seemed to promise a continuance of the sport for several days to come.

A CHICKEN THIEF SHOT.

Shortly after 9 o'clock last evening, Mr. Christian H. Ecks, a baker, residing on Union street, near Schenectady avenue, heard a noise in his back yard. The place indicated is a suburb of Brooklyn rather thinly populated, and Mr. Ecks provided himself with a shot-gun before going out to learn the cause of the disturbance. Opening the back door of his house he discovered near a chicken-coop in the yard the figure of a man. The coop was broken, and the man was in the act of taking out the chickens. On the approach of Mr. Ecks the thief ran toward the fence. Mr. Ecks called to him to stand. The thief paid no attention to the demand, but continued his flight. While he was in the act of clambering over the fence Ecks fired. When the smoke cleared away the chicken-thief was found lying by the side of the fence, shot through the left side and arm, and in a dying condition. Ecks at once raised an alarm. A few minutes after the shooting, Roundsman Barry and Officer Chichester arrived at the house of Mr. Ecks and took him into custody. The wounded man, who gave his name as Thomas Cove, was taken to the Twelfth Precinct Station-house, where he identified Ecks as the person who shot him. Cove was sent to the City Hospital in an ambulance, and Ecks was locked up in the station-house for the night. At a late hour last night Cove was insensible, and momentarily expected to die.

FATAL STREET ACCIDENT IN JERSEY CITY.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock last night a gentleman about fifty years of age, neatly dressed, was walking along Exchange place, Jersey City, when he was knocked down by an Adams Express wagon, the wheels passing over his body. He was picked up and removed to the City Hospital, but before reaching there died. The driver, who gave his name as Francis J. Hughson, was committed to the cells to await the result of the Coroner's inquest. The express drivers who carry baggage to and from the railroad cars are frequently complained of for the speed with which they drive through Exchange place, which is the thoroughfare leading to the most frequented of the Jersey City ferries. At 10 o'clock the remains had not been identified.

LITTLE MARY ELLEN FINALLY DISPOSED OF.

In the matter of the child Mary Ellen Wilson, rescued from Mary Connolly, and whose grandparents were alleged to be residing in London, Judge Lawrence yesterday decided that the relatives not having been found, the child should be sent to "The Sheltering Arms." It was the case of little Mary Ellen which led to the formation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

A public meeting of this society will be held at its quarters, No. 100 East Twenty-second street, corner of Fourth avenue, on Monday afternoon, Dec. 28, at 3:30 o'clock. Clergymen, and the representatives of every denomination of religion, as well as all ladies and gentlemen interested in this subject are earnestly invited to be present, and take part in the benevolent proceedings.

KING KALAKAUA.

INSPECTION OF THE WORKING OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

RECEPTION AT THE WINDSOR HOTEL—PRESENTATION OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS—RECEPTION OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC—ADDRESS OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

It will be remembered that the morning papers of yesterday stated that King Kalakaua and his party proceeded to the Windsor Hotel immediately after the sounding of a bona fide alarm of fire at No. 80 Sullivan street compelled the postponement of the display of the efficiency of the Fire Department, which had been promised to his Majesty on Friday evening. The fact was that after the reporters had left, the royal visitor expressed a wish to see the fire for which the alarm had been sounded, and was driven to the place indicated, but on arriving there it was discovered that the alarm was false. Still, resolving to inspect the workings of the Fire Department on that evening at whatever cost of time and trouble, the King was driven to the house of engine No. 14, on Wooster street, near Houston. Not the slightest indication had been given of his approach, and the men had returned after answering the false alarm. An alarm was struck as if a fire had occurred, and, in ten seconds, the men had dressed and mounted the engine, the horses were in position, and everything was ready. The King was delighted, and said he had always favored the introduction of steam fire engines to his dominions, and was now resolved that the introduction should be made speedily. He added that the Fire Department seemed to him one of the wonderful features of New-York, and, before leaving, he minutely inspected every part of the electric apparatus. From the house of engine No. 14 the party drove to that of engine No. 1, on Eighteenth street, near Broadway, where, in consequence of the recent introduction of a pair of new horses, the engine was not ready to start for twenty-seven seconds. After an alarm had sounded the party then started for the Windsor, and, it may not be uninteresting to add, stopped on the way to get a glass of lager beer, the King being curious to taste that beverage.

Yesterday's programme commenced with the presentation to the King, at 11 o'clock, in his private parlors at the Windsor, of army and navy officers. The King and Gov. Dominis dressed themselves for the occasion in full uniform, for the first time since their arrival in this City. The sword worn by the King was incased in a golden scabbard, the handle being superbly jeweled. The weapon was originally worn by Kamehameha III., and from him descended to King Kalakaua through Kamahameha IV., Kamehameha V., and Lunalilo. Upon his left breast his Majesty wore the insignia of the Grand Orders of Kamehameha and of his Apostolic Majesty, Joseph I. of Austria. Attached to the latter order is a broad scarlet ribbon which his Majesty wore depending from his right shoulder and extending across his breast. Gov. Dominis also wore the insignia of Kamehameha and, in addition, the decorations of Knight Commander of the order of Isabella, and Knight Commander of Francis Joseph. The reception was of an informal character, and the conversation was desultory with a single exception.

Lieut. Palmer first presented Gen. Hancock to the King, and he in turn presented Gen. Mitchell, Major Wharton, and Capt. Ward, all of whom belong to Gen. Hancock's personal staff, and afterward Gen. Rufus Ingalls, Gen. Sawlette, Gen. Simpson, Gen. T. W. Sweeny, Gen. Gordon Granger, Gen. Marsh, Col. Hall, Col. Crispin, Major Crofton, Lieut. Rutherford, and Surgeons Hobb and Moore. Lieut. Brownson was the only naval officer presented. At the conclusion of this portion of the presentation Lieut. Totten presented the following members of the Board of Trade: Alexander Cotheal, Consul General of Nicaragua; Stephen Rodgers, Consul for Chili; Edward Sherer, Acting Consul of Turkey; George W. C. Clarke, Secretary, and R. P. Leary, Assistant Secretary of the Board of Trade.

ADDRESS FROM THE BOARD OF TRADE.

The presentations over, Mr. Clarke read to the King the following address, elegantly engrossed and framed:

To His Majesty Kalakaua, King of the Hawaiian Islands, &c., &c., &c.

SIR: The Board of Trade, Manufactures, and Agriculture, of the City and State of New-York, consisting of persons engaged in trade, commerce, or agriculture, or in pursuits directly connected therewith, desire to approach you on the occasion of your visit to this Metropolis with every expression of respectful welcome. The circumstances of your arrival among us are peculiarly gratifying, as you are the first reigning Sovereign who, since the formation of our great republic, has personally visited our shores to investigate the advantages we possess under our glorious Constitution. We hope you will accept our words of welcome as not merely complimentary utterances. We have pleasure in assuring you that the American people do not measure their esteem for other nations by the extent of territory or the accumulations of wealth, but rather by the wise and beneficent use of opportunities for adding to the happiness of the whole human family.

The friendly intercourse and necessary commercial communications between our citizens and your subjects are additional causes for the pleasure afforded us by your visit, and we desire it to be known that the humblest of your subjects, if only accredited, may always expect our full consideration when visiting or residing in this City.

This Board has viewed with great interest the commencement of negotiations for a reciprocal commercial treaty between the two countries, and will give its cordial support to any such measure as may conduce to the greater facilities of commerce.

Our best wishes are that your visit to America may be agreeable, your journey home safe, and your life prosperous and happy.

Given under our hands this 24th day of December, A. D., 1874.

Signed—Erastus Brooks, Edwin C. B. Garsia, Consul General of Uruguay; Stephen Rodgers, Consul of Chili; Edward Sherer, Acting Consul of Turkey; Alexander J. Cotheal, Consul General of Nicaragua. And countersigned and authenticated by me, George W. C. Clarke, Secretary on behalf of the members of the Board of Trade, assembled in general meeting on the 23d day of December, A. D., 1874.

SCENES AT THE RECEPTION OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

After receiving the deputation from the Board of Trade the King changed his uniform for morning dress, and received the citizens in general in the public parlors of the Windsor, where almost for an hour scores of persons shook hands with his Majesty. These presentations were made by Alderman Gilon, and the characters received were of the most miscellaneous description. There were ladies, old and young, little children who carried dolls and kissed the officers, men of almost every age and station of life, one or two negroes, and but very few well-known citizens. Some of these persons merely shook his Majesty's hand, and passed along, but others either gave their names to Alderman Gilon, or handed him their cards, and were introduced in due form. Some of the presentations were extremely ludicrous. One individual greeted his Majesty with the words, "Hello! King;" another addressed him as "Your Honor;" and some attempted conversation but were decorously bowed along the line. Among those presented might be named Dr. J. B. Mattison, of Chester, N. Y.; Prof. Charles F. Joy, of Pennsylvania; Rev. L. H. Angier, of Boston; Prof. Nelles, of Toronto; Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus, P. T. Barnum, Dr. King, William Pritchard, and Joseph C. Bedford. Mr. John T. Clark, President of the Board of Aldermen of Boston, was also presented. He was the bearer of a letter from Mayor Cobb, of Boston, proffering to his Majesty the hospitalities of that City, where, he informed the King, his arrival is anxiously awaited. In Boston, it may be mentioned, no committee will be appointed to receive the King, but he will be personally entertained by the Mayor. The following is the order in which the royal party stood during the presentation above referred to, beginning at the right: Lieut. Totten, Lieut. Palmer, Col. Wherry, Gov. Dominis, (Gov. Kopsua is still incapacitated by his lameness from appearing in public,) the King, Alderman Gilon, Alderman Koch, and Assistant Alderman Brucks.

After the reception the King lunched, and then drove out upon his "shopping" excursion. Tiffany's was the first establishment inspected, after which the party went to Schulyer, Hartley & Graham's, and then returned to the hotel.

A PRIVATE RECEPTION.

In the evening the King, accompanied by Gov. Dominis and Col. Wherry, attended a reception given to him by Mr. Elisha H. Allen, at his residence, No. 246 West Forty-fourth street. As the occasion was of a strictly social private character, it is privileged from undue publicity. It may, however, be stated, without impropriety, that the gathering was of the most distinguished character, and may be considered fairly a representation of the talent and culture of the City. Among those present were William Cullen Bryant, Judge Barrett, William M. Evarts, David Dudley Field, Cyrus Field, Charles Stoteman, Judge Benedict, A. T. Stewart, Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, Dr. Schoff, Admiral Rowan, Mr. James Lowe, Judge Davis, Gen. Phelps, Mr. Odell, the Hawaiian Chargé d'Affaires; Judge Jones, of Pennsylvania; Judge Benedict, Judge Rapallo, and very many others hardly less well known in the City and vicinity. The evening gained additional brilliancy also from the presence of the father of Mr. Elisha H. Allen, who is the Chancellor and Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Islands, and who yesterday arrived in the City to conduct the negotiations in connection with the ratification of a commercial treaty between the United States and the Islands. Among those present there was but one expression, and that of pleasure at the appearance of the King. It is true that his pure Hawaiian blood shows itself in tightly-curled hair and mulatto-colored skin; but in spite of this it needs hardly a second glance to discover that his features are regular and clearly cut, his forehead high, his eyes intelligent, and his bearing and presence all that a king's should be.

AT THE CENTURY CLUB.

At 11 o'clock his Majesty drove from Mr. Allen's to the Century Club, in Fifteenth street, near Irving place. Here, too, though the proceedings were of an informal character, and nothing occurred beyond desultory conversation, a number of very distinguished persons were presented to his Majesty. Among them were Gens. Barnard, Gilmore, Prince, and Green, Col. Church, *Army and Navy Journal*; Prof. Youmans, of the *Popular Science Monthly*; Richard Henry Stoddard, Mr. Holt, the publisher; Mr. G. P. Putnam, David Van Nostrand, Edward Seymour, of Scribner, Armstrong & Co.; Launt Thompson, Albert Bierstadt, S. R. Gifford, Judge Curtis, and many others. From the Century Club the King drove to the Windsor.

FUTURE MOVEMENTS OF HIS MAJESTY.

The future movements of his Majesty have already been several times given in these columns, but there are some additions to be made. On Monday afternoon the King will formally call upon the Mayor, and on the evening of that day he will visit the Lotus Club. On Tuesday afternoon he will attend the Hippodrome, and on Wednesday the Joint Committee of Reception hope he will be able to go to the various island institutions. On Thursday he will leave the City for Boston. With the exception of a slight hitch on the first day the King's entertainment has pleased him remarkably well, and he is naturally very much pleased with the City. Perhaps the Fire Department has interested him more than anything else and the Normal School pleased him most, so much so in fact that he proposes, as has been already stated, to present to it an album containing the autographs and photographs of himself and suite. He was also much pleased with the "Black Crook," and Alderman Gilon, acting Chairman of the Joint Committee of Reception, has addressed a letter to the Kiralfy Brothers assuring them of His Majesty's "great gratification and sincere thanks for the courteous and kind manner in which he was received," and expressing a wish to repeat his visit befor his departure.

PASSENGERS SAILED.

In steam-ship Pereire, for Havre.—Richard Salembrer, Leon Delrue, Charles Petigny, R. S. Milton, Jorge Rangel, Miss Mathiade Chevalier, Miss Helene Latalle, T. Branchu, G. Grat, A. Coadet, Antonio Dal Molin, B. Finkel, G. Laura, Mme. Z. Lambiot, Mrs. Josephine Droma and child, Eugene Welche, Philip Wickerschemer, Mme. Begarelle, Louis Deljasselin, Louis Azelrander, E. Estivaut, Jean David, Peter Guiraud, Charles Edmond Totems, Mrs. Charles Edmond Totems, Abel Gromier, Edward Desserf, Chapernel Victorio, A. E. Phillippou, Mme. M. Philippon.

In steam-ship Victoria, for Liverpool.—Mr. Burgess, Thomas W. Ekins, Mr. Hyslop, James E. Thomas, John C. Hamilton, John Lenper, Charles Lane, George H. Brown, Miss J. Brown, Mr. E. M. Jenkins and lady, Mrs. Stuart, Miss Annie Johnston, W. E. Sparrow, Kerr Murray, Mrs. F. J. Parr, John D. Campbell, Esq., Mrs. Campbell, Samuel Latham, Esq., John Calhoun, Esq., Mrs. Calhoun, Master A. Calhoun, C. Rowe.

In steam-ship Erin, for Liverpool.—R. R. Andrews, J. Herbert Bullocke, John Dexter, W. A. Lamson, C. Dalton, Benjamin Francis, Henry R. Haines, G. Jacobson, W. B. Napper, Sidney W. Hough, W. R. Smidt, James J. Ryan, R. S. Dod, Mrs. McNeill, two children and infant.

In steam-ship State of Georgia, for Glasgow.—William K. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Alexander McIntosh, Archibald McIntosh, Mrs. McIntosh, Miss McIntosh, Mrs. Cooper, two children, and nurse, Miss Clara Cooper, Peter Walzer, James A. Simurous, J. Hewit, Thomas Nelson.

In steam-ship San Jacinto, for Savannah.—Griffin Phelps and wife, Miss Anna Craven, Miss Clara Ward, Miss Dora Tuthill, S. M. Ingalls, Miss M. A. Porter, Mrs. C. M. Bligh, Mrs. H. Bowdish, Mrs. E. B. C. Lathrop, Miss Bessie Lathrop, A. C. Page and wife, Mrs. Mary Bernough, Alexander Freor, Mrs. P. A. Aveilhe, Miss C. Aveilhe, F. M. Allis, Thomas Guille, Mrs. A. Zeigler, Miss M. Zeigler, Miss Ada Zeigler, Miss Emma Zeigler, Mrs. C. W. Fox and child, Joseph Carpenter and wife, Miss Jane Sullivan, Timothy Herlihy, Frederick Heidrick, James Williamson, N. T. Johnson, Abram Ajax.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

In steam-ship Leo, from Savannah.—Mrs. L. A. Camp and two children, H. Haddon, W. Warner, W. S. Jones, J. H. Hutchins.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises......7:23 | Sun sets....4:39 | Moon rises..9:38

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook.10:50 | Gov.Island.11:39 | Hell Gate....1:01

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-YORK..........SATURDAY, Dec. 26.

CLEARED.

Steam-ships Victoria, (Br.,) Hedderwick, Glasgow, Henderson Brothers; Tyrian, (Br.,) Lawson, Glasgow, Henderson Brothers; State of Texas, Bolger, Galveston via Key West, C. H. Mallory & Co.; New-Orleans, Dearborn, New-Orleans, Clark & Seaman; San Jacinto, Hazard, Savannah, William R. Garrison; Regulator, Faircloth, Savannah, Ga., R. Lowden; Old Dominion, Walker, Norfolk, City Point, and Richmond, Old Dominion Steam-ship Co.; General Whitney, Hallett, Boston, H. F. Dimock; Chesapeake, Mangum, Portland, Me., J. F. Ames; Belgic, (Br.,) Metcalf, Liverpool via Queenstown, R. J. Cortis; Erin, (Br.,) Andrews, Liverpool via Queenstown, F. W. J. Hurst; Rotterdam, (Dutch,) Jansen, Rotterdam, Funch, Edye & Co.; Frisia, (Ger.,) Meier, Hamburg, &c., Kunhardt & Co.; Ontario, Slocum, Rio De Janeiro, &c., William R. Garrison; Cuba, Reynolds, Havana, Vera Cruz, &c., F. Alexandre & Sons; Achilles, Artis, Wilmington, N. C., William P. Clyde & Co.; H. Livingston, Mallory, Savannah, William R. Garrison.

Bark Derwent, Gadd, London, Peabody, Willis & Co.

Brigs Mary C. Rowland, Lanton, Aguadilla, P. R., John Suan; Gem, Pierce, St. Pierre, Martinique, D. Trowbridge & Co.; Raffooni, Coombs, Havana, Miller & Houghton.

Schrs. William M. Jones, Davis, New-Orleans, N. H. Brigham; Lavinia Bell, Bayles, Cape Hayti, R. Murray, Jr.

ARRIVED.

Steam-ship Georgia, Crowell, Charleston 3 ds., with mdse. and passengers to James W. Quintard & Co.

Steam-ship City of Dallas, Hines, Morehead City 44 hours, with mdse. and passengers to C. H. Mallory & Co.

Steam-ship Albemarle, Kelley, Lewes, Del., with mdse. to Old Dominion Steam-ship Co.

Steam-ship North Point, Smith, Philadelphia, with mdse. and passengers to Lorillard Steam-ship Co.

Steam-ship Leo, Daniels, Savannah 3 ds., with mdse. and passengers to Murray, Ferris & Co.

Steam-ship Benefactor, Jones, Wilmington, N. C., 3 ds., with mdse. and passengers to William P. Clyde.

Steam-ship General Meade, Samson, New-Orleans, Dec. 10, and S. W. Pass 20th, with mdse. and passengers to Frederick Baker.

Bark D. McPherson, (of Halifax,) McPherson, Malaga 35 ds., with fruit to Baring Bros. & Co.—vessel to J. F. Whitney & Co. Dec. 8, lat. 32 54, lon. 57 08, passed a can buoy painted red with chain attached with figure 2 in two places, and also South Shoals painted on it.

Bark Catharine Scott, (of Arbwath,) McCaskett, Colombo, July 18, with mdse. to Howland & Aspinwall—vessel to Bowring & Archibald.

Brig Maria, (Ital.) Porgio, Palermo, 55 ds., with sulphur and sumac to order—vessel to Funch, Edye & Co. Passed Gibraltar Nov. 13; took the middle passage, and had fine weather to Bermuda; from thence 25 ds. with strong N. and N. W. gales.

WIND—Sunset, light, N. W.; cloudy—thick.

SAILED.

Steam-ships Oder, for Bremen; Pereire, for Havre; Victoria and State of Georgia, for Glasgow; Belgic and Erin, for Liverpool; Mississippi and New-Orleans, for New-Orleans; State of Texas, for Galveston; San Jacinto and Regulator, for Savannah; Champion, for Charleston; Old Dominion, for Norfolk, &c.; E. C. Knight, for Georgetown, D. C.; Vindicator, for Philadelphia; General Whitney, for Boston; bark Derwent, for London; brigs Gem, for St. Pierre, Mart., Keystone, for Cardenas; schr. Wm. M. Jones, for New-Orleans.

FOREIGN PORTS.

CIENFUEGOS, Dec. 22.—Arr. brig Robert McKay, Spearing, New-York.

23d—Arr. schr. Kittie Stevens, Grenada.

CARDENAS, Dec. 23.—Arr. brigs Helen G. Rich, New-York; H. H. Wright, Bath.

23d—Sld. brig Avande, New-York. Schrs. Robert T. Clarke, Mexico; Lewis S. Daniels, Caibarien.

24th—Sld. steamer Gurtaboy, Charleston. Schr. Lottie Wells, Matanzas.

HALIFAX, Dec. 24.—Arr. brig Saxon Smith.

DEMERARA, Dec. 24.—Sld. brig Bertha, Demerara.

25th.—Arr., 10 P. M., steamer Caspian, (Br.,) Liverpool, via St. John, N. F., for Baltimore.

HAVANA, Dec. 24.—Arr. brig Leonora, (Br.,) Grace Bay. Sld. steamer Castilla, New-Orleans, for Barcelona; schr. Lizzie Dewey, Cardenas; steamer City of New-York, New-York.

25th, arr. steamer Juniata, Philadelphia; bark Arletta, Newport, England; brig Annie R. Storer, Portland.

Sld. steamer Juniata, New-Orleans; schr. Florence P. Hall, Pascagoula.

MATANZAS, Dec. 22.—Sld. schrs. Donna Anna and George Walker, for North of Hatteras.

25th, arr. bark J. E. Chase, New-York; brig Ellen P. Stewart, Philadelphia; schrs. Kate S. Cook, Jacksonville; Marcus Hunter, Fernandina.

PANAMA, Dec. 23.—Arr. schr. Costa Rica, San Francisco via Central American and Mexican ports.

SAGUA, Dec. 23.—Arr. schr. Maggie Ellen, Portland.

LATEST SHIPPING NEWS BY CABLE.

QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 26.—The Cunard Line steam-ship Abyssinia, Hains, from New-York Dec. 16, for Liverpool, arr. here at 7 P. M. yesterday.

HAMBURG, Dec. 26.—The Eagle Line steam-ship Goethe sld. hence yesterday at 9 A. M., for New-York, direct.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—Sld., for the United States, Roska, Henoch, Industrie, Jas. Foster, Jr., C. F. Eaton, Winogene, and Beemah.

Arr., out from the United States, on the 25th inst., Elena, Helios, and Adolf.

Arr., out on the 26th, Crono, Satama, Carrie Reed, Fortunato Padre, Horsa, Preston, Robt. Boak, Chieftain, Havelock, Frisio, Kong Carl, Ironsides, Virginia Sabine, Viking, Haze, Cosma, Beatrice, Havner, Luigi Ruggiero, Diana, Hampton Court, Missouri, and Asia.

QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 25.—Arr. ship Carrie Reed, San Francisco.

YARMOUTH, N. S., Dec. 24.—Sld. ship Cambridge, New-York.

YOKOHAMA, Dec. 22.—Sld. schr. Colorado, San Francisco.

SOUTHAMPTON, Dec. 26.—The North German Lloyds steamship Hannover, Capt. Himbeck, from New-Orleans Dec. 6, and Havana 16th, for Bremen, arr. here to-day.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—The ship County of Ayr, at Glasgow to-day from New-York, and the bark Malvina Schutt, at Liverpool from Wilmington, N. C., are much damaged, having experienced heavy gales.

CARPETS.

CROSSLEY'S

WHOLESALE STOCK

AT RETAIL.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS.

Previous to taking inventory, we shall offer broken lots at following prices:

ENGLISH VELVETS - - - - FORMER PRICE, $2.	$1 65
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS - - - FORMER PRICE, $1 25.	1 00
TAPESTRY INGRAINS - - - FORMER PRICE, $1 30.	1 00
KIDDERMINSTER INGRAINS - FORMER PRICE, $1 20.	90
DRUGGET, TWO YARDS WIDE, FORMER PRICE, $2.	1 25
ALL-WOOL INGRAINS - - - FORMER PRICE, 75c.	50

You can save TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. by purchasing before Jan. 1.

J. & J. W. CROSSLEY,

363 BROADWAY 363

CORNER FRANKLIN.

B. L. Solomon & Sons,

657 AND 659 BROADWAY,

ARE NOW OFFERING AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF THE FOLLOWING GOODS AT PRICES THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN INSPECTION BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

LACE CURTAINS,

Nottingham Curtains,

CURTAIN MATERIALS,

AND

Furniture Coverings,

COMPRISING EVERY NEW FABRIC NOW BEING PRODUCED IN EUROPE.

Cretonnes and Satines,

NEW AND ELEGANT STYLES.

Gilt Window Shades,

IN NEW TINTS.

PIANO & TABLE COVERS,

Clocks, Ornaments, Pedestals, Easels,

AND A VARIETY OF GOODS SUITABLE FOR

Holiday Presents.

C. G. Gunther's Sons,

NOS. 502-504 BROADWAY,

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

Offer a Fresh Assortment of

SEAL-SKIN FURS,

INCLUDING A CHOICE LOT OF

Seal Sacques,

AT PRICES FROM $100 TO $300.

ALSO A NEW LOT OF

FUR TRIMMINGS,

A LARGE STOCK OF

Sable, Mink & Ermine Furs

AT REDUCED PRICES.

NOS. 502—504 BROADWAY,

Wholesale and Retail.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

FURS.

F. BOOS & BROTHER,

No. 449 Broadway, through to 26 Mercer st., HAVE OPENED A RETAIL DEPARTMENT, AND WILL OFFER FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS A FULL AND WELL-SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF FURS

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Seal-skin Sacques a Specialty.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE PATENT LE GANT MUFF.

FURNITURE

FOR THE HOLIDAYS, STANDARD GOODS.

WARREN WARD & CO.,

SPRING ST., CORNER CROSBY.

STEINWAY.

Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos,

The Standard Pianos of the World.

FIRST OF THE GRAND GOLD MEDALS OF HONOR.

World's Fair, Paris, 1867, London, 1862.

Special attention is respectfully directed to the latest improvement in their Piano-fortes:

The New Patent Tone Sustaining Pedal.

This valuable and important invention greatly enlarges the capacity of the Piano-forte for the production of musical effects.

Warerooms—109 and 111 East 14th st., N. Y.

KNABE

GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT PIANOS.

These Instruments have been before the public for forty years, and upon their excellence alone attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE which pronounces them UNEQUALED for their

TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP, AND DURABILITY.

WARE-ROOMS, NO. 112 5TH AV.

WM. KNABE & CO.

FOOT WARMERS.

We have just received by French steamer an invoice of

PARIS FOOT WARMERS

for carriage use. For sale at our ware-rooms, corner 5th av. and 21st st.

The most perfect article yet offered.

J. B. BREWSTER & CO., of 25th st.

THE NEW-YEAR'S TABLE IS NO LONGER considered complete without a few siphons of Vichy or Seltzers from No. 860 Broadway, corner of 17th st. By procuring a supply, the ladies will oblige MANY GENTLEMEN

NEW

WAREROOMS.

Bradley, Pray & Co.

(LATE OF No. 558 BROADWAY.)

CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

HAVE REMOVED TO

No. 25 Union Square,

WHERE MAY BE FOUND A COMPLETE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF SUPERBLY FINISHED

CARRIAGES

AND

ROAD WAGONS,

Of Their Own Manufacture.

ALL MODERN STYLES, FROM THE BEST FOREIGN AND ORIGINAL DESIGNS. PRICES AS LOW AS THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE BEST MATERIALS AND THE MOST THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP WILL ADMIT.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED FAMILY SLEIGHS, MADE BY JAMES GOOLD & CO., OF ALBANY; ALSO A LARGE VARIETY OF PORTLAND SLEIGHS AND CUTTERS.

BRADLEY, PRAY & CO.,

No. 25 Union Square.

Holiday Present

OF

AFFECTION AND CHARITY

FOR

WIFE, MOTHER, SISTER, OR FRIEND,

A

WHEELER & WILSON

SEWING-MACHINE.

THEIR NEW SALESROOM,

NO. 44 FOURTEENTH ST.,

UNION SQUARE, NEW-YORK,

WILL BE KEPT OPEN EVENINGS DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Our Co-partnership expiring on the 1st of February next, we have determined to close out this Fall certain departments of our business, and offer at and below cost our entire stock of

CHANDELIERS AND GAS FIXTURES,
REAL BRONZES AND CLOCKS,
COMPN. BRONZES AND CLOCKS,
SILVER-PLATED WARE,
CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS.

Purchasers can now Secure Bargains.

Also, at very low rates, China, Glass, and English Stone China, by the set or piece.

NICOL, DAVIDSON & CO.,

686 BROADWAY, NEAR GREAT JONES ST.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION CO.

NO DISCOUNTS.

1 Premium Bond Costs - - $20
5 Premium Bonds Cost - - 100
10 Premium Bonds Cost - - 200
50 Premium Bonds Cost - 1,000

POSTPONEMENT IMPOSSIBLE under this plan. Don't compare it with a lottery.

Bear in mind that the capital invested is always secured.

The purchaser of a

$20 BOND

of the INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION COMPANY will receive for his bond at the time of redemption from

$21 to $40

which is the principal and accrued interest; and the holder of a single bond may receive one of the following Premiums:

$100,000

$35,000

$10,000

$5,000

$3,000

&c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY BOND PURCHASED BEFORE

JAN 4

WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE THIRD SERIES DRAWING, held on MONDAY, JAN. 4, 1875.

Arrangements have been made to fill all orders without delay.

Call on or address at once

MORGENTHAU, BRUNO & CO.,

FINANCIAL AGENTS,

23 PARK ROW.

NEW-YORK.

(Post Office Drawer No. 29.)

Remit by draft on New-York City Banks, by registered letter, or Post Office money order.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

House Coats, Smoking Jackets,

Robes de Chambre,

Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear,

Umbrellas, Mufflers, &c.

UNION ADAMS & CO.,

No. 913 Broadway,

Between 20th and 21st sts.

NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS

ONLY FOR A FEW

DAYS LONGER.

THE

Importers'

AND

Manufacturers'

COMBINATION,

595 BROADWAY, 595

Opposite Metropolitan Hotel,

TO CLEAR THEIR IMMENSE STOCK,

WILL SELL

AT

Prices Below Cost.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

CHICKERING

PIANOS.

THE STANDARD INSTRUMENTS OF THE WORLD.

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, and First Grand Gold Medal, WORLD'S FAIR, PARIS.

The Grand Prize Medal, WORLD'S FAIR, LONDON.

AND 81 GRAND PRIZES IN THE U. S.

Warerooms, No. 11 East 14th st., N. Y.

DECKER BROS.

MATCHLESS

PIANOS.

33 Union square, N. Y.

DECKER BUILDING.

WEBER

PIANO-FORTES

NILSSON. I shall take every opportunity to recommend and praise your instruments.

KELLOGG. For the last six years your Pianos have been my choice for the Concert-room and my own house.

LUCCA. Your Uprights are extraordinary instruments, and deserve their great success.

PATTI. I have used the Pianos of every celebrated maker, but give yours the preference over all.

STRAUSS. Your Pianos astonish me. I have never yet seen any Pianos which equal yours.

WEHLI. Madame Parepa called your Piano the finest in the United States. I fully indorse that opinion. They have no Rival anywhere.

Prices reasonable. Terms easy.

WAREROOMS:

Fifth av. cor. Sixteenth st. N. Y.